THE SPECTATOR.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
18
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AUG

TO

Mr. *METHUEN.*

SIR,

IT is with very great pleaſure I take an opportunity of publiſhing the gratitude I owe you, for the place you allow me in your friendſhip and familiarity. I will not acknowledge to you that I have often had you in my thoughts, when I have endeavoured to draw, in ſome parts of theſe diſcourſes, the character of a good natured, honeſt and accompliſhed gentleman. But ſuch repreſentations give my reader an idea of a perſon blameleſs only, or only laudable for ſuch perfections as extend no farther than to his own private advantage and reputation.

BUT when I ſpeak of you, I celebrate one who has had the happineſs of poſſeſſing alſo thoſe qualities which make a man uſeful to ſociety, and of having had opportunities likewiſe of exerting them in the moſt conſpicuous manner.

THE great part you had as *Britiſh* ambaſſador, in procuring and cultivating the advantageous commerce between the courts of *England* and *Portugal*, has purchaſed you the laſting eſteem of all who underſtand the intereſt of either nation.

THOSE perſonal excellencies which are over-rated by the ordinary world, and too much neglected by wiſe men, you have applied with the juſteſt ſkill and judgment. The moſt graceful addreſs in horſemanſhip, in the uſe of the ſword, and in dancing, has been employed by you as lower arts, and as they have occaſionally ſerved to cover, or introduce the talents of a ſkilful miniſter.

BUT your abilities have not appeared only in one nation. When it was your province to act as her Majeſty's miniſter at the court of *Savoy*, at that time encamped, you accompanied that gallant prince through all the viciſſitudes of his fortune, and ſhared by his ſide, the dangers of that glorious day in which he recovered his capital. As far as it regards perſonal qualities, you attained, in that one hour, the higheſt military reputation. The behaviour of our miniſter in the action, and the good offices done the vanquiſhed in the name of the queen of *England*, gave both the conqueror and the captive the moſt lively examples of the courage and generoſity of the nation he repreſented.

YOUR friends and companions in your abſence frequently talk thoſe things of you, and you cannot hide from us, (by the moſt diſcreet ſilence in any thing which regards yourſelf) that the frank entertainment we have at your table, your eaſy condeſcenſion in little incidents of mirth and diverſion, and general complacency of manners, are far from being

the greateſt obligations we have to you. I do aſſure you there is not one of your friends has a greater ſenſe of your merit in general, and of the favours you every day do us, than,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient, and

moſt humble ſervant,

RICHARD STEELE.

THE SPECTATOR.

VOLUME SEVENTH.

N° 474. *Wednesday, September* 3. 1712.

Asperitas agrestis et inconcinna—— Hor.

A clownish roughness, and unkindly close,
Unfriendly, stiff, and peevishly morose. Creech.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'BEING of the number of those that have lately 'retired from the centre of business and pleasure, 'my uneasiness in the country, where I am, arises 'rather from the society than the solitude of it. To be 'obliged to receive and return visits from and to a circle 'of neighbours, who, through diversity of age or inclinations, can neither be entertaining or serviceable to us, 'is a vile loss of time, and a slavery, from which a man 'should deliver himself, if possible: for why must I lose 'the remaining part of my life, because they have thrown 'away the former part of theirs? It is to me an insupportable affliction, to be tormented with the narrations of a 'set of people, who are warm in their expressions of the 'quick relish of that pleasure which their dogs and horses 'have a more delicate taste of. I do also in my heart detest and abhor that damnable doctrine and position of the 'necessity of a bumper, thought to one's own toast; for 'though it is pretended that these deep politicians are used only to inspire gaiety, they certainly drown that 'chearfulness which would survive a moderate circulation, 'If at these meetings it were left to every stranger either 'to fill his glass according to his own inclination, or to 'make his retreat when he finds he has been sufficiently 'obedient to that of others, these entertainments would 'be governed with more good sense, and consequently

'with

'with more good breeding, than at preſent they are. In-
'deed where any of the gueſts are known to meaſure
'their fame or pleaſure by their glaſs, proper exhortati-
'ons might be uſed to theſe to puſh their fortunes in this
'ſort of reputation; but where 'its unſeaſonably inſiſted
'on to a modeſt ſtranger, this drench may be ſaid to be
'ſwallowed with the ſame neceſſity, as if it had been ten-
'dered into the horn for that purpoſe, with this aggrava-
'ting circumſtance, that it diſtreſſes the entertainer's gueſt
'in the ſame degree as it relieves his horſes.

'To attend without impatience an account of five-bar-
'red gates, double ditches, and precipices, and to ſurvey
'the orator with deſiring eyes, is to me extremely diffi-
'cult, but abſolutely neceſſary, to be upon tolerable terms
'with him; but then the occaſional burſtings out into
'laughter, is of all other accompliſhments the moſt requi-
'ſite. I confeſs at preſent I have not the command of
'theſe convulſions, as is neceſſary to be good company:
'therefore I beg you would publiſh this letter, and let
'me be known all at once for a queer fellow, and a-
'voided. It is monſtrous to me, that we, who are gi-
'ven to reading and calm converſation, ſhould ever be
'viſited by theſe roarers: but they think, they them-
'ſelves, as neighbours, may come into our rooms, with the
'ſame right that they and their dogs hunt in our grounds.

'YOUR inſtitution of Clubs I have always admired, in
'which you conſtantly endeavoured the union of the me-
'taphorically defunct, that is, ſuch as are neither ſervice-
'able to the buſy and entertaining part of mankind, nor
'entertaining to the retired and ſpeculative. There ſhould
'certainly therefore in each county be eſtabliſhed a club
'of the perſons whoſe converſations I have deſcribed, who,
'for their own private, as alſo the public emolument,
'ſhould exclude and be excluded all other ſociety. Their
'attire ſhould be the ſame with their huntſmens, and
'none ſhould be admitted into this green converſation-
'piece, except he had broke his collar bone thrice. A
'broken rib or two might alſo admit a man without the
'leaſt oppoſition. The preſident muſt neceſſarily have
'broken his neck, and have been taken up dead once or
'twice: for the more maims this brotherhood ſhall have
'met with, the eaſier will their converſation flow and keep

'up;

'up; and when any of theſe vigorous invalids had finiſh-
'ed his narration of the collar-bone, this naturally would
'introduce the hiſtory of the ribs. Beſides, the different
'circumſtances of their falls and fractures would help to
'prolong and diverſify their relations. There ſhould alſo
'be another club of ſuch men, who have not ſucceeded ſo
'well in maiming themſelves, but are however in the con-
'ſtant purſuit of theſe accompliſhments. I would by no
'means be ſuſpected by what I have ſaid to traduce in
'general the body of fox-hunters; for whilſt I look up-
'on a reaſonable creature full ſpeed after a pack of dogs,
'by way of pleaſure, and not of buſineſs, I ſhall always
'make honourable mention of it.

'BUT the moſt irkſome converſation of all others I
'have met with in the neighbourhood, has been among
'two or three of your travellers, who have over-looked
'men and manners, and have paſſed through *France* and
'*Italy*, with the ſame obſervation that the carriers and
'ſtage-coachmen do through *Great Britain*; that is their
'ſtops and ſtages have been regulated according to the
'liquor they have met with in their paſſage. They in-
'deed remember the names of abundance of places, with
'the particular fineries of certain churches: but their
'diſtinguiſhing mark is certain prettineſſes of foreign lan-
'guages, the meaning of which they could have better
'expreſſed in their own. The entertainment of theſe
'fine obſervers, *Shakeſpear* has deſcribed to conſiſt

'In talking of the *Alps* and *Apenninес*,
'The *Pyrenean*, and the river *Po*.

'And then concludes with a ſigh,

'Now this is worſhipful ſociety!

'I WOULD not be thought in all this to hate ſuch ho-
'neſt creatures as dogs; I am only unhappy that I cannot
'partake in their diverſions. But I love them ſo well
'as dogs, that I often go with my pockets ſtuffed with
'bread to diſpence my favours, or make my way through
'them at neighbours houſes. There is in particular a
'young hound of great expectation, vivacity and enter-
'priſe, that attends my flights wherever he ſpies me. This
'creature obſerves my countenance, and behaves himſelf
'accordingly.

'accordingly. His mirth, his frolic, and joy upon the 'ſight of me has been obſerved, and I have been gravely 'deſired not to encourage him ſo much, for it ſpoils his 'parts; but I think he ſhews them ſufficiently in the ſe-'veral boundings, friſkings, and ſcourings, when he 'makes his court to me: but I foreſee in a little time he 'and I muſt keep company with one another only, for 'we are fit for no other in theſe parts. Having informed 'you how I do paſs my time in the country where I am, 'I muſt proceed to tell you how I would paſs it, had I 'ſuch a fortune as would put me above the obſervance 'of ceremony and cuſtom.

'My ſcheme of a country life then ſhould be as fol-'lows. As I am happy in three or four very agreeable 'friends, theſe I would have continually with me; and the 'freedom we took with one another at ſchool and the uni-'verſity we would maintain and exert upon all occaſions 'with great courage. There ſhould be certain hours of 'the day to be employed in reading, during which time it 'ſhould be impoſſible for any one of us to enter into o-'ther's chamber, unleſs by ſtorm. After this we would 'communicate the traſh or treaſure we had met with, 'with our own reflexions upon the matter; the juſtneſs 'of which we would controvert with good-humoured 'warmth, and never ſpare one another, out of that com-'plaiſant ſpirit of converſation, which makes others affirm 'and deny the ſame matter in a quarter of an hour. If 'any of the neighbouring gentlemen, not of our turn, 'ſhould take it in their heads to viſit me, I ſhould look 'upon theſe perſons in the ſame degree enemies to my par-'ticular ſtate of happineſs, as ever the *French* were to 'that of the public, and I would be at an annual expence 'in ſpies to obſerve their motions. Whenever I ſhould 'be ſurprized with a viſit, as I hate drinking, I would be 'briſk in ſwilling bumpers, upon this maxim, that it is 'better to trouble others with my impertinence, than to 'be troubled myſelf with theirs. The neceſſity of an in-'firmary makes me reſolved to fall into that project; and 'as we ſhould be but five, the terrors of an involuntary 'ſeparation, which our number cannot ſo well admit of, 'would make us exert ourſelves, in oppoſition to all the 'particulars mentioned in your inſtitution of that equi-

'table

'table confinement. This my way of life I know would 'ſubject me to the imputation of a moroſe, covetous, and 'ſingular fellow. Theſe and all other hard words, with 'all manner of inſipid jeſts, and all other reproach, would 'be matter of mirth to me and my friends; beſides, I 'would deſtroy the application of the epithets moroſe 'and covetous, by a yearly relief of my undeſervedly ne-'ceſſitous neighbours, and by treating my friends and do-'meſtics with an humanity that ſhould expreſs the obli-'gation to lie rather on my ſide; and as for the word '*ſingular*, I was always of opinion every man muſt be ſo, 'to be what one would deſire him.

Your very humble ſervant,

J. R.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'ABOUT two years ago, I was called upon by the 'younger part of a country family, by my mother's 'ſide related to me, to viſit Mr *Campbell*, the dumb-man; 'for they told me that that was chiefly what brought 'them to town, having heard wonders of him in *Eſſex*. 'I, who always wanted faith in matters of that kind, was 'not eaſily prevailed on to go; but leſt they ſhould take 'it ill, I went with them; when to my ſurpriſe, Mr '*Campbell* related all their paſt life, (in ſhort, had he 'not been prevented, ſuch a diſcovery would have come 'out as would have ruined the next deſign of their com-'ing to town, *viz.* buying wedding-clothes.) Our names '——though he never heard of us before—and we en-'deavoured to conceal——were as familiar to him as to 'ourſelves. To be ſure Mr *Spectator*, he is a very learn-'ed and wiſe man. Being impatient to know my fortune, 'having paid my reſpects in a family-*Jacobus*, he told me '(after his manner) among ſeveral other things, that in a 'year and nine months I ſhould fall ill of a new fever, be 'given over by my phyſicians, but ſhould with much dif-'ficulty recover: that the firſt time I took the air after-'wards, I ſhould be addreſſed to by a young gentleman of 'a plentiful fortune, good ſenſe, and a generous ſpirit. 'Mr *Spectator*, he is the pureſt man in the world, for all 'he ſaid is come to paſs, and I am the happieſt ſhe in '*Kent*. I have been in queſt of Mr *Campbell* theſe three 'months, and cannot find him out. Now hearing you are

'a

'a dumb man too, I thought you might correſpond, and 'be able to tell me ſomething; for I think myſelf highly 'obliged to make his fortune, as he has mine. 'Tis very poſ-'ſible your worſhip, who has ſpies all over this town, can 'inform me how to ſend to him: if you can, I beſeech you 'to be as ſpeedy as poſſible, and you will highly oblige.

Your conſtant reader and admirer

DULCIBELLA THANKLEY.

ORDERED, That the inſpector I employ about wonders, inquire at the *Golden-Lion*, oppoſite to the *Half-Moon* tavern in *Drury-Lane*, into the merits of this ſilent ſage, and report accordingly. T

N° 475. *Thurſday, September* 4.

——Quæ res in ſe neque in conſilium neque modum
Habet ullum, eam conſilio regere non potes. Ter

Advice is thrown away, where the caſe admits of neither counſel nor moderation.

IT is an old obſervation, which has been made of politicians who would rather ingratiate themſelves with their ſovereign, than promote his real ſervice, that they accommodate their counſels to his inclinations, and adviſe him to ſuch actions only as his heart is naturally ſet upon. The privy-counſellor of one in love muſt obſerve the ſame conduct, unleſs he would forfeit the friendſhip of the perſon who deſires his advice. I have known ſeveral odd caſes of this nature. *Hipparchus* was going to marry a common woman, but being reſolved to do nothing without the advice of his friend *Philander*, he conſulted him upon the occaſion. *Philander* told him his mind freely, and repreſented his miſtreſs to him in ſuch ſtrong colours, that the next morning he received a challenge for his pains, and before twelve o'clock was run through the body by the man who had aſked his advice. *Celia* was more prudent on the like occaſion; ſhe deſired *Lepilla* to give

give her opinion freely upon a young fellow who made his addreſſes to her. *Leonilla*, to oblige her, told her with great frankneſs, that ſhe looked upon him as one of the moſt worthleſs——*Celia*, foreſeeing what a character ſhe was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that ſhe had been privately married to him above a fortnight. The truth of it is, a woman ſeldom aſks advice before ſhe has bought her wedding cloaths. When ſhe has made her own choice, for form's ſake, ſhe ſends a *Congé d'Elire* to her friends.

If we look into the ſecret ſprings and motives that ſet people at work on theſe occaſions, and put them upon aſking advice which they never intend to take; I look upon it to be none of the leaſt, that they are incapable of keeping a ſecret which is ſo very pleaſing to them. A girl longs to tell her confident, that ſhe hopes to be maried in a little time, and, in order to talk of the pretty fellow that dwells ſo much in her thoughts, aſks her very gravely, what ſhe would adviſe her to do in a caſe of ſo much difficulty. Why elſe ſhould *Meliſſa*, who had not a thouſand pounds in the world, go into every quarter of the town to aſk her acquaintance whether they would adviſe her to take *Tom Townley*, that made his addreſſes to her with an eſtate of five thouſand a-year? 'Twas very pleaſant, on this occaſion, to hear the lady propoſe her doubts, and to ſee the pains ſhe is at to get over them.

I must not here omit a practice that is in uſe among the vainer part of our own ſex, who will often aſk a friend's advice in relation to a fortune whom they are never likely to come at. Will Honeycomb, who is now on the verge of threeſcore, took me aſide not long ſince, and aſked me in his moſt ſerious look, whether I would adviſe him to marry my lady *Betty Single*, who, by the way, is one of the greateſt fortunes about town. I ſtared him full in the face upon ſo ſtrange a queſtion; upon which he immediately gave me an inventory of her jewels and eſtate, adding, that he was reſolved to do nothing in a matter of ſuch conſequence without my approbation. Finding he would have anſwer, I told him, if he could get the lady's conſent, he had mine. This is about the tenth match which, to my knowledge, Will has conſulted his friends upon, without ever opening his mind to the party herſelf.

I HAVE been engaged in this ſubject by the following letter, which comes to me from ſome notable young female ſcribe, who, by the contents of it, ſeems to have carried matters ſo far, that ſhe is ripe for aſking advice; but as I would not loſe her good-will, nor forfeit the reputation which I have with her for wiſdom, I ſhall only communicate the letter to the public, without returning any anſwer to it.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'NOW, Sir, the thing is this: Mr *Shapely* is the 'prettieſt gentleman about town. He is very tall, 'but not too tall neither. He dances like an angel. His 'mouth is made I don't know how, but it is the prettieſt that 'I ever ſaw in my life. He is always laughing, for he has an 'infinite deal of wit. If you did but ſee how he rolls his 'ſtockings! He has a thouſand pretty fancies and I am ſure, 'if you ſaw him, you would like him. He is a very good 'ſcholar, and can talk *Latin* as faſt as *Engliſh*. I wiſh you 'could but ſee him dance. Now you muſt underſtand poor 'Mr *Shapely* has no eſtate; but how can he help that you 'know? And yet my friends are ſo unreaſonable as to be 'always teazing me about him, becauſe he has no eſtate; 'but I am ſure he has that that is better than an eſtate; 'for he is a good-natured, ingenious, modeſt, civil, tall, 'well-bred, handſome man; and I am obliged to him for 'his civilities ever ſince I ſaw him. I forgot to tell you, 'that he has black eyes, and looks upon me now and then 'as if he had tears in them. And yet my friends are ſo 'unreaſonable, that they would have me be uncivil to him. 'I have a good portion which they cannot hinder me of, 'and I ſhall be fourteen on the 29th day of *Auguſt* next, 'and am therefore willing to ſettle in the world as ſoon as I 'can, and ſo is Mr *Shapely*. But every body I adviſe with 'here is poor Mr *Shapely*'s enemy. I deſire therefore you 'will give me your advice, for I know you are a wiſe man; 'and if you adviſe me well, I am reſolved to follow it. 'I heartily wiſh you could ſee him dance, and am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

B. D.

'He loves your *Spectators* mightily.

C

Nº 476.

No 476. *Friday, September 5.*

——*Lucidus ordo.* Hor.

Method.

AMONG my daily papers which I beſtow on the public, there are ſome which are written with regularity and method, and others that run out into the wildneſs of thoſe compoſitions which go by the name of *Eſſays*. As for the firſt, I have the whole ſcheme of the diſcourſe in my mind before I ſet pen to paper. In the other kind of writing, it is ſufficient that I have ſeveral thoughts on a ſubject, without troubling myſelf to range them in ſuch order, that they may ſeem to grow out of one another, and be diſpoſed under their proper heads. *Seneca* and *Montaigne* are patterns for writing in this laſt kind, as *Tully* and *Ariſtotle* excel in the other. When I read an author of genius who writes without method, I fancy myſelf in a world that abounds with a great many noble objects, riſing among one another in the greateſt confuſion and diſorder. When I read a methodical diſcourſe, I am in a regular plantation, and can place myſelf in its ſeveral centres, ſo as to take a view of all the lines and walks that are ſtruck from them. You may ramble in the one a whole day together, and every moment diſcover ſomething or other that is new to you: but when you have done, you will have but a confuſed imperfect notion of the place: in the other your eye commands the whole proſpect, and gives you ſuch an idea of it, as is not eaſily worn out of the memory.

IRREGULARITY and want of method, are only ſupportable in men of great learning or genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore chooſe to throw down their pearls in heaps before the reader, rather than be at the pains of ſtringing them.

METHOD is of advantage to a work, both in reſpect to the writer and the reader. In regard to the firſt, it is a great help to his invention. When a man has planned his diſcourſe, he finds a great many thoughts riſing out of

every head, that do not offer themſelves upon the general ſurvey of a ſubject. His thoughts are at the ſame time more intelligible, and better diſcover their drift and meaning, when they are placed in their proper lights, and follow one another in a regular ſeries, than when they are thrown together without order and connection. There is always an obſcurity in confuſion, and the ſame ſentence that would have enlightened the reader in one part of the diſcourſe, perplexes him in another. For the ſame reaſon likewiſe every thought in a methodical diſcourſe ſhews itſelf in its greateſt beauty, as the ſeveral figures in a piece of painting receive new grace from their diſpoſition in the picture. The advantages of a reader from a methodical diſcourſe, are correſpondent with thoſe of the writer. He comprehends every thing eaſily, takes it in with pleaſure, and retains it long.

METHOD is not leſs requiſite in ordinary converſation than in writing, provided a man would talk to make himſelf underſtood. I, who hear a thouſand coffee-houſe debates every day, am very ſenſible of this want of method in the thoughts of my honeſt countrymen. There is not one diſpute in ten which is managed in thoſe ſchools of politicks, where, after the three firſt ſentences, the queſtion is not entirely loſt. Our diſputants put me in mind of the ſkuttle fiſh, that when he is unable to extricate himſelf, blackens all the water about him till he becomes inviſible. The man who does not know how to methodize his thoughts, has always to borrow a phraſe from the Diſpenſary, *a barren ſuperfluity of words*; the fruit is loſt amidſt the exuberance of leaves.

TOM Puzzle is one of the moſt eminent immethodical diſputants of any that has fallen under my obſervation. *Tom* has read enough to make him very impertinent; his knowledge is ſufficient to raiſe doubts, but not to clear them. It is pity that he has ſo much learning, or that he has not a great deal more. With theſe qualifications *Tom* ſets up for a free-thinker, finds a great many things to blame in the conſtitution of his country, and gives ſhrewd intimations that he does not believe another world. In ſhort, *Puzzle* is an atheiſt as much as his parts will give him leave. He has got about half a dozen common-place topicks, into which he never fails to turn the converſation,

verſation, whatever was the occaſion of it: tho' the matter in debate be about *Doway* or *Denain*, it is ten to one but half his diſcourſe runs upon the unreaſonableneſs of bigotry and prieſtcraft. This makes Mr *Puzzle* the admiration of all thoſe who have leſs ſenſe than himſelf, and the contempt of all thoſe who have more. There is none in town whom *Tom* dreads ſo much as my friend *Will Dry*. *Will*, who is acquainted with *Tom*'s logic, when he finds him running off the queſtion, cuts him ſhort with a *What then? We allow all this to be true, but what is it to our preſent purpoſe?* I have known *Tom* eloquent half an hour together, and triumphing, as he thought, in the ſuperiority of the argument, when he has been nonplus'd on a ſudden by Mr *Dry*'s deſiring him to tell the company what it was that he endeavoured to prove. In ſhort, *Dry* is a man of a clear methodical head, but few words, and gains the ſame advantages over *Puzzle*, that a ſmall body of regular troops would gain over a numberleſs undiſciplined militia.

C

N° 477. *Saturday, September 6.*

——An me ludit amabilis
Inſania? audire et videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aqua ſubeunt et auræ. Hor.

——Does airy fancy cheat
My mind well pleas'd with the deceit?
I ſeem to hear, I ſeem to move,
And wander thro' the happy grove,
Where ſmooth ſprings flow, and murm'ring breeze
Wantons thro' the waving trees. Creech.

SIR,

HAVING lately read your eſſay on the pleaſures of the imagination, I was ſo taken with your thoughts upon ſome of our *Engliſh* gardens, that I cannot forbear troubling you with a letter upon that ſubject. I am one, you muſt know, who am looked upon as an humouriſt in gardening. I have ſeveral acres about my houſe, which I call my garden, and which a ſkilful gardener would not

know what to call it. It is a confuſion of kitchen and parterre, orchard and flower garden, which lie ſo mixt and interwoven with one another, that if a foreigner who had ſeen nothing of our country ſhould be convey'd into my garden at his firſt landing, he would look upon it as a natural wilderneſs, and one of the uncultivated parts of our country. My flowers grow up in ſeveral parts of the garden in the greateſt luxuriancy and profuſion. I am ſo far from being fond of any particular one, by reaſon of its rarity, that if I meet with any one in a field which pleaſes me, I give it a place in my garden. By this means, when a ſtranger walks with me, he is ſurprized to ſee ſeveral large ſpots of ground covered with ten thouſand different colours, and has often ſingled out flowers that he might have met with under a common hedge, in a field, or in a meadow, as ſome of the greateſt beauties of the place. The only method I obſerve in this particular, is to range in the ſame quarter the products of the ſame ſeaſon, that they may make their appearance together, and compoſe a picture of the greateſt variety. There is the ſame irregularity in my plantations, which run into as great a wildneſs as their natures will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the ſoil, and am pleaſed when I am walking in a labyrinth of my own raiſing, not to know whether the next tree I ſhall meet with is an apple or an oak, an elm or a pear-tree. My kitchen has likewiſe its particular quarters aſſigned it; for beſides the wholſome luxury which that place abounds with, I have always thought a kitchen-garden a more pleaſant ſight than the fineſt orangery, or artificial green-houſe. I love to ſee every thing in its perfection, and am more pleaſed to ſurvey my rows of colworts and cabbages, with a thouſand nameleſs pot-herbs, ſpringing up in their full fragrancy and verdure, than to ſee the tender plants of foreign countries kept alive by artificial heats, or withering in an air and ſoil that are not adapted to them. I muſt not omit, that there is a fountain riſing in the upper part of my garden, which forms a little wandering rill, and adminiſters to the pleaſure as well as the plenty of the place. I have ſo conducted it, that it viſits moſt of my plantations; and have taken particular care to let it run in the ſame manner as it would do in an open field, ſo that it generally paſſes thro' banks of violets and primroſes, plats of

of willow, or other plants, that ſeem to be of its own producing. There is another circumſtance in which I am very particular, or, as my neighbours call me, very whimſical: as my garden invites into it all the birds of the country, by offering them the conveniency of ſprings and ſhades, ſolitude and ſhelter, I do not ſuffer any one to deſtroy their neſts in the ſpring, or drive them from their uſual haunts in fruit-time. I value my garden more for being full of black birds than cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for their ſongs. By this means I have always the muſic of the ſeaſon in its perfection, and am highly delighted to ſee the jay or the thruſh hopping about my walks, and ſhooting before my eye acroſs the ſeveral little glades and alleys that I paſs thro'. I think there are as many kinds of gardening as of poetry: your makers of parterres and flower-gardens, are epigrammatiſts and ſonneteers in this art: contrivers of bowers and grottos, treillages and caſcades, are romance writers. *Wiſe* and *London* are our heroic poets; and if, as a critic, I may ſingle out any paſſage of their works to commend, I ſhall take notice of that part in the upper garden, at *Kenſington*, which was at firſt nothing but a gravel pit. It muſt have been a fine genius for gardening, that could have thought of forming ſuch an unſightly hollow into ſo beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with ſo uncommon and agreeable a ſcene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular ſpot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleaſant contraſt; for as on one ſide of the walk you ſee this hollow baſon, with its ſeveral little plantations lying ſo conveniently under the eye of the beholder; on the other ſide of it there appears a ſeeming mount, made up of trees riſing one higher than another in proportion as they approach the center. A ſpectator, who has not heard this account of it, would think this circular mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually ſcoped out of that hollow ſpace which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one who had walked in this garden, who was not ſtruck with that part of it which I have here mentioned. As for myſelf, you will find, by the account which I have already given you, that my compoſitions in gardening are altogether after the *Pindaric* manner, and run into the beautiful wildneſs of nature, without affecting the nicer elegancies

of

of art. What I am now going to mention, will, perhaps deſerve your attention more than any thing I have yet ſaid. I find that in the diſcourſe which I ſpoke of at the beginning of my letter, you are againſt filling an *Engliſh* garden with ever-greens; and indeed I am ſo far of your opinion, that I can by no means think the verdure of an ever-green comparable to that which ſhoots out annually, and clothes our trees in the ſummer ſeaſon. But I have often wondered that thoſe who are like myſelf, and love to live in gardens, have never thought of contriving a *Winter-garden*, which would conſiſt of ſuch trees only as never caſt their leaves. We have very often little ſnatches of ſunſhine and fair weather in the moſt uncomfortable parts of the year, and have frequently ſeveral days in *November* and *January* that are as agreeable as any in the fineſt months. At ſuch times, therefore, I think there could not be a greater pleaſure, than to walk in ſuch a *Winter-garden* as I have propoſed. In the ſummer-ſeaſon the whole country blooms, and is a kind of garden, for which reaſon we are not ſo ſenſible of thoſe beauties that at this time may be every where met with; but when nature is in her deſolation, and preſents us with nothing but bleak and barren proſpects, there is ſomething unſpeakably chearful in a ſpot of ground which is covered with trees that ſmile amidſt all the rigour of winter, and give us a view of the moſt gay ſeaſon in the midſt of that which is the moſt dead and melancholy. I have ſo far indulged myſelf in this thought, that I have ſet apart a whole acre of ground for the executing of it. The walls are covered with ivy inſtead of vines. The laurel, the hornbeam, and the holly, with many other trees and plants of the ſame nature, grow ſo thick in it, that you cannot imagine a more lively ſcene. The glowing redneſs of the berries with which they are hung at this time, vies with the verdure of their leaves, and are apt to inſpire the heart of the beholder with that vernal delight, which you have ſomewhere taken notice of in your former papers. It is very pleaſant, at the ſame time, to ſee the ſeveral kinds of birds retiring into this little green ſpot, and enjoying themſelves among the branches and foliage, when my great garden, which I have before mentioned to you, does not afford a ſingle leaf for their ſhelter

You

You muſt know, Sir, that I look upon the pleaſure which we take in a garden, as one of the moſt innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habitation of our firſt parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmneſs and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent paſſions at reſt. It gives us a great inſight into the contrivance and wiſdom of Providence, and ſuggeſts innumerable ſubjects for meditation. I cannot but think the very complacency and ſatisfaction which a man takes in theſe works of nature, to be a laudable, if not a virtuous habit of mind. For all which reaſons I hope you will pardon the length of my preſent letter. C

I am,

SIR, &c.

N° 478. *Monday, September* 8.

——— *Uſus*
Quem penes arbitrium eſt, et jus et norma ———

Faſhion, the arbiter, and rule of right.

Mr SPECTATOR,

IT happened lately, that a friend of mine, who had many things to buy for his family, would oblige me to walk with him to the ſhops. He was very nice in his way, and fond of having every thing ſhewn, which at firſt made me very uneaſy; but as his humour ſtill continued, the things which I had been ſtaring at along with him, began to fill my head, and led me into a ſet of amuſing thoughts concerning them.

I FANCIED it muſt be very ſurpriſing to any one who enters into a detail of faſhions, to conſider how far the vanity of mankind has laid itſelf out in dreſs, what a prodigious number of people it maintains, and what a circulation of money it occaſions. Providence in this caſe makes uſe of the folly which we will not give up, and it becomes inſtrumental to the ſupport of thoſe who are willing to labour. Hence it is that fringe-makers, lace-men, tire-women,

women and a number of other trades, which would be uſeleſs in a ſimple ſtate of nature draw their ſuſſiſtence; though it is ſeldom ſeen that ſuch as theſe are extremly rich, becauſe their original fault of being founded upon vanity, keeps them poor by the light inconſtancy of its nature. The variableneſs of faſhion turns the ſtream of buſineſs which flows from it now into one channel, and anon into another; ſo that the different ſets of people ſink or flouriſh in their turns by it.

From the ſhops we retired to the tavern, where I found my friend expreſs ſo much ſatisfaction for the bargains he had made, that my moral reflections (if I had told them) might have paſſed for a reproof; ſo I choſe rather to fall in with him, and let the diſcourſe run upon the uſe of faſhions.

Here we remembered how much man is governed by his ſenſes, how lively he is ſtruck by the objects which appear to him in an agreeable manner, how much cloaths contribute to make us agreeable objects, and how much we owe it to ourſelves that we ſhould appear ſo.

We conſidered men as belonging to ſocieties; ſocieties as formed of different ranks; and different ranks diſtinguiſhed by habits, that all proper duty or reſpect might attend their appearance.

We took notice of ſeveral advantages which are met with in the occurrences of converſation. How the baſhful man has been ſometimes ſo raiſed, as to expreſs himſelf with an air of freedom, when he imagines that his habit introduces him to company with a becoming manner: and again, how a fool in fine clothes ſhall be ſuddenly heard with attention till he has betrayed himſelf; whereas a man of ſenſe appearing with a dreſs of negligence ſhall be but coldly received, till he be proved by time, and eſtabliſhed in a character. Such things as theſe we could recollect to have happened to our own knowledge ſo very often, that we concluded the author had his reaſons, who adviſes his ſon to go in dreſs rather above his fortune than under it.

At laſt the ſubject ſeemed ſo conſiderable, that it was propoſed to have a repoſitory built for faſhions, as there are chambers for medals and other rarities. The building

may

may be ſhaped as that which ſtands among the pyramids, in the form of a woman's head. This may be raiſed upon pillars, whoſe ornaments ſhall bear a juſt relation to the deſign. Thus there may be an imitation of fringe carved in the baſe, a ſort of appearance of lace in the frize, and a repreſentation of curling locks, with bows of ribbon ſloping over them, may fill up the work of the cornish. The inſide may be divided into two apartments appropriated to each ſex. The apartments may be filled with ſhelves, on which boxes are to ſtand as regularly as books in a library. Theſe are to have folding-doors, which being opened you are to behold a baby dreſſed out in ſome faſhion which has flouriſhed, and ſtanding upon a pedeſtal, where the time of its reign is marked down. For its farther regulation, let it be ordered, that every one who invents a faſhion ſhall bring in his box, whoſe front he may at pleaſure have either worked or painted with ſome amorous or gay device, that, like books with gilded leaves and covers, it may the ſooner draw the eyes of the beholders. And to the end that theſe may be preſerved with all due care, let there be a keeper appointed, who ſhall be a gentleman qualified with a competent knowledge in cloaths; ſo that by this means the place will be a comfortable ſupport for ſome beau who has ſpent his eſtate in dreſſing.

THE reaſons offered by which we expect to gain the approbation of the public, were as follows.

FIRST, That every one who is conſiderable enough to be a mode, and has any imperfection of nature or chance, which it is poſſible to hide by the advantage of clothes, may, by coming to this repoſitory, be furniſhed herſelf, and furniſh all who are under the ſame misfortune, with the moſt agreeable manner of concealing it; and that on the other ſide, every one who has any beauty in face or ſhape, may alſo be furniſhed with the moſt agreeable manner of ſhewing it.

SECONDLY, That whereas ſome of our young gentlemen who travel, give us great reaſon to ſuſpect that they only go abroad to make or improve a fancy for dreſs, a project of this nature may be a means to keep them at home, which is in effect the keeping of ſo much money in the kingdom. And perhaps the balance of faſhion in *Europe*,

rope, which now leans upon the ſide of *France*, may be ſo altered for the future, that it may become as common with *Frenchmen* to come to *England* for their finiſhing ſtroke of breeding, as it has been for *Engliſhmen* to go to *France* for it.

THIRDLY, Whereas ſeveral great ſcholars, who might have been otherwiſe uſeful to the world, have ſpent their time in ſtudying to deſcribe the dreſſes of the ancients from dark hints, which they are fain to interpret and ſupport with much learning; it will from henceforth happen, that they ſhall be freed from the trouble, and the world from uſeleſs volumes. This project will be a regiſtry, to which poſterity may have recourſe, for the clearing ſuch obſcure paſſages as tend that way in authors; and therefore we ſhall not for the future ſubmit ourſelves to the learning of etymology, which might perſuade the age to come, that the farthingal was worn for cheapneſs, or the furbelow for warmth.

FOURTHLY, Whereas they who are old themſelves, have often a way of railing at the extravagance of youth, and the whole age in which their children live; it is hoped that this ill humour will be much ſuppreſſed, when we can have recourſe to the faſhions of their times, produce them in our vindication, and be able to ſhew that it might have been as expenſive in queen *Elizabeth*'s time only to waſh and quill a ruff, as it is now to buy cravats or neck-handkerchiefs.

WE deſire alſo to have it taken notice of, That becauſe we would ſhew a particular reſpect to foreigners, which may induce them to perfect their breeding here in a knowledge which is very proper for pretty gentlemen, we have conceived the motto for the houſe in the learned language. There is to be a picture over the door with a looking-glaſs and a dreſſing-chair in the middle of it: then on one ſide are to be ſeen, above one another, patch-boxes, pin-cuſhions, and little bottles: on the other, powder-bags, puffs, combs and bruſhes; beyond theſe, ſwords with fine knots, whoſe points are hidden, and fans almoſt cloſed, with the handles downward, are to ſtand out interchangeably from the ſides, till they meet at the top, and form a ſemicircle over the reſt of the figures: beneath

neath all, the writing is to run in this pretty ſounding manner:

Adeſte, O quotquot ſunt, Veneres, Gratiæ, Cupidines,
En vobis adſunt in promptu
Faces, vincula, ſpicula,
Hinc eligite, ſumite, regite.

All ye *Venuſes*, *Graces*, and *Cupids*, attend:
See prepar'd to your hands
Darts, torches, and bands:
Your weapons here chuſe, and your empire extend.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant, A. B.

THE propoſal of my correſpondent I cannot but look upon as an ingenious method of placing perſons (whoſe parts make them ambitious to exert themſelves in frivolous things) in a rank by themſelves. In order to this, I would propoſe that there be a board of directors of this faſhionable ſociety; and becauſe it is a matter of too much weight for a private man to determine alone, I ſhould be highly obliged to my correſpondents if they would give in liſts of perſons qualified for this truſt. If the chief coffee-houſes, the converſations of which places are carried on by perſons, each of whom has his little number of followers and admirers, would name from among themſelves two or three to be inſerted, they ſhould be put up with great faithfulneſs. Old beaus are to be preſented in the firſt place; but as that ſect, with relation to dreſs, is almoſt extinct, it will, I fear, be abſolutely neceſſary to take in all time ſervers, properly ſo deemed; that is, ſuch as, without any conviction of conſcience, or view of intereſt, change with the world, and that merely from a terror of being out of faſhion. Such alſo, who, from facility of temper, and too much obſequiouſneſs, are vicious againſt their will, and follow leaders whom they do not approve, for want of courage to go their own way, are capable perſons for this ſuperintendency. Thoſe who are loth to grow old, or would do any thing contrary to the

courſe and order of things, out of fondneſs to be in faſhion, are proper candidates. To conclude, thoſe who are in faſhion without apparent merit, muſt be ſuppoſed to have latent qualities, which would appear in a poſt of direction; and therefore are to be regarded in forming theſe liſts. Any who ſhall be pleaſed according to theſe, or what farther qualifications may occur to himſelf, to ſend a liſt, is deſired to do it within fourteen days after this date.

N. B. *The place of the phyſician to this ſociety, according to the laſt mentioned qualification, is already engaged.*

Nº 479. *Tueſday, September* 9.

——Dare jure maritis.

To regulate the matrimonial life.

MANY are the epiſtles I every day receive from huſbands, who complain of vanity, pride, but above all ill-nature in their wives. I cannot tell how it is, but I think I ſee in all their letters that the cauſe of their uneaſineſs is in themſelves; and indeed I have hardly ever obſerved the married condition unhappy, but for want of judgment or temper in the man. The truth is, we generally make love in a ſtile, and with ſentiments very unfit for ordinary life: they are half theatrical; half romantic. By this means we raiſe our imaginations to what is not to be expected in human life; and becauſe we did not beforehand think of the creature we were enamoured of, as ſubject to diſhumour, age, ſickneſs, impatience, or ſullenneſs, but altogether conſidered her as the object of joy, human nature itſelf is often imputed to her as her particular imperfection or defect.

I TAKE it to be a rule proper to be obſerved in all occurrences of life, but more eſpecially in the domeſtic or matrimonial part of it, to preſerve always a diſpoſition to be pleaſed. This cannot be ſupported but by conſidering things in their right light, and as nature has formed them, and not as our own fancies and appetites would have

have them. He then who took a young lady to his bed, with no other conſideration than the expectation of ſcenes of dalliance, and thought of her (as I ſaid before) only as ſhe was to adminiſter to the gratification of deſire, as that deſire flags, will, without her fault, think her charms and her merit abated: from hence muſt follow indifference, diſlike, peeviſhneſs, and rage. But the man who brings his reaſon to ſupport his paſſion, and beholds what he loves as liable to all the calamities of human life both in body and mind, and even at the beſt, what muſt bring upon him new cares and new relations; ſuch a lover, I ſay, will form himſelf accordingly, and adapt his mind to the nature of his circumſtances. This latter perſon will be prepared to be a father, a friend, an advocate, a ſteward for people yet unborn, and has proper affections ready for every incident in the marriage ſtate. Such a man can hear the cries of children with pity inſtead of anger; and when they run over his head, he is not diſturbed at their noiſe, but is glad of their mirth and health. *Tom Truſty* has told me, that he thinks it doubles his attention to the moſt intricate affair he is about, to hear his children, for whom all his cares are applied, make a noiſe in the next room: on the other ſide, *Will Sparkiſh* cannot put on his periwig, or adjuſt his cravat at the glaſs, for the noiſe of theſe damned nurſes and ſqualling brats; and then ends with a gallant reflection upon the comforts of matrimony, runs out of their hearing, and drives to the chocolate-houſe.

According as the huſband is diſpoſed in himſelf, every circumſtance of his life is to give him torment or pleaſure. When the affection is well placed, and ſupported by the conſiderations of duty, honour and friendſhip, which are in the higheſt degree engaged in this alliance, there can nothing ariſe in the common courſe of life, or from the blows or favours of fortune, in which a man will not find matter of ſome delight unknown to a ſingle condition.

He who ſincerely loves his wife and family, and ſtudies to improve that affection in himſelf, conceives pleaſure from the moſt indifferent things; while the married man, who has not bid adieu to the faſhions and falſe gallantries of the town, is perplexed with every thing around

him. In both theſe caſes men cannot, indeed, make a ſillier figure, than in repeating ſuch pleaſures and pains to the reſt of the world; but I ſpeak of them only, as they ſit upon thoſe who are involved in them. As I viſit all ſorts of people, I cannot indeed but ſmile, when the good lady tells her huſband what extraordinary things the child ſpoke ſince he went out. No longer than yeſterday I was prevailed with to go home with a fond huſband; and his wife told him, that his ſon, of his own head, when the clock in the parlour ſtruck two, ſaid, Papa would come home to dinner preſently. While the father has him in a rapture in his arms, and is drowning him with kiſſes, the wife tells me he is but juſt four years old. Then they both ſtruggle for him, and bring him up to me, and repeat his obſervation of two o'clock. I was called upon, by looks upon the child, and then at me, to ſay ſomething; and I told the father, that this remark of the infant of his coming home, and joining the time with it, was a certain indication that he would be a great hiſtorian and chronologer. They are neither of them fools, yet received my compliment with great acknowledgment of my preſcience. I fared very well at dinner, and heard many other notable ſayings of their heir, which would have given very little entertainment to one leſs turned to reflection than I was; but it was a pleaſing ſpeculation to remark on the happineſs of a life, in which things of no moment give occaſion of hope ſelf-ſatisfaction and triumph. On the other hand, I have known an ill-natured coxcomb, who has hardly improved in any thing but bulk, for want of this diſpoſition, ſilence the whole family, as a ſet of ſilly women and children, for recounting things which were really above his own capacity.

When I ſay all this, I cannot deny but there are perverſe jades that fall to mens lots, with whom it requires more than common proficiency in philoſophy to be able to live. When theſe are joined to men of warm ſpirits, without temper or learning, they are frequently corrected with ſtripes: but one of our famous lawyers is of opinion, that this ought to be uſed ſparingly: as I remember, thoſe are his very words; but as it is proper to draw ſome ſpiritual uſe out of all afflictions, I ſhould rather recommend to thoſe who are thus viſited with women of ſpirit, to

form

form themſelves for the world by patience at home. *Socrates*, who is by all accounts the undoubted head of the ſect of the *hen-peck'd*, own'd and acknowledged that he owed great part of his virtue to the exerciſe which his uſeful wife conſtantly gave it. There are ſeveral good inſtructions may be drawn from his wife anſwers to people of leſs fortitude than himſelf on this ſubject. A friend, with indignation, aſked how ſo good a man could live with ſo violent a creature? He obſerved to him, *That they who learn to keep a good ſeat on horſeback, mount the leaſt manageable they can get, and when they have maſtered them, they are ſure never to be diſcompoſed on the backs of ſteeds leſs reſtive.* At ſeveral times, to different perſons, on the ſame ſubject, he has ſaid, *My dear friend, you are beholden to* Xantippe *that I bear ſo well your flying out in a diſpute.* To another, *My hen clacks very much, but ſhe brings me chickens. They that live in a trading ſtreet are not diſturbed at the paſſage of carts.* I would have, if poſſible, a wiſe man be contented with his lot, even with a ſhrew; for though he cannot make her better, he may, you ſee, make himſelf better by her means.

But inſtead of purſuing my deſign of diſplaying conjugal love in its natural beauties and attractions, I am got into tales to the diſadvantage of that ſtate of life. I muſt ſay therefore, that I am verily perſuaded, that whatever is delightful in human life, is to be enjoyed in greater perfection in the married, than in the ſingle condition. He that has this paſſion in perfection, in occaſions of joy can ſay to himſelf, beſides his own ſatisfaction, *How happy will this make my wife and children?* Upon occurrences of diſtreſs or danger, can comfort himſelf, *But all this while my wife and children are ſafe.* There is ſomething in it that doubles ſatisfaction, becauſe others participate them; and diſpels afflictions, becauſe others are exempt from them. All who are married without this reliſh of their circumſtance, are in either a taſteleſs indolence and negligence, which is hardly to be attained, or elſe live in the hourly repetition of ſharp anſwers, eager upbraidings and diſtracting reproaches. In a word, the married ſtate, with and without the affection ſuitable to it, is the completeſt image of heaven and hell we are capable of receiving in this life. T

N° 480. *Wedneſday, September* 10.

Reſponſare cupidinibus, contemnere honores,
Fortis, et in ſeipſo totus teres, atque rotundus. Hor.

Who's proof againſt the charms of vain delight;
Whom feeble fortune ſtrives in vain to wound,
So cloſely gather'd in a perfect round. Creech.

THE other day looking over thoſe old manuſcripts, of which I have formerly given ſome account, and which relate to the character of the mighty *Pharamond* of *France*, and the cloſe friendſhip between him and his friend *Eucrate*:- I found among the letters which had been in cuſtody of the latter, an epiſtle from a country gentleman to *Pharamond*, wherein he excuſes himſelf from coming to court. The gentleman, it ſeems, was contented with his condition, had formerly been in the king's ſervice; but, at the writing the following letter, had, from leiſure and reflection, quite another ſenſe of things than that which he had in the more active part of his life.

Monſieur Chezluy to *Pharamond*.

Dread Sir,

'I HAVE from your own hand (incloſed under the cover of Mr *Eucrate* of your Majeſty's bed chamber) a letter which invites me to court. I underſtand this great honour to be done me out of reſpect and inclination to me, rather than regard to your own ſervice: for which reaſon I beg leave to lay before your Majeſty my reaſons for declining to depart from home; and will not doubt but, as your motive in deſiring my attendance was to make me an happier man, when you think that will not be effected by my remove, you will permit me to ſtay where I am. Thoſe who have an ambition to appear in courts, have ever an opinion that their perſons or their talents are particularly formed for the ſervice or ornament of that place; or elſe are hurried by downright deſire of gain, or what they call honour, or take upon themſelves

'themſelves whatever the generoſity of their maſter can 'give them opportunities to graſp at. But your goodneſs 'ſhall not be thus impoſed upon by me: I will therefore 'confeſs to you, that frequent ſolitude, and long conver-'ſation with ſuch who know no arts which poliſh life, have 'made me the plaineſt creature in your dominions. Thoſe 'leſs capacities of moving with a good grace, bearing a 'ready affability to all around me, and acting with eaſe 'before many, have quite left me. I am come to that, 'with regard to my perſon, that I conſider it only as a 'machine I am obliged to take care of, in order to enjoy 'my ſoul in its faculties with alacrity; well remembring, 'that this habitation of clay will in a few years be a 'meaner piece of earth than any utenſil about my houſe. 'When this is, as it really is, the moſt frequent reflection 'I have, you will eaſily imagine how well I ſhould become 'a drawing-room: add to this, what ſhall a man without 'deſires do about the generous *Pharamond?* Monſieur '*Eucrate* has hinted to me, that you have thoughts of diſ-'tinguiſhing me with titles. As for myſelf, in the temper of 'my preſent mind, appellations of honour would but embar-'raſs diſcourſe, and new behaviour towards me perplexes 'me in every habitude of life. I am alſo to acknowled to you, 'that my children, of whom your Majeſty condeſcended 'to inquire, are all of them mean, both in their perſons 'and genius. The eſtate my eldeſt ſon is heir to, is more 'than he can enjoy with a good grace. My ſelf-love will 'not carry me ſo far, as to impoſe upon mankind the ad-'vancement of perſons (merely for their being related to 'me) into diſtinctions, who ought for their own ſakes, as 'well as that of the public, to affect obſcurity. I wiſh, 'my generous prince, as it is in your power to give honours 'and offices, it were alſo to give talents ſuitable to them: 'were it ſo, the noble *Pharamond* would reward the zeal 'of my youth with abilities to do him ſervice in my age.

'THOSE who accept of favour without merit, ſupport 'themſelves in it at the expence of your Majeſty. Give 'me leave to tell you, Sir, this is the reaſon that we in 'the country hear ſo often repeated the word *prerogative*. That part of your law which is reſerved in your-

ſelf,

'ſelf for the readier ſervice and good of the public, ſlight 'men are eternally buzzing in our ears to cover their own 'follies and miſcarriages. It would be an addition to 'the high favour you have done me, if you would let '*Eucrate* ſend me word how often, and in what caſes 'you allow a conſtable to inſiſt upon the prerogative. 'From the higheſt to the loweſt officer in your dominions, ſomething of their own carriage they would exempt 'from examination under the ſhelter of the word *prero-*'*gative*. I would fain, moſt noble *Pharamond*, ſee one of 'your officers aſſert your prerogative by good and gra-'cious actions. When is it uſed to help the afflicted, to 'reſcue the innocent, to comfort the ſtranger? Uncom-'mon methods, apparently undertaken to attain worthy 'ends, would never make power invidious. You ſee, Sir, 'I talk to you with the freedom your noble nature ap-'proves in all whom you admit to your converſation.

'BUT, to return to your Majeſty's letter, I humbly 'conceive, that all diſtinctions are uſeful to men, only as 'they are to act in public; and it would be a romantic 'madneſs for a man to be a lord in his cloſet. Nothing 'can be honourable to a man apart from the world, but 'the reflection upon worthy actions; and he that places 'honour in a conſciouſneſs of well-doing, will have but 'little reliſh for any outward homage that is paid him, 'ſince what gives him diſtinction to himſelf, cannot come 'within the obſervation of his beholders. Thus all the 'words of Lordſhip, Honour and Grace, are only repe-'titions to a man, that the king has ordered him to be 'called ſo; but no evidences that there is any thing in 'himſelf that would give the man who applies to him 'thoſe ideas, without the creation of his maſter.

'I HAVE, moſt noble *Pharamond*, all honours and all 'titles in your own approbation: I triumph in them as 'they are your gift, I refuſe them as they are to give me 'the obſervation of others. Indulge me, my noble maſ-'ter, in this chaſtity of renown; let me know myſelf in 'the favour of *Pharamond*; and look down upon the ap-'plauſe of the people. *I am,*

In all duty and loyalty,
Your Majeſty's moſt obedient
ſubject and ſervant,
JEAN CHEZLUY.

SIR,

'I NEED not tell with what diſadvantages men of low 'fortunes and great modeſty come into the world; 'what wrong meaſures their diffidence of themſelves, and 'fear of offending, often obliges them to take; and what 'a pity it is that their greateſt virtues and qualities, that 'ſhould ſooneſt recommend them, are the main obſtacle 'in the way of their preferment.

'THIS, Sir, is my caſe: I was bred at a country-'ſchool, where I learned *Latin* and *Greek*. The misfor-'tunes of my family forced me up to town, where a pro-'feſſion of the politer ſort has protected me againſt infamy 'and want. I am now clerk to a lawyer, and in times of 'vacancy and receſs from buſineſs, have made myſelf ma-'ſter of *Italian* and *French*; and though the progreſs I 'have made in my buſineſs has gained me reputation e-'nough for one of my ſtanding, yet my mind ſuggeſts to 'me every day, that it is not upon that foundation I am 'to build my fortune.

'THE perſon I have my preſent dependence upon, has 'it in his nature, as well as in his power to advance me, by 'recommending me to a gentleman that is going beyond 'ſea in a public employment. I know the printing this 'letter would point me out to thoſe I want confidence to 'ſpeak to, and I hope it is not in your power to refuſe 'making any body happy.

September 9. 1712. *Yours*, &c.

T M. D.

N° 481. *Thurſday, September* 11.

——— ——*Uti non*
Compoſitus melius cum Bitho Bacchius: in jus
Acres procurrent ——— ———

No better match'd with Bithus, Bacchius *ſtrove:*
To law they run, and wrangling dearly love.

IT is ſomething pleaſant enough to conſider the diffe-rent notions which different perſons have of the ſame thing. If men of low condition very often ſet a value on things, which are not prized by thoſe who are in an higher

ſtation

ſtation of life, there are many things theſe eſteem which are of no value among perſons of an inferior rank. Common people are, in particular, very much aſtoniſhed when they hear of thoſe ſolemn conteſts and debates which are made among the great upon the punctilios of a public ceremony; and wonder to hear that any buſineſs of conſequence ſhould be retarded by thoſe little circumſtances, which they repreſent to themſelves as trifling and inſignificant. I am mightily pleaſed with a porter's deciſion in one of Mr *Southern*'s plays, which is founded upon that fine diſtreſs of a virtuous woman's marrying a ſecond huſband, while her firſt was yet living. The firſt huſband, who was ſuppoſed to have been dead, returning to his houſe after a long abſence, raiſes a noble perplexity for the tragic part of the play. In the mean while the nurſe and the porter conferring upon the difficulties that would enſue in ſuch a caſe, honeſt *Sampſon* thinks the matter may be eaſily decided, and ſolves it very judiciouſly, by the old proverb, that if his firſt maſter be ſtill living, *The man muſt have his mare again.* There is nothing in my time which has ſo much ſurprized and confounded the greateſt part of my honeſt countrymen, as the preſent controverſy between Count *Rechteren* and Monſieur *Meſnager*, which employs the wiſe heads of ſo many nations, and holds the affairs of *Europe* in ſuſpenſe.

Upon my going into a coffee houſe yeſterday, and lending an ear to the next table, which was encompaſſed with a circle of inferior politicians, one of them, after having read over the news very attentively, broke out into the following remarks. I am afraid, ſays he, this unhappy rupture between the footmen at *Utrecht* will retard the peace of Chriſtendom. I wiſh the Pope may not be at the bottom of it. His holineſs has a very good hand in fomenting a diviſion, as the poor *Swiſs Cantons* have lately experienced to their coſt. If Monſieur *What-d'ye-call-him*'s domeſtics will not come to an accommodation, I do not know how the quarrel can be ended but by a religious war.

Why truly, ſays a *Wiſacre* that ſat by him, were I as the king of *France*, I would ſcorn to take part with the footmen of either ſide; here's all the buſineſs of *Europe* ſtands ſtill, becauſe Monſieur *Meſnager*'s man has had his head broke. If Count *Rettrum* had given them a pot of

of ale after it, all would have been well, without any of this buſtle; but they ſay he is a warm man, and does not care to be made mouths at.

Upon this, one, that had held his tongue hitherto, began to exert himſelf; declaring, that he was very well pleaſed the plenipotentiaries of our Chriſtian princes took this matter into their ſerious conſideration; for that lacqueys were never ſo ſaucy and pragmatical as they are now-a-days, and that he ſhould be glad to ſee them taken down in the treaty of peace, if it might be done without prejudice to the public affairs.

One who ſat at the other end of the table, and ſeemed to be in the intereſts of the *French* king, told them, that they did not take the matter right, for that his moſt Chriſtian majeſty did not reſent this matter becauſe it was an injury done to Monſieur *Meſnager*'s footmen; for, ſays he, what are Monſieur *Meſnager*'s footmen to him? but, becauſe it was done to his ſubjects. Now, ſays he, let me tell you, it would look very odd for a ſubject of *France* to have a bloody noſe, and his ſovereign not to take notice of it. He is obliged in honour to defend his people againſt hoſtilities; and if the *Dutch* will be ſo inſolent to a crowned head, as, in any wiſe to cuff or kick thoſe who are under *his* protection, I think he is in the right to call them to an account for it.

This diſtinction ſet the controverſy upon a new foot, and ſeemed to be very well approved by moſt that heard it, till a little warm fellow, who declared himſelf a friend to the houſe of *Auſtria*, fell moſt unmercifully upon his *Gallic* majeſty, as encouraging his ſubjects to make mouths at their betters, and afterwards ſkreening them from the puniſhment that was due to their inſolence. To which he added, that the *French* nation was ſo addicted to grimace, that if there was not a ſtop put to it at the general congreſs, there would be no walking the ſtreets for them in a time of peace, eſpecially if they continued maſters of the *Weſt Indies*. The little man proceeded with a great deal of warmth, declaring, that if the allies were of his mind, he would oblige the *French* king to burn his gallies, and tolerate the Proteſtant religion in his dominions before he would ſheath his ſword. He concluded with calling Monſieur *Meſnager* an inſignificant prig.

The

THE diſpute was now growing very warm, and one does not know where it would have ended, had not a young man of about one and twenty, who ſeems to have been brought up with an eye to the law, taken the debate into his hand, and given it as his opinion, that neither Count *Rechteren* nor Monſieur *Meſnager* had behaved themſelves right in this affair. Count *Rechteren*, ſays he, ſhould have made affidavit that his ſervant had been affronted, and then Monſieur *Meſnager* would have done him juſtice by taking away their liveries from them, or ſome other way that he might have thought the moſt proper; for let me tell you, if a man makes a mouth at me, I am not to knock the teeth out of it for his pains. Then again, as for Monſieur *Meſnager*, upon his ſervants being beaten, why, he might have had his action of aſſault and battery. But as the caſe now ſtands, if you will have my opinion, I think they ought to bring it to referees.

I HEARD a great deal more of this conference, but I muſt confeſs with little edification; for all I could learn at laſt from theſe honeſt gentlemen, was, that the matter in debate was of too high a nature for ſuch heads as theirs, or mine, to comprehend. O

N° 482. *Friday, September* 12.

Floriferis ut apes in ſaltibus omnia libant.
Lucr. l. 3. v. 11.

As from the ſweeteſt flow'rs the lab'ring bee
Extracts her precious ſweets. Creech.

WHEN I have publiſhed any ſingle paper that falls in with the popular taſte, and pleaſes more than ordinary, it always brings me in a great return of letters. My *Tueſday's* diſcourſe, wherein I gave ſeveral admonitions to the fraternity of the *Hen-peck'd*, has already produced me very many correſpondents; the reaſon I cannot gueſs at, unleſs it be that ſuch a diſcourſe is of general uſe, and every married man's money. An honeſt tradeſman, who dates his letter from *Cheapſide*, ſends me thanks in the name of a club, who, he tells me, meet as often as their wives will give them leave, and ſtay together

gether till they are ſent for home. He informs me, that my paper has adminiſtred great conſolation to their whole club, and deſires me to give ſome further account of *Socrates*, and to acquaint them in whoſe reign he lived, whether he was a citizen or a courtier, whether he buried *Xantippe*, with many other particulars: for that by his ſayings he appears to have been a very wiſe man, and a good Chriſtian. Another, who writes himſelf *Benjamin Bamboo*, tells me, that being coupled with a ſhrew, he had endeavoured to tame her by ſuch lawful means as thoſe which I mentioned in my laſt *Tueſday*'s paper, and that in his wrath he had often gone further than *Bracton* allows in thoſe caſes; but that for the future he was reſolved to bear it like a man of temper and learning, and conſider her only as one who lives in his houſe to teach him philoſophy. *Tom Dapperwit* ſays, that he agrees with me in that whole diſcourſe, excepting only the laſt ſentence, where I affirm the married ſtate to be either an heaven or an hell. *Tom* has been at the charge of a penny upon this occaſion, to tell me, that by his experience it is neither one nor the other, but rather that middle kind of ſtate, commonly known by the name of *Purgatory*.

THE fair ſex have likeways obliged me with their reflexions upon the ſame diſcourſe. A lady, who calls herſelf *Euterpe*, and ſeems a woman of letters, aſks me, whether I am for eſtabliſhing the *Salick* law in every family, and why it is not fit that a woman who has diſcretion and learning ſhould ſit at the helm, when the huſband is weak and illiterate? Another, of a quite contrary character, ſubſcribes herſelf *Xantippe*, and tells me, that ſhe follows the example of her name-ſake; for being married to a bookiſh man, who has no knowledge of the world, ſhe is forced to take their affairs into her own hands, and to ſpirit him up now and then, that he may not grow muſty, and unfit for converſation.

AFTER this abridgment of ſome letters which are come to my hands upon this occaſion, I ſhall publiſh one of them at large.

Mr SPECTATOR,

YOU have given us a lively picture of that kind of huſband who comes under the denomination of

'the Hen-peck'd; but I do not remember that you have 'ever touched upon one that is of the quite different cha-'racter, and who, in ſeveral places of *England*, goes by 'the name of a Cot-quean. I have the misfortune to be 'joined for life with one of this character, who in reality 'is more a woman then I am. He was bred up under the 'tuition of a tender mother, till ſhe had made him as good 'a houſewife as herſelf. He could preſerve apricots, and 'make gellies, before he had been two years out of the 'nurſery. He was never ſuffered to go abroad, for fear 'of catching cold; when he ſhould have been hunting 'down a buck, he was by his mother's ſide learning how 'to ſeaſon it, or put it in cruſt; and was making paper-'boats with his ſiſters, at an age when other young gen-'tlemen are croſſing the ſeas, or travelling into foreign 'countries. He has the whiteſt hand that you ever ſaw 'in your life, and raiſes paſte better than any woman in '*England*. theſe qualifications make him a ſad huſband: 'he is perpetually in the kitchen, and has a thouſand ſquab-'bles with the cook-maid. He is better acquainted 'with the milk-ſcore, than his ſteward's accounts I fret 'to death when I hear him find fault with a diſh that is 'not dreſſed to his liking, and inſtructing his friends that 'dine with him in the beſt pickle for a walnut, or ſauce 'for an haunch of veniſon. With all this, he is a very good 'natured huſband, and never fell out with me in his life, but 'once, upon the over roaſting of a diſh of wild-fowl: at 'the ſame time I muſt own, I would rather he was a man 'of a rough temper, that would treat me harſhly ſome-'times, than of ſuch an effeminate buſy nature in a province 'that does not belong to him. Since you have given us 'the character of a wife who wears the breeches, pray ſay 'ſomething of a huſband that wears the petticoat. Why 'ſhould not a female character be as ridiculous in a man 'as a male character in one of our ſex? O

I am, &c.

No 483.

No 483. *Saturday, September* 13.

Nec Deus interſit niſi dignus vendice nodus
Inciderit —— —— Hor. Ars. poet. v. 191.

Never preſume to make a God appear,
But for a buſineſs worthy of a God.

Roſcommon.

WE cannot be guilty of a greater act of uncharitableneſs, than to interpret the afflictions which befal our neighbours, as *puniſhments* and *judgments*. It aggravates the evil to him who ſuffers, when he looks upon himſelf as the mark of divine vengeance, and abates the compaſſion of thoſe towards him, who regard him in ſo dreadful a light. This humour of turning every misfortune into a judgment, proceeds from wrong notions of religion, which, in its own nature, produces good-will towards men, and puts the mildeſt conſtruction upon every accident that befals them. In this caſe, therefore, it is not religion that ſours a man's temper, but it is his temper that ſours his religion: people of gloomy unchearful imaginations, or of envious malignant tempers, whatever kind of life they are engaged in, will diſcover their natural tincture of mind in all their thoughts, words and actions. As the fineſt wines have often the taſte of the ſoil, ſo even the moſt religious thoughts often draw ſomething that is particular from the conſtitution of the mind in which they ariſe. When folly or ſuperſtition ſtrike in with this natural depravity of temper, it is not in the power, even of religion itſelf, to perſerve the character of the perſon who is poſſeſſed with it, from appearing highly abſurd and ridiculous.

AN old maiden gentlewoman, whom I ſhall conceal under the name of *Nemeſis*, is the greateſt diſcoverer of judgments that I have met with. She can tell you what ſin it was that ſet ſuch a man's houſe on fire, or blew down his barns. Talk to her of an unfortunate young lady that loſt her beauty by the ſmall-pox, ſhe fetches a deep ſigh, and tells you, that when ſhe had a fine face ſhe was always looking on it in her glaſs. Tell her of a

piece of good-fortune that has befallen one of her acquaintance; and ſhe wiſhes it may proſper with her, but her mother uſed one of her nieces very barbarouſly. Her uſual remarks turn upon people who had great eſtates, but never enjoyed them, by reaſon of ſome flaw in their own, or their father's behaviour. She can give you the reaſon why ſuch a one died childleſs; why ſuch an one was cut off in the flower of his youth; why ſuch an one was unhappy in her marriage; why one broke his leg on ſuch a particular ſpot of ground; and why another was killed with a back-ſword, rather than with any other kind of weapon. She has a crime for every misfortune that can befal any of her acquaintance; and when ſhe hears of a robbery that has been made, or a murder that has been committed, enlarges more on the guilt of the ſuffering perſon, than on that of the thief or aſſaſſin. In ſhort, ſhe is ſo good a Chriſtan, that whatever happens to herſelf, is a trial, and whatever happens to her neighbours is a judgment.

THE very deſcription of this folly, in ordinary life, is ſufficient to expoſe it; but when it appears in a pomp and dignity of ſtile, it is very apt to amuſe and terrify the mind of the reader. *Herodotus* and *Plutarch* very often apply their judgments as impertinently as the old woman I have before mentioned, though their manner of relating them makes the folly itſelf appear venerable. Indeed, moſt hiſtorians, as well Chriſtian as Pagan, have fallen into this idle ſuperſtition, and ſpoken of ill ſucceſs, unforeſeen diſaſters, and terrible events, as if they had been let into the ſecrets of Providence, and made acquainted with that private conduct by which the world is governed. One would think ſeveral of our own hiſtorians in particular had many revelations of this kind made to them. Our old *Engliſh* monks ſeldom let any of their kings depart in peace, who had endeavoured to diminiſh the power or wealth of which the eccleſiaſtics were in thoſe times poſſeſſed. *William the Conqueror*'s race generaly found their judgements in the *New Foreſt*, where their fathers had pulled down churches and monaſteries. In ſhort, read one of the chronicles written by an author of this frame of mind, and you would think you were reading

reading an hiſtory of the kings of *Iſrael* and *Judah*, where the hiſtorians were actually inſpired, and where, by a particular ſcheme of Providence, the kings were diſtinguiſhed by judgments or bleſſings, according as they promoted idolatry or the worſhip of the true GOD.

I CANNOT but look upon this manner of judging upon misfortunes, not only to be very uncharitable in regard to the perſons whom they befal, but very preſumptuous in regard to him who is ſuppoſed to inflict them. It is a ſtrong argument for a ſtate of retribution hereafter, that in this world virtuous perſons are very often unfortunate, and vicious perſons proſperous; which is wholly repugnant to the nature of a being who appears infinitly wiſe and good in all his works, unleſs we may ſuppoſe that ſuch a promiſcuous and undiſtinguiſhed diſtribution of good and evil, which was neceſſary for carrying on the deſigns of Providence in this life, will be rectified and made amends for in another. We are not therefore to expect that fire ſhould fall from heaven in the ordinary courſe of Providence; nor when we ſee triumphant guilt or depreſſed virtue in particular perſons, that Omnipotence will make bare its holy arm in the defence of the one, or puniſhment of the other. It is ſufficient that there is a day ſet apart for the hearing and requiting of both according to their reſpective merits.

THE folly of aſcribing temporal judgments to any particular crimes, may appear from ſeveral conſiderations, I ſhall only mention two: firſt, That, generally ſpeaking there is no calamity or affliction, which is ſuppoſed to have happened as a judgment to a vicious man, which does not ſometimes happen to men of approved religion and virtue. When *Digoras* the atheiſt was on board one on the *Athenian* ſhips there aroſe a very violent tempeſt; upon which the mariners told him, that it was a juſt judgment upon them for having taken ſo impious a man on board. *Diagoras* begged them to look upon the reſt of the ſhips that were in the ſame diſtreſs, and asked them whether or no *Diagoras* was on board every veſſel in the fleet. We are all involved in the ſame calamities, and ſubject to the ſame accidents; and when we ſee any one of the ſpecies under any particular oppreſſion, we ſhould look upon it as

ariſing from the common lot of human nature, rather than from the guilt of the perſon who ſuffers.

ANOTHER conſideration, that may check our preſumption in putting ſuch a conſtruction upon a misfortune, is this, that it is impoſſible for us to know what are calamities and what are bleſſings. How many accidents have paſſed for misfortunes, which have turned to the welfare and proſperity of the perſons in whoſe lot they have fallen? How many diſappointments have, in their conſequences ſaved a man from ruin? If we could look into the effects of every thing, we might be allowed to pronounce boldly upon bleſſings and judgments; but for a man to give his opinion of what he ſees but in part, and in its beginnings, is an unjuſtifiable piece of raſhneſs and folly. The ſtory of *Biton* and *Cleobis*, which was in great reputation among the Heathens, (for we ſee it quoted by all the ancient authors, both *Greek* and *Latin*, who have written upon the immortality of the ſoul) may teach us a caution in this matter. Thoſe two brothers, being the ſons of a lady who was prieſteſs to *Juno*, drew their mother's chariot to the temple at the time of a great ſolemnity, the perſons being abſent who by their office were to have drawn her chariot on that occaſion. The mother was ſo tranſported with this inſtance of filial duty, that ſhe petitioned her Goddeſs to beſtow upon them the greateſt gift that could be given to men; upon which they were both caſt into a deep ſleep, and the next morning found dead in the temple. This was ſuch an event, as would have been conſtrued into a judgment, had it happened to the two brothers after an act of diſobedience, and would doubtleſs have been repreſented as ſuch by any ancient hiſtorian who had given us an account of it.

O

No.

Nº 484. *Monday, September 15.*

Neque cuiquam tam ſtatim clarum ingenium eſt, ut poſſit emergere; niſi illi materia, occaſio, fautor etiam commendatorque contingat. Plin. Epiſt.

No man's abilities are ſo remarkably ſtrong, as not to ſtand in need of proper opportunity, a patron, and even the praiſes of a friend, to recommend them to the notice of the world.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'OF all the young fellows who are in their progreſs 'thro' any profeſſion, none ſeem to have ſo good 'a title to the protection of the men of eminence in it, as 'the modeſt man; not ſo much becauſe his modeſty is a 'certain indication of his merit, as becauſe 'tis a certain 'obſtacle to the producing of it. Now, as of all pro-'feſſions this virtue is thought to be more particularly 'unneceſſary in that of the law than in any other, I ſhall 'only apply myſelf to the relief of ſuch who follow this 'profeſſion with this diſadvantage. What aggravates 'the matter is, that thoſe perſons who, the better to pre-'pare themſelves for this ſtudy, have made ſome pro-'greſs in others, have, by addicting themſelves to let-'ters, increaſed their natural modeſty, and conſequently 'heightened the obſtruction to this ſort of preferment; 'ſo that every one of theſe may emphatically be ſaid to 'be ſuch a one as *laboureth and taketh pains, and is ſtill 'the more behind.* It may be a matter worth diſcuſſing 'then, why that which made a youth ſo amiable to the 'ancients, ſhould make him appear ſo ridiculous to the 'moderns? And, why, in our days there ſhould be ne-'glect and even oppreſſion of young beginners, inſtead 'of that protection which was the pride of theirs? In 'the profeſſion ſpoken of 'tis obvious to every one whoſe 'attendance is required at *Weſtminſter-hall*, with what 'difficulty a youth of any modeſty has been permitted 'to make an obſervation, that could in no ways detract 'from the merit of his elders, and is abſolutely neceſſary

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'for the advancing his own. I have often ſeen one of 'theſe not only moleſted in his utterance of ſomething very 'pertinent, but even plundered of his queſtion, and by a 'ſtrong ſerjeant ſhouldered out of his rank, which he has 'recovered with much difficulty and confuſion. Now as 'great part of the buſineſs of this profeſſion might be diſ-'patched by one that perhaps

——*Abeſt virtute diſerti*
Meſſalæ, nec ſcit quantum Cauſelius Aulus;
Hor. Ars poet. v. 370.

——wants *Meſſala*'s pow'rful eloquence,
And is leſs read than deep *Cauſelius*; Roſcommon.

'ſo I can't conceive the injuſtice done to the public, if 'the men of reputation in this calling would introduce 'ſuch of the young ones into buſineſs, whoſe application 'to this ſtudy will let them into the ſecrets of it, as much 'as their modeſty will hinder them from the practice: I 'ſay, it would be laying an everlaſting obligation upon 'a young man, to be introduced at firſt only as a mute 'till by this countenance, and a reſolution to ſupport the 'good opinion conceived of him in his betters, his com-'plexion ſhall be ſo well ſettled, that the litigious of this 'iſland may be ſecure of his obſtreperous aid. If I might 'be indulged to ſpeak in the ſtile of a lawyer, I would ſay, 'That any one about thirty years of age, might make a 'common motion to the court with as much elegance and 'propriety as the moſt aged advocates in the hall.

'I CAN'T advance the merit of modeſty by any argu-'ment of my own ſo powerfully, as by inquiring into 'the ſentiments the greateſt among the ancients of dif-'ferent ages entertained upon this virtue. If we go back 'to the days of *Solomon*, we ſhall find favour a neceſſary 'conſequence to a ſhame-fac'd man. *Pliny*, the greateſt 'lawyer and moſt elegant writer of the age he lived in, 'in ſeveral of his epiſtles is very ſollicitous in recom-'mending to the public ſome young men of his own pro-'feſſion, and very often undertakes to become an advo-'cate, upon condition that ſome one of theſe his favourites, 'might be joined with him, in order to produce the me-

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rit of ſuch whoſe modeſty otherwiſe would have ſuppreſſed it. It may ſeem very marvellous to a ſaucy modern, that *Multum ſanguinis, multum verecundiæ, multum ſollicitudinis in ore; to have the face firſt full of blood, then the countenance daſhed with modeſty, and then the whole aſpect as of one dying with fear, when a man begins to ſpeak;* ſhould be eſteemed by *Pliny* the neceſſary qualifications of a fine ſpeaker. *Shakeſpear* alſo has expreſſed himſelf in the ſame favourable ſtrain of modeſty, when he ſays,

——In the modeſty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.——

'Now, ſince theſe authors have profeſſed themſelves for the modeſt man, even in the utmoſt confuſions of ſpeech and countenance, why ſhould an intrepid utterance and a reſolute vociferation thunder ſo ſucceſsfully in our courts of juſtice? and why ſhould that confidence of ſpeech and behaviour, which ſeems to acknowledge no ſuperior, and to defy all contradiction, prevail over that deference and reſignation with which the modeſt man implores that favourable opinion which the other ſeems to command?

'As the caſe at preſent ſtands, the beſt conſolation that I can adminiſter to thoſe who cannot get into that ſtroke of buſineſs (as the phraſe is) which they deſerve, is to reckon every particular acquiſition of knowledge in this ſtudy as a real increaſe of their fortune; and fully to believe, that one day this imaginary gain will certainly be made out by one more ſubſtantial. I wiſh you would talk to us a little on this head, you would oblige,

Sir, Your humble ſervant.

THE author of this letter is certainly a man of good ſenſe; but I am perhaps particular in my opinion on this occaſion; for I have obſerved, that under the notion of modeſty, men have indulged themſelves in a ſpiritleſs ſheepiſhneſs, and been for ever loſt to themſelves, their families, their friends, and their country. When a man has taken care to pretend to nothing but what he may juſtly aim at, and can execute as well as any other, without

out injuſtice to any other; it is ever want of breeding or courage to be brow-beaten or elbowed out of his honeſt ambition. I have ſaid often, modeſty muſt be an act of the will, and yet it always implies ſelf-denial; for if a man has an ardent deſire to do what is laudable for him to perform, and, from an unmanly baſhfulneſs, ſhrinks away, and lets his merit languiſh in ſilence, he ought not to be angry at the world that a more unſkilful actor ſucceeds in his part, becauſe he has not confidence to come upon the ſtage himſelf. The generoſity my correſpondent mentions of *Pliny*, cannot be enough applauded. To cheriſh the dawn of merit, and haſten its maturity was a work worthy a noble *Roman* and a liberal ſcholar. That concern which is deſcribed in the letter is to all the world the greateſt charm imaginable; but then the modeſt man muſt proceed, and ſhew a latent reſolution in himſelf; for the admiration of his modeſty ariſes from the manifeſtation of his merit. I muſt confeſs we live in an age wherein a few empty bluſterers carry away the praiſe of ſpeaking, while a croud of fellows over-ſtock'd with knowledge are run down by them: I ſay over-ſtock'd, becauſe they certainly are ſo as to their ſervice of mankind, if from their very ſtore they raiſe to themſelves ideas of reſpect, and greatneſs of the occaſion, and I know not what, to diſable themſelves from explaining their thoughts. I muſt confeſs, when I have ſeen *Charles Frankair* riſe up with a commanding mien, and torrent of handſome words, talk a mile off the purpoſe, and drive down twenty baſhful boobies of ten times his ſenſe, who at the ſame time were envying his impudence and deſpiſing his underſtanding, it has been matter of great mirth to me; but it ſoon ended in a ſecret lamentation, that the fountains of every thing praiſe-worthy in theſe realms, the univerſities, ſhould be ſo muddied with a falſe ſenſe of this virtue, as to produce men capable of being ſo abuſed. I will be bold to ſay that it is a ridiculous education which does not qualify a man to make his beſt appearance before the greateſt man and the fineſt woman to whom he can addreſs himſelf. Were this judiciouſly corrected in the nurſeries of learning, pert coxcombs would know their diſtance: but we muſt bear with this falſe modeſty in our young nobility

lity and gentry, till they ceaſe at *Oxford* and *Cambridge* to grow dumb in the ſtudy of eloquence. T

Nº 485. *Tueſday, September* 16.

Nihil tam firmum eſt, cui periculum non ſit, etiam ab invalido Quint. Curt. l. 7. c. 8.

The ſtrongeſt things are in danger even from the weakeſt.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'MY Lord *Clarendon* has obſerved, *That few men have done more harm than thoſe who have been thought to be able to do leaſt; and there cannot be a greater error, than to believe a man whom we ſee qualified with too mean parts to do good, to be therefore incapable of doing hurt. There is a ſupply of malice, of pride, of induſtry, and even of folly, in the weakeſt, when he ſets his heart upon it, that makes a ſtrange progreſs in miſchief.* What may ſeem to the reader the greateſt paradox in the reflection of the hiſtorian, is, I ſuppoſe, that folly, which is generally thought incapable of contriving or executing any deſign, ſhould be ſo formidable to thoſe whom it exerts itſelf to moleſt. But this will appear very plain, if we remember that *Solomon* ſays, *It is ſport to a fool to do miſchief*; and that he might the more emphatically expreſs the calamitous circumſtances of him who falls under the diſpleaſure of this wanton perſon, the ſame author adds further, That *a ſtone is heavy, and the ſand weighty, but a fool's wrath is heavier than them both.* It is impoſſible to ſuppreſs my own illuſtration upon this matter, which is, That as the man of ſagacity beſtirs himſelf to diſtreſs his enemy by methods probable and reducible to reaſon, ſo the ſame reaſon will fortify his enemy to elude theſe his regular efforts; but your fool projects, acts, and concludes, with ſuch notable inconſiſtence, that no regular courſe of thought can evade or counterplot his prodigious machinations. My frontiſpiece, I believe, may be extended to imply, that ſeveral of our misfortunes ariſe from

' things,

things, as well as perſons, that ſeem of very little conſequence. Into what tragical extravagancies does *Shakeſpear* hurry *Othello* upon the loſs of an handkerchief only? and what barbarities does *Deſdemona* ſuffer from a ſlight inadvertency in regard to this fatal trifle? If the ſchemes of all the enterprizing ſpirits were to be carefully examined, ſome interveening accident, not conſiderable enough to occaſion any debate upon, or give them any apprehenſion of ill conſequence from it, will be found to he the occaſion of their ill ſucceſs, rather than any error in points of moment and difficulty, which naturally engaged their matureſt deliberations. If you go to the levee of any great man, you will obſerve him exceeding gracious to ſeveral very inſignificant fellows; and this upon this maxim, That the neglect of any perſon muſt ariſe from the mean opinion you have of his capacity to do you any ſervice or prejudice; and that this calling his ſufficiency in queſtion, muſt give him inclination, and where this is, there never wants ſtrength or opportunity to annoy you. There is nobody ſo weak of invention, that can't aggravate or make ſome little, ſtories to vilify his enemy; and there are very few but have good inclinations to hear them, and 'tis infinite pleaſure to the majority of mankind to level a perſon ſuperior to his neighbours. Beſides, in all matter of controverſy, that party which has the greateſt abilities labours under this prejudice, that he will certainly be ſuppoſed upon account of his abilities, to have done an injury when perhaps he has received one. It would be tedious to enumerate the ſtrokes that nations and particular friends have ſuffered from perſons very contemptible,

'I THINK *Henry* IV. of *France*, ſo formidable to his neighbours, could no more be ſecured againſt the reſolute villany of *Ravillac*, than *Villiers* duke of *Buckingham* could be againſt that of *Felton*. And there is no incenſed perſon ſo deſtitute, but can provide himſelf with a knife or a piſtol, if he finds ſtomach to apply them. That things and perſons of no moment ſhould give ſuch powerful revolutions to the progreſs of thoſe of the greateſt, ſeems a providential diſpoſition to baffle and abate the pride of human ſufficiency; as alſo to en-

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'gage the humanity and benevolence of ſuperiors to all 'below 'em, by letting them into this ſecret, that the 'ſtronger depends upon the weaker.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble ſervant.

Dear Sir, *Temple, paper-buildings.*

'I Recived a letter from you ſome time ago, which I 'ſhould have anſwered ſooner, had you informed me 'in yours to what part of this iſland I might have di-'rected my impertinence; but having been let into the know-'ledge of that matter, this handſome excuſe is no longer 'ſerviceable. My neighbour *Prettyman* ſhall be the ſub-'ject of this letter; who falling in with the SPECTA-'TOR's doctrine concerning the month of *May*, began 'from that ſeaſon to dedicate himſelf to the ſervice of the 'fair in the following manner. I obſerved at the begin-'ning of the month he bought him a new night-gown, 'either ſide to be worn outwards, both equally gorgeous 'and attractive; but till the end of the month I did not 'enter ſo fully into the knowledge of his contrivance, as 'the uſe of that garment has ſince ſuggeſted to me. Now 'you muſt know that all new cloaths raiſe and warm the 'wearer's imagination into a conceit of his being a much 'finer gentelman than he was before, baniſhing all ſobrie-'ty and reflection, and giving him up to gallantry and a-'mour. Inflamed therefore with this way of thinking and 'full of the ſpirit of the month of *May*, did this merci-'leſs youth reſolve upon the buſineſs of captivating. At 'firſt he confined himſelf to his room only, now and then 'appearing at his window in his night-gown, and practiſ-'ing that eaſy poſture which expreſſes the very top and 'dignity of languiſhment. It was pleaſing to ſee him di-'verſify his lovelineſs, ſometimes obliging the paſſengers 'only with a ſide-face, with a book in his hand; ſome-'times being ſo generous as to expoſe the whole in the 'fullneſs of its beauty; at the other times, by a judicious 'throwing back of his periwig, he would throw in his 'ears. You know he is that ſort of perſon which the mob 'call a handſome jolly man; which appearance can't miſs 'of captives in this part of the town. Being embolden-

'ed by daily ſucceſs, he leaves his room with a reſoluti-
'on to extend his conqueſts; and I have apprehended
'him in his night-gown ſmiting in all parts of this neigh-
'bourhood.

'THIS I, being of an amorous complexion, ſaw with
'indignation, and had thoughts of purchaſing a wig in theſe
'parts; into which, being at a greater diſtance from the
'earth, I might have thrown a very liberal mixture of
'white horſe-hair, which would make a fairer and conſe-
'quently a handſomer appearance, while my ſituation
'would ſecure me againſt any diſcoveries. But the paſſion
'to the handſome gentleman ſeems to be ſo fixed to that
'part of the building, that it will be extremely difficult
'to divert it to mine; ſo that I am reſolved to ſtand bold-
'ly to the complexion of my own eye-brow, and prepare
'me an immenſe black wig of the ſame ſort of ſtructure
'with that of my rival. Now, though by this I ſhall not,
'perhaps, leſſen the number of the admirers of his com-
'plexion, I ſhall have a fair chance to divide the paſſen-
'gers by the irreſiſtable force of mine.

'I EXPECT ſudden diſpatches from you, with advice
'of the family you are in now, how to deport myſelf up-
'on this ſo delicate a conjuncture; with ſome comfort-
'able reſolutions in favours of the handſome black man a-
'gainſt the handſome fair one.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

N. B. *He who writ this, is a black man, two pair of ſtairs; the gentleman of whom he writs, is fair, and one pair of ſtairs.*

Mr SPECTATOR,

I Only ſay, that it is impoſſible for me to ſay how much I am

Yours,

ROBIN SHORTER.

'*P. S.* 'I ſhall think it a little hard, if you do not take
'as much notice of this epiſtle, as you have of the ingeni-
'ous Mr *Short*'s. I am not afraid to let the world ſee
'which is the deeper man of the two.'

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

London, September 15.

WHEREAS a young woman on horſeback, in an equeſtrian habit, on the 13th inſtant in the evening met the SPECTATOR within a mile and an half of this town, and flying in the face of juſtice, pulled off her hat, in which there was a feather, with the mien and air of a young officer, ſaying at the ſame time. Your ſervant Mr SPEC, or words to that purpoſe; This is to give notice, that if any perſon can diſcover the name, and place of abode of the ſaid offender, ſo as ſhe can be brought to juſtice, the informant ſhall have all fitting encouragement.

N° 486. *Wedneſday, September 17.*

Audire eſt operæ pretium procedere recte
Qui mæchis non vultus —— Hor. ſat. 2. l. 1. v. 38.

IMITATED.

All you who think the city ne'er can thrive,
Till every cuckold-maker's flea'd alive, Pope.
Attend ——

Mr SPECTATOR,

'THERE are very many of my acquaintance followers of *Socrates*, with more particular regard to 'that part of his philoſophy which we, among ourſelves, 'call his *domeſtics*; under which denomination, or title, 'we include all the conjugal joys or ſufferings. We have 'indeed with very great pleaſure, obſerved the honour 'you do the whole fraternity of the hen-peck'd, in pla'cing that illuſtrious man at our head, and it does in a ve'ry great meaſure baffle the rallery of pert rogues, who 'have no advantage above us, but in that they are ſingle. 'But when you look about into the croud of mankind, 'you will find the fair ſex reigns with greater tyranny o'ver lovers than huſbands. You ſhall hardly meet one 'in a thouſand who is wholly exempt from their domini'on, and thoſe that are ſo, are capable of no taſte of life, 'and breath and walk about the earth as inſignificants.

'But I am going to desire your further favour in behalf of 'our harmless brotherhood, and hope you will shew in a 'true light the unmarried hen-peck'd, as well as you have 'done justice to us, who submit to the conduct of our 'wives. I am very particularly acquainted with one who 'is under entire submission to a kind girl, as he calls her, 'and though he knows I have been witness both to the ill 'usage he has received from her, and his inability to resist 'her tyrany, he still pretends to make a jest of me for a 'little more than ordinary obsequiousness to my spouse. 'No longer than *Tuesday* last he took me with him to visit 'his mistress; and he having, it seems, been a little in dis-'grace before; thought by bringing me with him she would 'constrain herself, and insensibly fall into general discourse 'with him; and so he might break the ice, and save him-'self all the ordinary compunctions and mortifications she 'used to make him suffer before she would be reconciled 'after any act of rebellion on his part. When we came 'into the room, we were received with the utmost cold-'ness; and when he presented me as Mr such-a-one, 'his very good friend, she just had patience to suffer my 'salutation; but when he himself, with a very gay air, of-'fered to follow me, she gave him a thundering box on 'the ear, called him a pitiful poor-spirited wretch, how 'durst he see her face? His wig and hat fell on different 'parts of the floor. She seized the wig too soon for him 'to recover it, and kicking it down stairs, threw herself 'into an opposite room, pulling the door after her with 'a force, that you would have thought the hinges would 'have given way. We went down, you must think, with 'no very good countenances; and as we sneaked off, and 'were driving home together, he confessed to me, that her 'anger was thus highly raised, because he did not think 'fit to fight a gentleman who said, She was what she was; 'but, says he, a kind letter or two, or fifty pieces will put 'her in humour again. I asked why he did not part 'with her; he answered, he loved her with all the ten-'derness imaginable, and she had too many charms to be 'abandoned for a little quickness of spirit. Thus does 'this illegitimate hen-pecked overlook the huffy's having 'no regard to his very life and fame, in putting him upon 'an infamous dispute about her reputation; yet has he the

confidence

'confidence to laugh at me, becauſe I obey my poor
'dear in keeping out of harm's way, and not ſtaying too
'late from my own family, to paſs through the hazards
'of a town full of ranters and debauchees. You that are
'a philoſopher ſhould urge in our behalf, that when we
'bear with a froward woman, our patience is preſerved, in
'conſideration that a breach with her might be a diſho-
'nour to children who are deſcended from us, and whoſe
'concern make us tolerate a thouſand frailties, for fear
'they ſhould redound di honour upon the innocent. This
'and the like circumſtances, which carry with them the
'moſt valuable regards of human life, may be mentioned
'for our long-ſuffering; but in the caſe of gallants, they
'ſwallow ill uſage from one to whom they have no obliga-
'tion, but from a baſe paſſion which it is meant to indulge,
'and which it would be glorious to overcome.

'THESE ſort of fellows are very numerous, and ſome
'have been conſpicouſly ſuch, without ſhame: nay they
'have carried on the jeſt in the very article of death, and
'to the diminution of the wealth and happineſs of their
'families in bar of thoſe honourably near to them, have
'left immenſe wealth to their paramours. What is this
'but being a cully in the grave! ſure this is being a hen-
'pecked with a vengeance! But without dwelling upon
'theſe leſs frequent inſtances of eminent cullyiſm, what is
'there ſo common as to hear a fellow curſe his fate that he
'cannot get rid of a paſſion to a jilt, and quote an half
'line out of an miſcellany poem to prove his weakneſs is
'natural? If they will go on thus I have nothing to ſay
'to it: but then let them not pretend to be free all this
'while, and laugh at us poor married patients.

'I HAVE known one wench in this town carry an haugh-
'ty dominion over her lovers ſo well, that ſhe has at the
'ſame time been kept by a ſea captain in the *Straits*, a
'merchant in the city, and a country gentleman in *Hamp-*
'*ſhire*, and had all her correſpondences managed by one
'ſhe kept for her own uſes. This happy man (as the
'phraſe is) uſed to write letters very punctually, every
'poſt, for the miſtreſs to tranſcribe. He would ſit in
'his night gown and ſlippers, and be as grave giving an
'account, only changing names, that there was nothing
'in thoſe idle reports they had heard of ſuch a ſcoundrel

'as one of the other lovers was; and how could he think 'ſhe could condeſcend ſo low? after ſuch a fine gentle-'man as each of them? For the ſame epiſtle ſaid the ſame 'thing to and of every one of them. And ſo Mr Secre-'tary and his lady went to bed with great order.

'To be ſhort, Mr SPECTATOR, we huſbands ſhall ne-'ver make the figure we ought in the imaginations of 'young men growing up in the world, except you can 'bring it about that a man of the town ſhall be as infa-'mous a character as a woman of the town. But of all 'that I have met with in my time, commend me to *Betty 'Duall*: She is the wife of a ſailor, and the kept miſtreſs 'of a man of quality; ſhe dwells with the latter during 'the ſea-faring of the former. The huſband aſks no que-'ſtions, ſees his apartments furniſhed with riches not his, 'when he comes into port; and the lover is as joyful as a 'man arrived at his haven when the other puts to ſea. '*Betty* is the moſt eminently victorious of any of her ſex, 'and ought to ſtand recorded the only woman of the age 'in which ſhe lives, who has poſſeſſed at the ſame time two 'abuſed, and two contented —— —— T

No 487. *Thurſday, September* 18.

——— *Cum proſtrata ſopore*
Urget membra quies, et mens ſine pondere ludit. Petr.
While ſleep oppreſſes the tir'd limbs, the mind
Plays without weight, and wantons unconfin'd.

THOUGH there are many authors, who have written on dreams, they have generally conſidered them only as revelations of what has already happened in diſtant parts of the world, or as preſages of what is to happen in future periods of time.

I SHALL conſider this ſubject in another light, as dreams may give us ſome idea of the great excellency of an human ſoul, and ſome intimation of its independency on matter.

In the firſt place, our dreams are great inſtances of that activity which is natural to the human ſoul, and which it is not in the power of ſleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears tired and worn out with the la-

bour

bours of the day, this active part in his compoſition is ſtill buſied and unwearied When the organs of ſenſe want their due repoſe and neceſſary reparations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that ſpiritual ſubſtance to which it is united, the ſoul exalts herſelf in her ſeveral faculties, and continues in action till her partner is again qualified to bear her company. In this caſe dreams look like the relaxations and amuſements of the ſoul when ſhe is diſincumbered of her machine; her ſports and recreations when ſhe has laid her charge aſleep.

In the ſecond place dreams are an inſtance of that agility and perfection which is natural to the faculties of the mind, when they are diſingaged from the body. The ſoul is clogged and retarded in her operations when ſhe acts in conjunction with a companion that is ſo heavy and unwieldy in its motions. But in dreams it is wonderful to obſerve with what a ſprightlineſs and alacrity ſhe exerts herſelf. The flow of ſpeech make unpremeditated harangues for converſe readily in languages that they are but little acquainted with. The grave abound in pleaſantries, the dull in repartees and points of wit. There is not a more painful action of the mind than invention; yet in dreams it works with that eaſe and activity that we are not ſenſible when the faculty is employed. For inſtance, I believe every one, ſome time or other, dreams that he is reading papers, books, or letters: in which caſe the invention prompts ſo readily, that the mind is impoſed upon, and miſtakes its own ſuggeſtions for the compoſitions of another.

I shall, under this head, quote a paſſage out of the *Religio Medici*, in which the ingenious author gives an account of himſelf in his dreaming and alſo his waking thoughts. "We are ſomewhat more then ourſelves in "our ſleeps, and the ſlumber of the body ſeems to be "but the waking of the ſoul. It is the ligation of ſenſe, "but the liberty of reaſon; and our waking conceptions "do not match the fancies of our ſleeps. At my nativity my aſcendent was the watry ſign of *Scorpius*: "I was born in the planetary hour of *Saturn*, and I "think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me I am "no way facetious, nor diſpoſed for the mirth and gall-"ardize of company; yet in one dream I can compoſe a "whole

"whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jeſts, "and laugh myſelf awake at the conceits thereof. Were "my memory as faithful as my reaſon is then fruitful, I "would never ſtudy but in my dreams; and this time al-"ſo would I chooſe for my devotions; but our groſſer "memories have then ſo little hold of our abſtracted un-"derſtandings, that they forget the ſtory, and can only "relate to our awakened ſouls a confuſed and broken tale "of that that has paſſed.—— Thus it is obſerved, that "men ſometimes upon the hour of their departure do "ſpeak and reaſon above themſelves: for then the ſoul "beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, "begins to reaſon like herſelf, and to diſcourſe in a ſtrain "above mortality."

We may likewiſe obſerve in the third place, that the paſſions affect the mind with greater ſtrength when we are aſleep, than when we are awake. Joy and ſorrow give us more vigorous ſenſations of pain or pleaſure at this time, that at any other. Devotion likewiſe as the excellent author above-mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightned and inflamed, when it riſes in the ſoul at a time that the body is thus laid at reſt. Every man's experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable, that this may happen differently in different conſtitutions. I ſhall conclude this head with the two following problems, which I ſhall leave to the ſolution of my reader. Suppoſing a man always happy in his dreams, and miſerable in his waking thoughts, and that his life was equally divided between them, whether would he be more happy or miſerable? Were a man a king in his dreams, and a beggar awake, and dreamt as conſequentially, and in as continued unbroken ſchemes as he thinks when awake, whether he would be in reality a king or a beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?

There is another circumſtance, which me thinks gives us a very high idea of the nature of the ſoul, in regard to what paſſes in dreams: I mean that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then ariſe in her. Were that active watchful being only conſcious of her own exiſtence at ſuch a time, what a painful ſolitude would her hours of ſleep be? Were the ſoul ſenſible of her being a-

lone

lone in her ſleeping moments, after the ſame manner that ſhe is ſenſible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when ſhe dreams ſhe is in ſuch ſolitude.

——— *Semperque relinqui*
Sola ſibi, ſemper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam ——— Virg. Æn. 4. v. 466.

———She ſeems alone
To wander in her ſleep thro' ways unknown,
Guidleſs and dark. *Dryden.*

But this obſervation I only make by the way. What I would here remark, is that wonderful power in the ſoul, of producing her own company on theſe occaſions. She is tranſported into ten thouſand ſcenes of her own raiſing. She is herſelf the theatre, the actors, and the beholder. This puts me in mind of a ſaying which I am infinitely pleaſed with, and which *Plutarch* aſcribes to *Heraclitus*, "That all men whilſt they are awake are in one common "world; but that each of them, when he is aſleep, is in "a world of his own." The waking man is converſant in the world of nature; when he ſleeps he retires to a private world that is particular to himſelf. There ſeems ſomething in this conſideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in the ſoul, which is rather to be admired than explained

I must not omit that argument for the excellency of the ſoul, which I have ſeen quoted out of *Tertullian*, namely, its power of divining in dreams. That ſeveral ſuch divinations have been made, none can queſtion, who believes the holy writings, or who has but the leaſt degree of a common hiſtorical faith; there being innumerable inſtances of this nature in ſeveral authors, both antient and modern, ſacred and profane. Whether ſuch dark preſages, ſuch viſions of the night proceed from any latent power in the ſoul, during this her ſtate of abſtraction, or from any communication with the ſupreme Being, or from any operation of ſubordinate ſpirits, has been a great diſpute among the learned; the matter of fact is, I think, inconteſtible, and has been looked upon as ſuch by the

the greateſt writers, who have been never ſuſpected either of ſuperſtition or enthuſiaſm.

I DO not ſuppoſe, that the ſoul in theſe inſtances is intirely looſe and unfettered from the body: it is ſufficient, if ſhe is not ſo far ſunk, and immerſed in matter, nor intangled and perplexed in her operations, with ſuch motions of blood and ſpirits, as when ſhe actuates the machine in its waking hours. The corporeal union is ſlackned enough to give the mind more play. The ſoul ſeems gathered within herſelf, and recovers that ſpring which is broke and weakned, when ſhe operates more in concert with the body.

THE ſpeculations I have here made, if they are not arguments, they are at leaſt ſtrong intimations, not only of the excellency of an human ſoul, but of its independence on the body: and if they do not prove, do at leaſt confirm thoſe two great points, which are eſtabliſhed by many other reaſons that are altogether unanſwerable. O.

N° 488. *Friday, September* 19.

Quanti emptæ? parvo. Quanti ergo? octo aſſibus.
Eheu!

Hor. ſat. 3. l. 2. v. 165.

What doth it coſt? Not much, upon my word.
How much, pray? Why, two-pence. *Two pence!*
O Lord! Creech.

I FIND, by ſeveral letters which I receive daily, that many of my readers would be better pleaſed to pay three half-pence for my paper, than two-pence. The ingenius *T. W.* tells me, that I have deprived him of the beſt part of his breakfaſt, for that ſince the riſe of my paper, he is forced every morning to drink his diſh of coffee by itſelf, without the addition of the *Spectator*, that uſed to be better than lace to it. *Eugenius* informs me very obligingly, that he never thought he ſhould have diſliked any paſſage in my paper, but that of late there have been

been two words in every one of them, which he could heartily wiſh left out, *viz. Price two-pence.* I have a letter from a ſope boiler, who condoles with me very affectionately, upon the neceſſity we both lie under of ſetting an higher price on our commodities, ſince the late tax has been laid upon them, and deſiring me when I write next on that ſubject, to ſpeak a word or two upon the preſent duties on caſtile ſope. But there is none of theſe my correſpondents, who writes with a greater turn of good ſenſe and elegance of expreſſion, than the generous *Philomedes*, who adviſes me to value every *Spectator* at ſix pence, and promiſes that he himſelf will engage for above a hundred of his acquaintance, who ſhall take it in at that price.

LETTERS from the female world are likeways come to me, in great quantities, upon the ſame occaſion; and as I naturally bear a great deference to this part of our ſpecies, I am very glad to find that thoſe who approve my conduct in this particular, are much more numerous than theſe who condemn it. A large family of daughters have drawn me up a very handſome remonſtrance, in which they ſet forth that their father having refuſed to take in the *Spectator*, ſince the additional price was ſet upon it, they offered him unanimouſly to bate him the article of bread and butter in the tea-table account, provided the *Spectator* might be ſerved up to them every morning as uſual. Upon this, the old gentleman, being pleaſed, it ſeems with their deſire of improving themſelves, has granted them the continuance both of the *Spectator* and their bread and butter; having given particular orders, that the tea table ſhall be ſet forth every morning with its cuſtomary bill of fare, and without any manner of defalcation. I thought myſelf obliged to mention this particular, as it does honour to this worthy gentleman; and if the young lady *Lætitia*, who ſent me this account, will acquaint me with his name, I will inſert it at length in one of my papers, if he deſires it.

I SHOULD be very glad to find out any expedient that might alleviate the expence which this my paper brings to any of my readers; and, in order to it, muſt propoſe two points to their conſideration, Firſt, that if they retrench any the ſmalleſt particular in their ordinary expence

pence, it will eaſily make up the half-penny a-day, which we have now under conſideration. Let a lady ſacrifice but a ſingle ribbon to her morning ſtudies, and it will be ſufficient: let a family burn but a candle a-night leſs than their uſual number, and they may take in the *Spectator* without detriment to their private affairs.

In the next place, if my readers will not go to the price of buying my papers by retail, let them have patience, and they may buy them in the lump, without the burden of a tax upon them. My ſpeculations, when they are ſold ſingle like cherries upon the ſtick, are delights for the rich and wealthy; after ſome time they come to market in greater quantities, and are every ordinary man's money. The truth of it is, they have a certain flavour at their firſt appearance, from ſeveral accidental circumſtances of time, place and perſon, which they may loſe if they are not taken early; but in this caſe every reader is to conſider, whether it is not better for him to be half a year behind hand with the faſhionable and polite part of the world, than to ſtrain himſelf beyond his circumſtances. My bookſeller has now about ten thouſand of the third and fourth volumes, which he has ready to publiſh, having already diſpoſed of as large an edition both of the firſt and ſecond volumes. As he is a perſon whoſe head is very well turned for his buſineſs, he thinks they would be a very proper preſent to be made to perſons at chriſtenings, marriages, viſiting-days, and the like joyful ſolemnities, as ſeveral other books that are frequently given at funerals. He has printed them in ſuch a little portable volume, that many of them may be ranged together upon a ſingle plate; and is of opinion, that a ſalver of *Spectators* would be as acceptable an entertainment to the ladies, as a ſalver of ſweetmeats.

I SHALL conclude this paper with an epigram lately ſent to the writer of the *Spectator*, after having returned my thanks to the ingenious author of it.

SIR,

'HAVING heard the following epigram very much
'commended, I wonder that it has not yet had a
'place in any of your papers; I think the ſuffrage of our
'poet laureat ſhould not be overlooked, which ſhews the
'opinion

opinion he entertains of your paper, whether the notion he proceeds upon be true or falſe. I make bold to convey it to you, not knowing if it has yet come to your hands.

On the SPECTATOR.

By Mr *TATE.*

——— ——Aliuſque et idem
Naſceris—— ——— *Hor. Carm. Sæc. v.* 10.

You riſe another and the ſame.

WHEN firſt the *Tatler* to a mute was turn'd,
Great Britain for his cenſor's ſilence mourn'd;
Robb'd of his ſprightly beams, ſhe wept the night.
'Till the *Spectator* roſe, and blaz'd as bright.
So the firſt man the ſun's firſt ſetting view'd,
And ſigh'd, till circling day his joy's renew'd;
Yet doubtful how that ſecond ſun to name,
Whether a bright ſucceſſor, or the ſame.
So we: but now from this ſuſpence are freed,
Since all agree, who both with judgment read,
'Tis the ſame ſun, and does himſelf ſucceed.

N° 489. *Saturday, September* 20.

——Βαθυῤῥείταο μεγα θενος 'Ωκεανῖο. Hom.

The mighty force of ocean's troubled flood.

SIR,

UPON reading your *eſſay* concerning the pleaſures of the imagination, I find among the three ſources of thoſe pleaſures which you have diſcovered, that *greatneſs* is one. This has ſuggeſted to me the reaſon why, of all objects that I have ever ſeen, there is none which affects my imagination ſo much as the ſea or ocean. I cannot ſee the heavings of this prodigious bulk of waters, e-

ven in a calm without a very pleaſing aſtoniſhment: but when it is worked up in a tempeſt, ſo that the horizon on every ſide is nothing but foaming billows and floating mountains, it is impoſſible to deſcribe the agreeable horror that riſes from ſuch a proſpect. A troubled ocean, to a man who ſails upon it, is, I think the biggeſt object that he can ſee in motion, and conſequently gives his imagination one of the higheſt kinds of pleaſure that can ariſe from greatneſs. I muſt confeſs it is impoſſible for me to ſurvey this world of fluid matter, without thinking on the hand that firſt poured it out, and made a proper channel for its reception. Such an object naturally raiſes in my thoughts the idea of an Almighty Being, and convinces me of his exiſtence as much as a metaphyſical demonſtration. The imagination prompts the underſtanding, and, by the greatneſs of the ſenſible object, produces in it the idea of a Being who is neither circumſcribed by time nor ſpace.

As I have made ſeveral voyages upon the ſea, I have often been toſſed in ſtorms, and on that occaſion have frequently reflected on the deſcriptions of them in antient poets. I remember *Longinus* highly recommends one in *Homer*, becauſe the poet has not amuſed himſelf with little fancies upon the occaſion, as authors of an inferior genius, whom he mentions, had done, but becauſe he has gathered together thoſe circumſtances which are the moſt apt to terrify the imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a tempeſt. It is for the ſame reaſon, that I prefer the following deſcription of a ſhip in a ſtorm, which the Pſalmiſt has made, before any other I have ever met with. *They that go down to the ſea in ſhips, that do buſineſs in the great waters: theſe ſee the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth and raiſeth the ſtormy wind, which lifteth up the waters thereof: they mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths, their ſoul is melted becauſe of trouble. They reel to and fro, and ſtagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their diſtreſſes. He maketh the ſtorm a calm, ſo that the waves thereof are ſtill. Then they are glad, becauſe they be quiet, ſo he bringeth them unto their deſired haven.*

By

By the way, how much more comfortable as well as rational, is the ſyſtem of the Pſalmiſt, than the Pagan ſcheme in *Virgil*, and other poets, where one deity is repreſented as raiſing a ſtorm, and another as laying it? Were we only to conſider the ſublime in this piece of poetry, what can be nobler than the idea it gives us of the Supreme Being thus raiſing a tumult among the elements, and recovering them out of their confuſion, thus troubling and becalming nature?

Great painters do not only give us landſkips of gardens, groves, and meadows, but very often employ their pencils upon ſea-pieces: I could wiſh you would follow their example. If this ſmall ſketch may deſerve a place among your works, I ſhall accompany it with a divine ode, made by a gentleman upon the concluſion of his travels.

I.

How are thy ſervants bleſt, O Lord!
How ſure is their defence!
Eternal Wiſdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes I paſs'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy ſweeten'd every ſoil,
Made every region pleaſe:
The hoary *Alpine* hills it warm'd,
And ſmooth'd the *Tyrrhene* ſeas.

IV.

Think, O my ſoul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou ſaw'ſt the wide extended deep
In all its horrors riſe!

V.

Confuſion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart:
When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy ſet me free;
Whilſt in the confidence of pray'r
My ſoul took hold on thee.

VII.

For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

VIII.

The ſtorm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The ſea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was ſtill.

IX.

In midſt of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodneſs I'll adore,
And praiſe the for thy mercies paſt,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preſerv'ſt my life,
Thy ſacrifice ſhall be;
And death, if death muſt be my doom,
Shall join my ſoul to thee!

O

N° 490. *Monday, September 22.*

Domus et placens uxor.

Hor. Od. 14. l. 2. v 21.

The houſe and pleaſing wife. Creech.

I HAVE very long entertained an ambition to make the word *Wife* the moſt agreeable and delightful name in nature. If it be not ſo in itſelf, all the wiſer part of mankind from the beginning of the world to this day has conſented in an error: But our unhappineſs in *England* has been, that a few looſe men of genius for pleaſure, have turned it all to the gratification of ungoverned deſires, in ſpite of good ſenſe, form and order; when,

in

in truth, any ſatisfaction beyond the boundaries of reaſon, is but a ſtep towards madneſs and folly. But is the ſenſe of joy and accompliſhment of deſire no way to be indulged or attain'd? and have we appetites given us not to be at all gratify'd? Yes certainly: marriage is an inſtitution calculated for a conſtant ſcene of as much delight as our being is capable of. Two perſons who have choſen each other out of all the ſpecies, with deſign to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that action bound themſelves to be good humour'd, affable, diſcreet, forgiving, patient and joyful, with reſpect to each other's frailties and perfections, to the end of their lives. The wiſer of the two (and it always happens one of them is ſuch) will, for her or his own ſake, keep things from outrage with the utmoſt ſanctity. When this union is thus preſerved (as I have often ſaid) the moſt indifferent circumſtance adminiſters delight. Their condition is an endleſs ſource of new gratifications. The married man can ſay, if I am unacceptable to all the world beſide, there is one whom I entirely love, that will receive me with joy and tranſport, and think herſelf obliged to double her kindneſs and careſſes of me from the gloom with which ſhe ſees me overcaſt. I need not diſſemble the ſorrow of my heart to be agreeable there, that very ſorrow quickens her affection.

THIS paſſion towards each other, when once well fixed enters into the very conſtitution, and the kindneſs flows as eaſily and ſilently as the blood in the veins. When this affection is enjoy'd in the moſt ſublime degree, unſkilful eyes ſee nothing of it; but when it is ſubject to be chang'd, and has an allay in it that may make it end in diſtaſte, it is apt to break into rage, or overflow into fondneſs, before the reſt of the world.

UXANDER and *Viramira* are amorous and young, and have been married theſe two years; yet do they ſo much diſtinguiſh each other in company, that in your converſation with the dear things you are ſtill put to a ſort of croſs purpoſes. Whenever you addreſs yourſelf in ordinary diſcourſe to *Viramira*, ſhe turns her head another way, and the anſwer is made to the dear *Uxander*: If you tell a merry tale, the application is ſtill directed to her dear; and when ſhe ſhould commend you, ſhe ſays to him, as if

he had ſpoke it, that is, my dear, ſo pretty—this puts me in mind of that I have ſomewhere read in the admired memoirs of the famous *Cervantes*, where, while honeſt *Sancho Pancha* is putting ſome neceſſary humble queſtion concerning *Rozinante*, his ſupper, or his lodgings, the knight of the ſorrowful countenance is ever improving the harmleſs lowly hints of his ſquire to the poetical conceit, rapture and flight, in contemplation of the dear *Dulcinea* of his affections.

On the other ſide, *Dictamnus* and *Moria* are ever ſquabbling, and you may obſerve them all the time they are in company, in a ſtate of impatience. As *Uxander* and *Viramira* wiſh you all gone, that they may be at freedom for dalliance; *Dictamnus* and *Moria* wait your abſence that they may ſpeak their harſh interpretations on each other's words and actions during the time you were with them.

It is certain that the greater part of the evils attending this condition of life, ariſes from faſhion. Prejudice in this caſe is turn'd the wrong way, and inſtead of expecting more happineſs than we ſhall meet with in it, we are laughed into a preposſeſſion, that we ſhall be diſappointed if we hope for laſting ſatisfactions.

With all perſons who have made good ſenſe the rule of action, marriage is deſcrib'd as the ſtate capable of the higheſt human felicity. *Tully* has epiſtles full of affectionate pleaſure, when he writes to his wife, or ſpeaks of his children. But above all the hints of this kind I have met with in writers of ancient date, I am pleaſed with an epigram of *Martial* in honour of the beauty of his wife *Cleopatra*. Commentators ſay it was written the day after his wedding-night. When his ſpouſe was retired to the bathing-room in the heat of the day, he, it ſeems, came in upon her when ſhe was juſt going into the water. To her beauty and carriage on this occaſion, we owe the following epigram, which I ſhew'd my friend Will. Honeycomb in *French*, who has tranſlated it as follows, without underſtanding the original. I expect it will pleaſe the *Engliſh* better than the *Latin* reader.

When

When my bright conſort, now nor wife nor maid,
Aſham'd and wanton, of embrace afraid,
Fled to the ſtreams, the ſtreams my fair betray'd;
To my fond eyes ſhe all tranſparent ſtood,
She bluſh'd, I ſmil'd at the ſlight covering flood.
Thus thro' the glaſs the lovely lily glows,
Thus thro' the ambient gem ſhines forth the roſe.
I ſaw new charms, and plung'd to ſeize my ſtore,
Kiſſes I ſnatch'd the waves prevented more.

My friend would not allow that this luſcious account could be given of a wife, and therefore uſed the word *conſort*; which he learnedly ſaid, would ſerve for a miſtreſs as well, and give a more gentlemanly turn to the epigram. But, under favour of him and all other ſuch fine gentlemen, I cannot be perſuaded but that the paſſion a bridegroom has for a virtuous young woman, will, by little and little, grow into friendſhip, and then it is aſcended to a higher pleaſure than it was in its firſt fervour. Without this happens, he is a very unfortunate man who has entered into this ſtate, and left the habitudes of life he might have enjoyed with a faithful friend. But when the wife proves capable of filling ſerious as well as joyous hours, ſhe brings happineſs unknown to friendſhip itſelf. *Spencer* ſpeaks of ſuch kind of love with great juſtice, and attributes the higheſt praiſe to friendſhip; and indeed there is no diſputing that point, but by making that friendſhip take place between two married perſons.

Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three kinds of love together meet,
And do diſpart the heart with power extreme,
Whether ſhall weigh the balance down; to wit,
The dear affection unto kindred ſweet,
Or raging fire of love to womankind,
Or zeal of friends combin'd by virtues meet:
But, of them all, the band of virtuous mind
Methinks the gentle heart ſhould moſt aſſured bind.

For natural affection ſoon doth ceaſe,
And quenched is with *Cupid*'s greater flame:
But faithful friendſhip doth them both ſuppreſs,
And them with maſtering diſcipline doth tame,

Through

Through thoughts aſpiring to eternal fame.
For as the ſoul doth rule this earthly maſs,
And all the ſervice of the body frame;
So love of ſoul doth love of body paſs,
No leſs then perfect gold ſurmounts the meaneſt braſs.

T

N° 491. *Tueſday September 23.*

——*Digna ſatis fortuna reviſit.*

Virg. Æn. 3. v. 318.

A juſt reverſe of fortune on him waits.

IT is common with me to run from book to book to exerciſe my mind with many objects, and qualify my ſelf for my daily labours. After an hour ſpent in this loitering way of reading ſomething will remain to be food to the imagination. The writings that pleaſe me moſt on ſuch occaſions are ſtories, for the truth of which there is good authority. The mind of man is naturally a lover of juſtice, and when we read a ſtory wherein a criminal is overtaken, in whom there is no quality which is the object of pity, the ſoul enjoys a certain revenge for the offence done to its nature, in the wicked actions committed in the preceeding part of the hiſtory. This will be better underſtood by the reader from the following naration itſelf, than from any thing which I can ſay to introduce it.

WHEN *Charles* duke of *Burgundy*, ſirnamed *The Bold*, reigned over ſpacious dominions now ſwallowed up by the power of *France*, he heaped many favours and honours upon *Claudius Rhynſault*, a *German*, who had ſerved him in his wars againſt the inſults of his neighbours. A great part of *Zealand* was at that time in ſubjection to that dukedom. The prince himſelf was a perſon of ſingular humanity and juſtice. *Rhynſault*, with no other real quality than courage, had diſſimulation enough to paſs upon his generous and unſuſpicious maſter for a perſon of blunt honeſty and fidelity, without any vice that could

could bias him from the execution of juſtice. His Highneſs prepoſſeſſed to his advantage, upon the deceaſe of the governor of his chief town of *Zealand*, gave *Rhynſault* that command. He was not long ſeated in that government, before he caſt his eyes upon *Sapphira*, a woman of exquiſite beauty, the wife of *Paul Danvelt*, a wealthy merchant of the city under his protection and government. *Rhynſault* was a man of a warm conſtitution, and violent inclination to women, and not unſkilled in the ſoft arts which win their favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the ſatisfactions which are reaped from the poſſeſſion of beauty, but was an utter ſtranger to the decencies, honours and delicacies that attend the paſſion towards them in elegant minds. However he had ſo much of the world, that he had a great ſhare of the language which uſually prevails upon the weaker part of that ſex, and he could with his tongue utter a paſſion with which his heart was wholly untouched. He was one of theſe brutal minds which can be gratified with the violation of innocence and beauty without the leaſt pity, paſſion, or love to that with which they are ſo much delighted. Ingratitude is a vice inſeparable to a luſtful man; and the poſſeſſion of a woman by him who has no thought but allaying a paſſion painful to himſelf, is neceſſarily followed by diſtaſte and averſion. *Rhynſault* being reſolved to accompliſh his will on the wife of *Danvelt*, left no arts untried to get into a familiarity at her houſe; but ſhe knew his character and diſpoſition too well, not to ſhun all occaſions that might inſnare her into his converſation. The governor deſpairing of ſucceſs by ordinary means, apprehended and impriſoned her huſband, under pretence of an information that he was guilty of a correſpondence with the enemies of the duke to betray the town into their poſſeſſion. This deſign had its deſired effect; and the wife of the unfortunate *Danvelt*, the day before that which was appointed for his execution, preſented herſelf in the hall of the governor's houſe, and as he paſſed thro' the apartment, threw herſelf at his feet, and holding his knees, beſeeched his mercy. *Rhynſault* beheld her with a diſſembled ſatisfaction, and aſſuming an air of thought and authority, he bid her ariſe and told her ſhe muſt follow him to his cloſet; and aſking her whether

ſhe

ſhe knew the hand of the letter he pulled out of his pocket, went from her, leaving this admonition aloud, *if you will ſave your huſband, you muſt give me an account of all you know without prevarication: for every body is ſatisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide from you the names of the reſt of the conſpirators, or any other particulars whatſoever.* He went to his cloſet, and ſoon after the lady was ſent for to an audience. The ſervant knew his diſtance when matters of ſtate were to be debated; and the governor laing aſide the air with which he had appeared in public, began to be the ſuppliant, to rally an affliction, which it was in her power eaſily to remove, and relieve an innocent man from his impriſonement. She eaſily perceived his intention, and, bathed in tears, began to deprecate ſo wicked a deſign. Luſt, like ambition, takes all the faculties of the mind and body into its ſervice and ſubjection. Her becoming tears, her honeſt anguiſh, the wringing of her hands, and the many changes of her poſture and figure in the vehemence of ſpeaking, were but ſo many attitudes in which he beheld her beauty, and farther incentives of his deſire. All humanity was loſt in that one appetite, and he ſignified to her in ſo many plain terms, that he was unhappy till he had poſſeſſed her, and nothing leſs ſhould be the price of her huſband's life, and ſhe muſt, before the following noon, pronounce the death or enlargement of *Danvelt*. After this notification, when he ſaw *Sapphira* enough again diſtracted to make the ſubject of their diſcourſe to common eyes appear different from what it was, he called ſervants to conduct her to the gate. Loaded with unſuportable affliction, ſhe immediately repairs to her huſband, and having ſignified to his goalers, that ſhe had a propoſal to make to her huſband from the governor, ſhe was left alone with him, revealed to him all that had paſſed, and repreſented the endleſs conflict ſhe was in between love to his perſon, and fidelity to his bed. It is eaſy to imagine the ſharp affliction this honeſt pair was in upon ſuch an incident, in lives not uſed to any but ordinary occurrences. The man was bridled by ſhame from ſpeaking what his fear prompted, upon ſo near an approach of death; but let fall words that ſignified to her, he ſhould not think her polluted, though ſhe had not yet confeſſed to him that the governor had violated her perſon, ſince he knew

new her will had no part in the action. She parted from im with this oblique permiſſion to ſave a life he had not olution enough to reſign for the ſafety of his honour.

THE next morning the unhappy *Sapphira* attended the overnor, and being led into a remote apartment, ſubmit-ed to his deſires. *Rhynſault* commended her charms, laimed a familiarity after what had paſſed between them, nd with an air of gaiety in the language of a gallant, bid er return, and take her huſband out of priſon: But, con-inued he, my fair one muſt not be offended that I have aken care he ſhould not be an interruption to our future ſignations. Theſe laſt words foreboded what ſhe found hen ſhe came to goal, her huſband executed by the or-er of *Rhynſault*.

IT was remarkable that a woman, who was full of tears nd lamentations during the whole courſe of her affliction, ttered neither ſigh nor complaint, but ſtood fixed with rief at this conſummation of her misfortunes. She betook erſelf to her abode, and after having in ſolitude paid her evotions to him who is the avenger of innocence, ſhe re-aired privately to court. Her perſon, and a certain gran-eur of ſorrow negligent of forms, gained her paſſage into he preſence of the duke her ſovereign. As ſoon as ſhe ame into the preſence, ſhe broke forth into the following ords: *Behold, O mighty* Charles, *a wretch weary of ife, tho' it has always been ſpent with innocence and vir-ue. It is not in your power to redreſs my injuries, but is to avenge them. And if the protection of the diſ-reſſed, and the puniſhment of oppreſſors, is a taſk wor-hy a prince, I bring the duke of* Burgundy *ample matter or doing honour to his own great name, and wiping in-amy off mine.*

WHEN ſhe had ſpoken this, ſhe delivered the duke a aper reciting her ſtory. He read it with all the emotions hat indignation and pity could raiſe in a prince jealous of is honour in the behaviour of his officers, and proſperity of is ſubjects.

UPON an appointed day, *Rhynſault* was ſent for to court, nd in the preſence of a few of the council, confronted by *apphira*: the prince aſking, *Do you know that lady? Rhynſault*, as ſoon as he could recover his ſurpriſe, told the

the duke he would marry her, if his highneſs would pleaſe to think that a reparation. The duke ſeemed contented with this anſwer, and ſtood by during the immediate ſolemnization of the ceremony. At the concluſion of it he told *Rhynſault*, *Thus far you have done as conſtrained by my authority: I ſhall not be ſatisfied of your kind uſage of her, without you ſign a gift of your whole eſtate to her after your deceaſe.* To the performance of this alſo the duke was a witneſs. When theſe two acts were executed, the duke turned to the lady, and told her, It now remains for me to put you in quiet poſſeſſion of what your huſband has ſo bountifully beſtowed on you: and ordered the immediate execution of *Rhynſault*. T

N° 492. *Wedneſday, September 24.*

Quicquid eſt boni moris levitate extinguitur. Seneca.

Levity of behaviour is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.

Dear Mr SPECTATOR. *Tunbridge, September* 18.

'I AM a young woman of eighteen years of age, and I do aſſure you, a maid of unſpotted reputation, founded upon a very careful carriage in all my looks, words, and actions. At the ſame time I muſt own to you, that it is with much conſtraint to fleſh and blood that my behaviour is ſo ſtrictly irreproachable; for I am naturally addicted to mirth, to gaiety, to a free air, to motion and gadding. Now, what gives me a great deal of anxiety, and is ſome diſcouragement in the purſuit of virtue, is, that the young women who run into greater freedoms with the men are more taken notice of than I am. The men are ſuch unthinking ſots, that they do not prefer her who reſtrains all her paſſions and affections, and keeps much within the bounds of what is lawful to her who goes to the utmoſt verge of innocence, and parleys at the very brink of vice, whether ſhe ſhall be a wife or a miſtreſs. But I muſt appeal to your ſpectatorial wiſdom, who, I find, have paſſed very much of your time in the ſtudy of women,

women, whether this is not a moſt unreaſonable proceeding. I have read ſomewhere, that *Hobbs of Malmsbury* aſſerts, that continent perſons have more of what they contain, than thoſe who give a looſe to their deſires. According to this rule, let there be equal age, equal wit, and equal good humour, in the woman of prudence, and her of liberty; what ſtores has he to expect, who takes the former? what refuſe muſt he be contented with, who chooſes the latter? Well, but I ſat down to write to you to vent my indignation againſt ſeveral pert creatures who are addreſſed to and courted in this place, while poor I, and two or three like me, are wholly unregarded.

'EVERY one of theſe affect gaining the hearts of your ſex. This is generally attempted by a particular manner of carrying themſelves with familiarity. *Glycera* has a dancing walk, and keeps time in her ordinary gait. *Chloe*, her ſiſter, who is unwilling to interrupt her conqueſts, comes into the room before her with a familiar run. *Dulciſſa* takes advantage of the approach of the winter, and has introduced a very pretty ſhiver; cloſing up her ſhoulders, and ſhrinking as ſhe moves. All that are in this mode carry their fans between both hands before them. *Dulciſſa* herſelf, who is author of this air, adds the pretty run to it; and has alſo, when ſhe is in very good humour, a taking familiarity in throwing herſelf into the loweſt ſeat in the room, and letting her hoop'd petticoats fall with a lucky decency about her. I know ſhe practiſes this way of ſitting down in her chamber; and indeed ſhe does it as well as you may have ſeen an actreſs fall down dead in a tragedy. Not the leaſt indecency in her poſture. If you have obſerved what pretty carcaſes are carried off at the end of a verſe at the theatre, it will give you a notion how *Dulciſſia* plumps into a chair. Here's a little country girl that's very cunning that makes her uſe of being young and unbred, and outdoes the inſnarers, who are almoſt twice her age. The air that ſhe takes is to come into company after a walk, and is very ſucceſsfully out of breath upon occaſion. Her mother is in the ſecret, and calls her romp, and then looks round to ſee what young men ſtare at her.

'It would take up more than can come into one of 'your papers, to enumerate all the particular airs of the 'younger company in this place. But I cannot omit *Dul-* 'ceorella, whose manner is the most indolent imaginable, 'but still as watchful of conquest as the busiest virgin a- 'mong us. She has a peculiar art of staring at a young 'fellow, till she sees she has got him, and inflamed him 'by so much observation. When she sees she has him, 'and he begins to toss his head upon it, she is immediate- 'ly short-sighted, and labours to observe what he is at a 'distance with her eyes half shut. Thus the captive, that 'thought her first struck, is to make nearer approaches, 'or be wholly disregarded. This artifice has done more 'execution than all the ogling of the rest of the women 'here, with the utmost variety of half glances, attentive 'heedlessnesses, childish inadvertencies, haughty contempts, 'or artificial oversights. After I have said thus much of 'ladies among us, who fight thus regularly, I am to com- 'plain to you of a set of familiar romps, who have broke 'through all common rules, and have thought of a very 'effectual way of shewing more charms than all of us. 'These, Mr SPECTATOR, are the swingers. You are 'to know these careless pretty creatures are very innocent 'again; and it is to be no matter what they do, for it is 'all harmless freedom. They get on ropes, as you must 'have seen the children, and are swung by their men visi- 'tants. The jest is, that Mr Such-a-one can name the 'colour of Mrs Such-a-one's stockings; and she tells him 'he is a lying thief, so he is, and full of roguery; and 'she'll lay a wager, and her sister shall tell the truth if he 'says right, and he can't tell what colour her garters are 'of. In this diversion there are very many pretty shrieks, 'not so much for fear of falling, as that their petticoats 'should untye: For there is a great care had to avoid im- 'proprieties; and the lover who swings the lady, is to 'tye her clothes very close with his hatband, before she 'admits him to throw up her heels.

'Now, Mr SPECTATOR, except you can note the 'wantonnesses in their beginnings, and bring us forward 'into observation, there is no help for it, we must swim 'with the tide; the coquettes are too powerful a p-

for us. To look into the merit of a regular and well-behaved woman, is a ſlow thing. A looſe trivial ſong gains the affections, when a wiſe homily is not attended to. There is no other way but to make war upon them, or we muſt go over to them. As for my part, I will ſhew all the world it is not for want of charms that I ſtand ſo long unmaſked; and if you do not take meaſures for the immediate redreſs of us rigids, as the fellows calls us, I can move with a ſpeaking mien, can look ſignificantly, can liſp, can trip, can loll, can ſtart, can bluſh, can rage, can weep if I muſt do it, and can be frighted as agreeably as any ſhe in *England*. All which is humbly ſubmitted to your ſpectatorial conſideration with all humility, by

Your moſt humble ſervant,

MATILDA MOHAIR.

N° 493. *Thurſday, September* 25.

Qualem commendes etiam atque etiam adſpice, ne mox
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.

Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 76.

Commend not, 'till a man is throughly known:
A raſcal prais'd, you make his faults your own.

Anon.

IT is no unpleaſant matter of ſpeculation to conſider the recommendatory epiſtles that paſs round this town from hand to hand, and the abuſe people put upon one another in that kind. It is indeed come to that paſs, that inſtead of being the teſtimony of merit in the perſon recommended, the true reading of a letter of this ſort is, *The bearer hereof is ſo uneaſy to me, that it will be an act of charity in you to take him off my hands: whether you prefer him or not, it is all one, for I have no manner of kindneſs for him, or obligation to him*

or his; and do what you pleaſe as to that. As negligent as men are in this reſpect, a point of honour is concerned in it; and there is nothing a man ſhould be more aſhamed of, than paſſing a worthleſs creature into the ſervice or intereſts of a man who has never injured you. The women indeed are a little too keen in their reſentments, to treſpaſs often this way: but you ſhall ſometimes know that the miſtreſs and the maid ſhall quarrel, and give each other very free language, and at laſt the lady ſhall be pacified to turn her out of doors, and give her a very good word to any body elſe. Hence it is that you ſee, in a year and a half's time, the ſame face a domeſtic in all parts of the town. Good-breeding and good-nature lead people in a great meaſure to this injuſtice: when ſuitors of no conſideration will have confidence enough to preſs upon their ſuperiors, thoſe in power are tender of ſpeaking the exceptions they have againſt them, and are mortgaged into promiſes out of their impatience of importunity. In this latter caſe, it would be a very uſeful inquiry to know the hiſtory of recommendation; There are, you muſt know, certain abettors of this way of torment, who make it a profeſſion to manage the affairs of candidates: Theſe gentlemen let out their impudence to their clients, and ſupply any defective recommendation, by informing how ſuch and ſuch a man is to be attacked. They will tell you, get the leaſt ſcrap from Mr Such-a-one, and leave the reſt to them. When one of theſe undertakers have your buſineſs in hand, you may be ſick, abſent in town, or country, and the patron ſhall be worried, or you prevail. I remember to have been ſhewn a gentleman ſome years ago, who puniſhed a whole people for their facility in giving their credentials. This perſon had belonged to a regiment which did duty in the *Weſt-Indies*, and by the mortality of the place happened to be commanding officer in the colony. He oppreſſed his ſubjects with frankneſs, 'till he became ſenſible he was heartily hated by every man under his command. When he had carried his point, to be thus deteſtable, in a pretended fit of diſhumour, and feigned uneaſineſs of living where he found he was ſo univerſally unacceptable, he communicated to the chief inhabitants a deſign he had to return to *England*, provided they would

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give him ample teſtimonials of their approbation. The planters came into it to a man, and in proportion to his deſerving the quite contrary, the words Juſtice, Generoſity, and Courage, were inſerted in his commiſſion, not omitting the general good-liking of people of all conditions in the colony. The gentleman returns for *England*, and within few months after came back to them their governor on the ſtrength of their own teſtimonials.

SUCH a rebuke as this cannot indeed happen to eaſy recommenders, in the ordinary courſe of things from one hand to another; but how would a man bear to have it ſaid to him, the perſon I took into confidence on the credit you gave him, has proved falſe, unjuſt, and has not anſwered any way the character you gave me of him

I CANNOT but conceive very good hopes of that rake *Jack Toper* of the *Temple*, for an honeſt ſcrupulouſneſs in this point. A friend of his meeting with a ſervant that had formerly lived with *Jack*, and having a mind to take him, ſent to him to know what faults the fellow had, ſince he could not pleaſe ſuch a careleſs fellow as he was. His anſwer was as follows.

SIR,

'*THOMAS* that lived with me was turned away 'becauſe he was too good for me. You know I live 'in taverns; he is an orderly ſober raſcal, and thinks 'much to ſleep in an entry till two in a morning. He told 'me one day when he was dreſſing me, that he wondered 'I was not dead before now, ſince I went to dinner in the 'evening, and went to ſupper at two in the morning. We 'were coming down *Eſſex-ſtreet* one night a little fluſter'd 'and I was giving him the word to alarm the watch; he 'had the impudence to tell me it was againſt the law. 'You that are married, and live one day after another 'the ſame way, and ſo on the whole week, I dare ſay 'will like him, and he will be glad to have his meat in 'due ſeaſon. The fellow is certainly very honeſt. My 'ſervice to your lady. *Yours*, J. T.

Now, this was very fair dealing. *Jack* knew very well, that tho' the love of order made a man very awk-

ward in his equipage, it was a valuable quality among the queer people who live by rule; and had too much good ſenſe and good nature to let the fellow ſtarve, becauſe he was not fit to attend his vivacities.

I SHALL end this diſcourſe with a letter of recommendation from *Horace* to *Claudius Nero*. You will ſee in that letter a ſlowneſs to aſk a favour, a ſtrong reaſon for being unable to deny his good word any longer, and that it is a ſervice to the perſon to whom he recommends, to comply with what is aſked: All which are neceſſary circumſtances, both in juſtice and good-breeding, if a man would aſk ſo as to have reaſon to complain of a denial; and indeed a man ſhould not in ſtrictneſs aſk otherwiſe. In hopes the authority of *Horace*, who perfectly underſtood how to live with great men, may have a good effect towards amending this facility in people of condition, and the confidence of thoſe who apply to them without merit, I have tranſlated the epiſtle.

To CLAUDIUS NERO.

SIR,

'SEPTIMIUS, who waits upon you with this, is very well acquainted with the place you are pleaſed to allow me in your friendſhip. For when he beſeeches me to recommend him to your notice, in ſuch a manner as to be received by you, who are delicate in the choice of your friends and domeſtics, he knows our intimacy, and underſtands my ability to ſerve him better than I do myſelf. I have defended myſelf againſt his ambition to be yours, as long as I poſſibly could; but fearing the imputation of hiding my power in you out of mean and ſelfiſh conſiderations, I am at laſt prevailed upon to give you this trouble. Thus, to avoid the appearance of a greater fault, I have put on this confidence. If you can forgive this tranſgreſſion of modeſty in behalf of a friend, receive this gentleman into your intereſts and friendſhip, and take it from me, that he is an honeſt and a brave man.

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N° 494. *Friday, September 26.*

Ægritudinem laudare, unam rem maxime deteſtabilem, quorum eſt tandem philoſophorum. Cic.

What kind of philoſophy is it, to extol melancholy, the moſt deteſtable thing in nature?

ABOUT an age ago it was the faſhion in *England*, for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much ſanctity as poſſible into his face, and in particular to abſtain from all appearance of mirth and pleaſantry, which were looked upon as the marks of a carnal mind. The ſaint was of a ſorrowful countenance, and generally eaten up with ſpleen and melancholy. A gentleman, who was lately a great ornament to the learned world, has diverted me more than once with an account of the reception which he met with from a very famous independent miniſter, who was head of a college in thoſe times. This gentleman was then a young adventurer in the republic of letters, and juſt fitted out for the univerſity with a good cargo of *Latin* and *Greek*. His friends were reſolved that he ſhould try his fortune at an election which was drawing near in the college, of which the independent miniſter whom I have before mentioned was governor. The youth, according to cuſtom, waited on him in order to be examined. He was received at the door by a ſervant, who was one of that gloomy generation that were then in faſhion. He conducted him, with great ſilence and ſeriouſneſs, to a long gallery which was darkened at noon-day, and had only a ſingle candle burning in it. After a ſhort ſtay in this melancholy apartment, he was led into a chamber hung with black, where he entertained himſelf for ſome time by the glimmering of a taper, 'till at length the head of the college came out to him, from an inner room, with half a dozen nightcaps upon his head, and religious horror in his countenance. The young man trembled; but his fears increaſed, when, inſtead of being aſked what progreſs he had made in learning, he was examined how he abound-

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ed in grace. His *Latin* and *Greek* ſtood him in little ſtead; he was to give account only of the ſtate of his ſoul, whether he was of the number of the elect; what was the occaſion of his converſion; upon what day of the month, and hour of the day it happened; how it was carried on, and when completed. The whole examination was ſummed up with one ſhort queſtion, namely, *Whether he was prepared for death?* The boy, who had been bred up by honeſt parents, was frighted out of his wits at the ſolemnity of the proceeding, and by the laſt dreadful interrogatory; ſo that upon making his eſcape out of the houſe of mourning, he could never be brought a ſecond time to the examination, as not being able to go through the terrors of it.

NOTWITHSTANDING this general form and outſide of religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many perſons, who, by a natural unchearfulneſs of heart, miſtaken notions of piety, or weakneſs of underſtanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable way of life, and give up themſelves a prey to grief and melancholy. Superſtitious fears and groundleſs ſcruples cut them off from the pleaſures of converſation, and all thoſe ſocial entertainments which are not only innocent, but laudable: as if mirth was made for reprobates, and chearfulneſs of heart denied thoſe who are the only perſons that have a proper title to it.

SOMBRIUS is one of theſe ſons of ſorrow. He thinks himſelf obliged in duty to be ſad and diſconſolate. He looks on a ſudden fit of laughter as a breach of his baptiſmal vow. An innocent jeſt ſtartles him like blaſphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a title of honour, he lifts up his hands and eyes; deſcribe a public ceremony, he ſhakes his head: ſhew him a gay equipage, he bleſſes himſelf. All the little ornaments of life are pomps and vanities. Mirth is wanton, and wit profane. He is ſcandalized at youth for being lively, and at childhood for being playful. He ſits at a chriſtening, or a marriage feaſt, as at a funeral; ſighs at the concluſion of a merry ſtory, and grows devout when the reſt of the company grow pleaſant. After all, *Sombrius* is a religious man, and would have behaved himſelf very properly, had he lived when chriſtianity was under a general perſecution.

I WOULD

I would by no means preſume to tax ſuch characters with hypocriſy, as is done too frequently; that being a vice which I think none but he, who knows the ſecrets of mens hearts, ſhould pretend to diſcover in another, where the proofs of it do not amount to a demonſtration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent perſons, who are weighed down by this habitual ſorrow of heart, they rather deſerve our compaſſion than our reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to conſider whether ſuch a behaviour does not deter men from a religious life, by repreſenting it as an unſociable ſtate, that extingniſhes all joy and gladneſs, darkens the face of nature, and deſtroys the reliſh of being itſelf.

I have, in former papers, ſhewn how a great a tendency there is to chearfulneſs in religion, and how ſuch a frame of mind is not only the moſt lovely, but the moſt commendable in a virtuous perſon. In ſhort, thoſe who repreſent religion in ſo unamiable a light, are like the ſpies ſent by *Moſes* to make a diſcovery of the land of *Promiſe*, when by their reports they diſcouraged the people from entering upon it. Thoſe who ſhew us the joy, the chearfulneſs, the good-humour, that naturally ſpring up in this happy ſtate, are like the ſpies bringing along with them the cluſters of grapes, and delicious fruits, that might invite their companions into the pleaſant country which produced them.

An eminent Pagan writer has made a diſcourſe, to ſhew that the atheiſt, who denies, a God, does him leſs diſhonour than the man who owns his being, but at the ſame time believes him to be cruel, hard to pleaſe, and terrible to human nature. For my own part, ſays he, I would rather it ſhould be ſaid of me, that there was never any ſuch man as *Plutarch*, than that *Plutarch* was ill-natured capricious, or inhumane.

If we may believe our logicians, man is diſtinguiſhed from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter. He has a heart capable of mirth, and naturally diſpoſed to it. It is not the buſineſs of virtue to extripate the affections of the mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and reſtrain, but was not deſigned to baniſh gladneſs from the heart of man. Religion contracts the circle of our pleaſures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expa-

tiate

tiate in. The contemplation of the Divine Being, and the exerciſe of virtue, are in their own nature ſo far from excluding all gladneſs of heart, that they are perpetual ſources of it. In a word, the true ſpirit of religion cheers, as well as compoſes the ſoul; it baniſhes indeed all levity of behaviour, all vicious and diſſolute mirth, but in exchange fills the mind with a perpetual ſerenity, uninterrupted chearfulneſs, and an habitual inclination to pleaſe others, as well as to be pleaſed in itſelf. C

N° 495. *Saturday, September 27.*

Duris ut ilex tonſa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipſo
Ducit opes animumque ferro

Hor. Od. 4. l. v. 57.

——Like an oak on ſome cold mountain brow,
At ev'ry wound they ſprout and grow;
The ax and ſword new vigour give,
And by their ruins they revive. Anon.

AS I am one, who, by my profeſſion, am obliged to look into all kinds of men, there are none whom I conſider with ſo much pleaſure, as thoſe who have anything new nor extraordinary in their characters, or ways of living. For this reaſon I have often amuſed myſelf with ſpeculations on the race of people called *Jews*, many of whom I have met with in moſt of the conſiderable towns which I have paſſed through in the courſe of my travels. They are, indeed, ſo diſſeminated through all the trading parts of the world, that they are become the inſtruments by which the moſt diſtant nations converſe with one another, and by which mankind are knit together in a general correſpondence: they are like the pegs and nails in a great building, which, tho' they are but little valued in themſelves, are abſolutely neceſſary to keep the whole frame together.

THAT I may not fall into any common beaten track of obſervation, I ſhall conſider this people in three views

Firſt

First, with regard to their number; Secondly, their diſperſion; and, Thirdly, their adherence to their religion? and afterwards endeavour to ſhew, First, what natural reaſons, and, Secondly, what providential reaſons may be aſſigned for theſe three remarkable particulars.

THE *Jews* are looked upon by many to be as numerous at preſent, as they were formerly in the land of *Canaan*.

THIS is wonderful, conſidering the dreadful ſlaughter made of them under ſome of the *Roman* emperors, which hiſtorians deſcribe by the death of many hundred thouſands in a war; and the innumerable maſſacres and perſecutions they have undergone in *Turkey*, as well as in all Chriſtian nations of the world. The *Rabbins*, to expreſs the great havoc which has been ſometimes made of them, tell us, after their uſual manner of hyperbole, that there were ſuch torrents of holy blood ſhed as carried rocks of an hundred yards in circumference above three miles into the ſea.

THEIR diſperſion is the ſecond remarkable particular in this people. They ſwarm over all the *Eaſt*; and are ſettled in the remoteſt parts of *China*; they are ſpread through moſt of the nations of *Europe*, and *Afric*, and many families of them are eſtabliſhed in the *Weſt-Indies*: not to mention whole nations bordering on *Preſter-John*'s country, and ſome diſcovered in the inner parts of *America*, if we may give any credit to their own writers.

THEIR firm adherence to their religion, is no leſs remarkable than their numbers and diſperſion, eſpecially conſidering it as perſecuted or contemned over the face of the whole earth. This is likeways the more remarkable, if we conſider the frequent apoſtaſies of this people, when they lived under their kings, in the land of *Promiſe*, and within ſight of their temple.

IF in the next place we examine, what may be the natural reaſons for theſe three particulars which we find in the *Jews*, and which are not to be found in any other religion or people, I can, in the firſt place, attribute their numbers to nothing but their conſtant employment, their abſtinence, their exemption from wars, and above all, their frequent marriages; for they look on celibacy as an accurſed ſtate, and generally are married before twenty as hoping the *Meſſiah* may deſcend from them.

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THE diſperſion of the *Jews* into all the nations of the earth, is the ſecond remarkable particular of that people, though not ſo hard to be accounted for. They were always in rebellions and tumults while they had the temple and holy city in view, for which reaſon they have often been driven out of their habitations in the land of *Promiſe*. They have as often been baniſhed out of moſt other places where they have ſettled, which muſt very much diſperſe and ſcatter a people, and oblige them to ſeek a livelihood where they can find it. Beſides, the whole people is now a race of ſuch merchants as are wanderers by profeſſion, and, at the ſame time, are in moſt, if not all, places incapable of either lands or offices, that might engage them to make any part of the world their home.

THIS diſperſion would probably have loſt their religion, had it not been ſecured by the ſtrength of its conſtitution: for they are to live all in a body, and generally within the ſame incloſure; to marry among themſelves, and to eat no meats that are not killed or prepared their own way. This ſhuts them out from all table converſation, and the moſt agreeable intercourſes of life; and, by conſequence, excludes them from the moſt probable means of converſion.

IF, in the laſt place, we conſider what providential reaſon may be aſſigned for theſe three particulars, we ſhall find that their numbers, diſperſion, and adherence to their religion, have furniſhed every age, and every nation of the world, with the ſtrongeſt arguments for the Chriſtian faith, not only as theſe very particulars are foretold of them, but as they themſelves are the depoſitaries of theſe and all the other propheſies, which tend to their own confuſion. Their number furniſhes us with a ſufficient cloud of witneſſes that atteſt the truth of the old Bible. Their diſperſion ſpreads theſe witneſſes through all parts of the world. The adherence to their religion makes their teſtimony unqueſtionable. Had the whole body of the *Jews* been converted to Chriſtianity, we ſhould certainly have thought all the propheſies of the Old Teſtament, that relate to the coming and hiſtory of our bleſſed Saviour, forged by Chriſtians, and have looked upon them, with the propheſies of the *Sibylls*, as made many years after the events they pretended to foretel.

N° 496. *Monday, September* 29.

Gnatum pariter uti his decuit, aut etiam amplius,
Quod illa ætas magis ad hæc utenda idonea eſt.

Terent. Heaut. act. 1. ſc. 1.

Your ſon ought to have ſhared in theſe things, becauſe youth is beſt ſuited to the enjoyment of them.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'THOSE ancients who were the moſt accurate in 'their remarks on the genius and temper of man-'kind, by conſidering the various bent and ſcope of our 'actions throughout the progreſs of life, have with great 'exactneſs alloted inclinations and objects of deſire parti-'cular to every ſtage, according to the different circum-'ſtances of our converſation and fortune, thro' the ſeve-'ral periods of it. Hence they were diſpoſed eaſily to ex-'cuſe thoſe exceſſes which might poſſibly ariſe from a too 'eager purſuit of the affections more immediately proper 'to each ſtate: they indulged the levity of childhood 'with tenderneſs, overlooked the gaiety of youth with 'good-nature, tempered the forward ambition and impa-'tience of ripened manhood with diſcretion, and kindly 'imputed the tenacious avarice of old men to their want 'of reliſh for any other enjoyment. Such allowances as 'theſe were no leſs advantageous to common ſociety than 'obliging to particular perſons; for by maintaining a de-'cency and regularity in the courſe of life, they ſupported 'the dignity of human nature, which then ſuffers the grea-'teſt violence when the order of things is inverted; and 'in nothing is it more remarkably vilified and ridiculous, 'than when feebleneſs prepoſterouſly attempts to adorn it-'ſelf with that outward pomp and luſtre, with ſerves on-'ly to ſet off the bloom of youth with better advantage. 'I was inſenſibly carried into reflections of this nature, by 'juſt now meeting *Paulino* (who is in this climacteric) be-'deck'd with the utmoſt ſplendor of dreſs and equipage,

'and giving an unbounded looſe to all manner of pleaſure, 'whilſt his only ſon is debarred all innocent diverſion, and 'may be ſeen frequently ſolacing himſelf in the *Mall* with 'no other attendance than one antiquated ſervant of his 'father's for a companion and director.

'It is a monſtrous want of reflection, that a man can-'not conſider, that, when he cannot reſign the pleaſures of 'life in his decay of appetite and inclination to them, his 'ſon muſt have a much uneaſier taſk to reſiſt the impetuo-'ſity of growing deſires. The ſkill therefore ſhould, me-'thinks, be to let a ſon want no lawful diverſion, in pro-'portion to his future fortune, and the figure he is to make 'in the world. The firſt ſtep towards virtue that I have 'obſerved in young men of condition that have run into 'exceſſes, has been that they had a regard to their qua-'lity and reputation in the management of their vices. 'Narrowneſs in their circumſtances has made many youths 'to ſupply themſelves as debauchees, commence cheats 'and raſcals. The father who allows his ſon to the ut-'moſt of his ability avoids this latter evil, which as to the 'world is much greater than the former. But the con-'trary practice has prevailed ſo much among ſome men, 'that I have known them deny them what was merely ne-'ceſſary for education ſuitable to their quality. Poor 'young *Antonio* is a lamentable inſtance of ill conduct 'in this kind. The young man did not want natural ta-'lents; but the father of him was a coxcomb, who affec-'ted being a fine gentleman ſo unmercifully, that he could 'not endure in his ſight, or the frequent mention of one who 'was his ſon, growing into manhood, and thruſting him 'out of the gay world. I have often thought the father 'took a ſecret pleaſure in reflecting, that when that 'fine houſe and ſeat came into the next hands, it would 'revive his memory, as a perſon who knew how to enjoy 'them, from obſervation of the ruſticity and ignorance of 'his ſucceſſor. Certain it is that a man may, if he will 'let his heart cloſe to the having no regard to any thing 'but his dear ſelf, even with excluſion of his very chil-'dren. I recommend this ſubject to your conſideration 'and am,

Sir, your moſt humble ſervant, T. P.

Mr SPECTATOR, *London, Sept.* 25. 1712.

I Am juſt come from *Tunbridge*, and have ſince my return read Mrs *Matilda Mohair*'s letter to you; ſhe pretends to make a mighty ſtory about the diverſions of ſwinging in that place. What was done, was only among relations; and no man ſwung any woman who was not ſecond couſin at fartheſt. She is pleaſed to ſay, care was taken that the gallants tied the ladies legs before they were wafted into the air. Since ſhe is ſo ſpiteful, I'll tell you the plain truth, there was no ſuch nicety obſerved, ſince we were all, as I juſt now told you, near relations; but Mrs *Mohair* herſelf has been ſwung there, and ſhe invents all this malice, becauſe it was obſerved ſhe has crooked legs, of which I was an eye-witneſs.

Your humble ſervant,

RICHARD SHOESTRING.

Mr SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge Sept.* 26. 1712.

WE have juſt now read your paper, containing Mrs *Mohair*'s letter. It is an invention of her own from one end to the other; and I deſire you would print the incloſed letter by itſelf, and ſhorten it ſo as to come within the compaſs of your half-ſheet. She is the moſt malicious minx in the world, for all ſhe looks ſo innocent. Don't leave out that part about her being in love with her fathers butler, which makes her ſhun men; for that is the trueſt of it all.

Your humble ſervant,

SARAH TRICE.

P. S. 'She has crooked legs.

Mr SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge Sept.* 26. 1712.

ALL that Mrs *Mohair* is ſo vexed at againſt the good company of this place, is, that we all know ſhe has crooked legs. This is certainly true. I don't care for putting my name, becauſe one would not be in the power of the creature.

Your humble ſervant unknown.

Mr SPECTATOR, *Tunbridge Sept.* 26. 1712.

'THAT inſufferable prude Mrs *Mohair*, who has told ſuch ſtories of the company here, is with child, for all her nice airs and her crooked legs. Pray be ſure to put her in for both theſe two things, and you'll oblige every body here, eſpecially

T. *Your humble ſervant,*

ALICE BLUEGARTER.

N° 497. *Tueſday September* 30.

Ουτος εστι γαλεωτης γερων. Menander.

A cunning old fox this!

A Favour well beſtowed is almoſt as great an honour to him who confers it, as to him who receives it. What indeed makes for the ſuperior reputation of the patron in this caſe, is, that he is always ſurrounded with ſpecious pretences of unworthy candidates, and is often alone in the kind inclination he has towards the well-deſerving. Juſtice is the firſt quality in the man who is in a poſt of direction: and I remember to have heard an old gentleman talk of the civil wars, and in his relation give an account of a general officer, who with this one quality without any ſhining endowments, became ſo peculiarly beloved and honoured, that all deciſions between man and man were laid before him, by the parties concerned, in a private way: and they would lay by their animoſities implicitly, if he bid them be friends, or ſubmit themſelves in the wrong without reluctance, if he ſaid it, without waiting the judgement of court martials His manner was to keep the dates of all commiſſions in his cloſet, and wholly diſmiſs from the ſervice ſuch as were deficient in their duty; and after that took care to prefer according to the order of battle. His familiars were his entire friends, and could have no intereſted views in courting his acquaintance; for his affection was no ſtep to their preferment, though it was to their reputation. By this means a kind aſpect, a ſalutation, a ſmile, and giving out his hand, had the

the weight of what is eſteemed by vulgar minds more ſubſtantial. His buſineſs was very ſhort and he who had nothing to do but juſtice, was never affronted with a requeſt of a familiar daily viſitant for what was due to a brave man at a diſtance. Extraordinary merit he uſed to recommend to the king for ſome diſtinction at home, 'till the order of battle made way for his riſing in the troops. Add to this, that he had an excellent manner of getting rid of ſuch whom he obſerved were good at a *Halt*, as his phraſe was. Under this deſcription he comprehended all thoſe who were contented to live without reproach, and had no promptitude in their minds towards glory. Theſe fellows were alſo recommended to the king, and taken off of the general's hands into poſts wherein diligence and common honeſty were all that were neceſſary. This general had no weak part in his line, but every man had as much care upon him, and as much honour to loſe as himſelf. Every officer could anſwer for what paſſed where he was, and the general's preſence was never neceſſary any where but where he had placed himſelf at the firſt diſpoſition, except any accident happened from extraordinary efforts of the enemy which he could not foreſee, but it was remarkable, that it never fell out from failure in his own troops. It muſt be confeſſed the world is juſt ſo much out of order, as an unworthy perſon poſſeſſes what ſhould be in the direction of him who has better pretenſions to it.

INSTEAD of ſuch a conduct as this old fellow uſed to deſcribe in his general, all the evils which have ever happened among mankind have aroſe from the wanton diſpoſition of the favours of the powerful. It is generally all that men of modeſty and virtue can do, to fall in with ſome whimſical turn in a great man, to make way for things of real and abſolute ſervice. In the time of Don *Sebaſtian* of *Portugal*, or ſome time ſince, the firſt miniſter would let nothing come near him but what bore the moſt profound face of wiſdom and gravity. They carried it ſo far, that, for the greater ſhew of their profound knowledge, a pair of ſpectacles tied on their noſes, with a black ribbon round their heads, was what compleated the dreſs of thoſe who made their court at his levee, and none with naked noſes were admitted to his preſence A blunt honeſt fel-

low, who had a command in the train of artillery, had attempted to make an impreſſion upon the porter day after day in vain, till at laſt he made his appearance in a very thoughtful dark ſuit of clothes, and two pair of ſpectacles on at once. He was conducted from room, to room with great deference to the miniſter; and carrying on the farce of the place, he told his excellence that he had in this manner pretended to be wiſer than he really was, but with no ill intention; but he was honeſt ſuch-a-one of the train, and he came to tell him that they wanted wheel-barrows and pick-axes. The thing happened not to diſpleaſe, the great man was ſeen to ſmile, and the ſucceſsful officer was reconducted with the ſame profound ceremony out of the houſe.

When *Leo* X. reigned pope of *Rome*, his holineſs, tho' a man of ſenſe, and of an excellent taſte of letters, of all things affected fools, buffoons, humouriſts and coxcombs: whether it were from vanity, and that he enjoyed no talents in other men but what were inferior to him; or whatever it was, he carried it ſo far, that his whole delight was in finding out new fools, and, as our phraſe is, playing them off, and making them ſhew themſelves to advantage. A prieſt of his former acquaintance ſuffered a great many diſappointments in attempting to find acceſs to him in a regular character, till at laſt in deſpair he retired from *Rome*, and returned in an equipage ſo very fantaſtical both as to the dreſs of himſelf and his ſervant, that the whole court were in an emulation who ſhould firſt introduce him to his holineſs. What added to the expectation his holineſs had of the pleaſure he ſhould have in his follies, was, that this fellow, in a dreſs the moſt exquiſitely ridiculous, deſired he might ſpeak to him alone, for he had matters of the higheſt importance, upon which he wanted a conference. Nothing could be denied to a coxcomb of ſo great hope: but when they were apart, the impoſtor revealed himſelf, and ſpoke as follows:

Do not be ſurprized, moſt holy father, at ſeeing, inſtead of a coxcomb to laugh at, your old friend, who has taken this way of acceſs to admoniſh you of your own folly. Can any thing ſhew your holineſs how unworthily you treat mankind, more than my being put up-

on

on this difficulty to ſpeak with you? It is a degree of folly to delight to ſee it in others, and it is the greateſt inſolence imaginable to rejoice in the diſgrace of human nature. It is a criminal humility in a perſon of your holineſs's underſtanding, to believe you cannot excel but in the converſation of half-wits, humouriſts, coxcombs and buffoons. If your holineſs has a-mind to be diverted like a rational man, you have a great opportunity for it, in diſrobing all the impertinents you have favoured, of all their riches and trappings at once, and beſtowing them on the humble, the virtuous, and the meek. If your holineſs is not concerned for the ſake of virtue and religion, be pleaſed to reflect, that for the ſake of your own ſafety, it is not proper to be ſo very much in jeſt. When the pope is thus merry, the people will in time begin to think many things, which they have hitherto beheld with great veneration, are in themſelves objects of ſcorn and deriſion. If they once get a trick of knowing how to laugh, your holineſs's ſaying this ſentence with one night cap, and t'other with the other, the change of your ſlippers, bringing you your ſtaff in the midſt of a prayer, then ſtripping you of one veſt, and clapping on a ſecond during divine ſervice, will be found out to have nothing in it. Conſider, Sir, that at this rate a head will be reckoned never the wiſer for being bald, and the ignorant will be apt to ſay, that going barefoot does not at all help on in the way to heaven. The red cap and the cowl will fall under the ſame contempt; and the vulgar will tell us to our faces, that we ſhall have no authority over them, but from the force of our arguments, and the ſanctity of our lives.

T

No.

Nº 498. *Wednesday, October* 1.

——Fruſtra retinacula tendens
Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.
Virg. Georg. 1. v. 514.

Nor reins, nor curbs, nor cries, the horſes fear,
But force along the trembling charioteer. Dryden.

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL *of* Great Britain.

From the farther end of the widow's coffee-houſe in Devereux-court, Monday *evening, twenty eight minutes and a half paſt ſix.*

Dear Dumb,

'IN ſhort, to uſe no farther preface, if I ſhould tell you
'that I have ſeen a hackney-coachman, when he has
'come to ſet down his fare, which conſiſted of two or
'three very fine ladies hand them out, and ſalute every
'one of them with an air of familiarity, without giving
'the leaſt offence, you would perhaps think me guilty of
'a Gaſconade. But to clear myſelf from that imputati-
'on, and to explain this matter to you, I aſſure you, that
'there are many illuſtrious youths within this city, who
'frequently recreate themſelves by driving of a hackney-
'coach: but thoſe whom above all others, I would re-
'commend to you, are the young gentlemen belonging to
'our inns of court. We have, I think, about a dozen
'coachmen who have chambers here in the *Temple*: and
'as it is reaſonable to believe others will follow their ex-
'ample, we may perhaps in time (if it ſhould be thought
'convenient) be drove to *Weſtminſter* by our own frater-
'nity, allowing every fifth perſon to apply his meditations
'this way, which is but a modeſt computation as the hu-
'mour is now likely to take. It is to be hoped likeways,
'that there are in the other nurſeries of the law to be
'found a proportionable number of thoſe hopeful plants,
'ſpringing up to the everlaſting renown of their native
'country. Of how long ſtanding this humour has been, I

know

know not; the firſt time I had any particular reaſon to take notice of it, was about this time twelvemonth, when being upon *Hampſtead-heath* with ſome of theſe ſtudious young men, who went thither purely for the ſake of contemplation, nothing would ſerve them, but I muſt go through a courſe of this philoſophy too; and being ever willing to embelliſh myſelf with any commendable qualification, it was not long ere they perſuaded me into the coach-box; nor indeed much longer, before I underwent the fate of my brother *Phaeton*; for having drove about fifty paces with pretty good ſucceſs, through my own natural ſagacity, together with the good inſtructions of my tutors, who, to give them their due, were on all hands encouraging and aſſiſting me in this laudable undertaking; I ſay, Sir, having drove about fifty paces with pretty good ſucceſs, I muſt needs be exerciſing the laſh, which the horſes reſented ſo ill at my hands, that they gave a ſudden ſtart, and thereby pitched me directly upon my head, as I very well remembred about half an hour afterwards, which not only deprived me of all the knowledge I had gained for fifty yards before, but had like to have broke my neck into the bargain. After ſuch a ſevere reprimand, you may imagine I was not very eaſily prevailed with to make a ſecond attempt; and indeed, upon mature deliberation, the whole ſcience ſeemed, at leaſt to me, to be ſurrounded with ſo many difficulties, that notwithſtanding the unknown advantages which might have accrued to me thereby, I gave over all hopes of attaining it; and I believe had never thought of it more, but that my memory has been lately refreſhed, by ſeeing ſome of theſe ingenious gentlemen ply in the open ſtreets, one of which I ſaw receive ſo ſuitable a reward of his labours, that though I know you are no friend to ſtory-telling, yet I muſt beg leave to trouble you with this at large.

'ABOUT a fortnight ſince, as I was diverting myſelf with a pennyworth of walnuts at the temple-gate, a lively young fellow in a fuſtian jacket ſhot by me, beckoned a coach, and told the coachman he wanted to go as far as *Chelſea*; they agreed upon the price, and this young gentleman mounts the coach-box, the fellow ſtaring at him, deſired to know, if he ſhould not drive till they

'were

'were out of the town? No, no, replied he: he was then
'going to climb up to him, but received another check,
'and was then ordered to get into the coach, or behind
'it, for that he wanted no inſtructors; but be ſure you
'dog you, ſays he, don't you bilk me. The fellow there-
'upon ſurrendered his whip, ſcratch'd his head, and crept
'into the coach. Having myſelf occaſion to go into the
'*Strand* about the ſame time, we ſtarted both together:
'but the ſtreet being very full of coaches, and he not ſo
'able a coachman as perhaps he imagined himſelf, I had
'ſoon got a little way before him; often, however, hav-
'ing the curioſity to caſt my eye back upon him, to ob-
'ſerve how he behaved himſelf in this high ſtation; which
'he did with great compoſure, till he came to the paſs,
'which is a military term the brothers of the whip have
'given the ſtrait at St *Clement*'s church: when he arriv-
'ed near this place, where are always coaches in waiting,
'the coachmen began to ſuck up the muſcles of their
'cheeks, and to tip the wink upon each other, as if they
'had ſome roguery in their heads, which I was immedi-
'ately convinced of; for he no ſooner came within reach,
'but the firſt of them with his whip took the exact di-
'menſions of his ſhoulders, which he very ingeniouſly cal-
'led Endorſing; and indeed I muſt ſay, that every one
'of them took due care to indorſe him as he came thro'
'their hands. He ſeemed at firſt a little uneaſy under the
'operation, and was going in all haſte to take the num-
'bers of their coaches; but at length by the mediation
'of the worthy gentleman in the coach, his wrath was aſ-
'ſuaged, and he prevailed upon to purſue his journey;
'tho' indeed I thought they had clapt ſuch a ſpoke in his
'wheel, as had diſabled him from being a coachman for
'that day at leaſt: for I am only miſtaken, Mr SPEC, if
'ſome of theſe endorſements were not wrote in ſo ſtrong
'a hand, that they are ſtill legible. Upon my enquiring
'the reaſon of this unuſual ſalutation, they told me that
'it was a cuſtom among them, whenever they ſaw a bro-
'ther tottering or unſtable in his poſt, to lend him a hand,
'in order to ſettle him again therein: for my part I
'thought their allegations but reaſonable, and ſo march'd
'off. Beſides our coachmen, we abound in divers other
'ſorts of ingenious robuſt youth, who, I hope, will not take

'it

it ill if I refer giving you an account of their ſeveral recreations to another opportunity. In the mean time, if you would beſtow but a little of your wholſome advice upon our coachmen, it might perhaps be a reprive to ſome of their necks. As I underſtand you have ſeveral inſpectors under you, if you would but ſend one amongſt us here in the *Temple*, I am perſuaded he would not want employment. But I leave this to your own conſideration, and am,

SIR, *Your very humble ſervant*

MOSES GREENBAG.

P. S. I have heard our critics in the coffee-houſes hereabout talk mightily of the unity of time and place: according to my notion of the matter, I have endeavoured at ſomething like it in the beginning of my epiſtle. I deſire to be informed a little as to that particular. In my next I deſign to give you ſome account of excellent watermen who are hired to the law, and far outdo the land-ſtudents above mentioned. T

N° 499. *Thurſday, October* 2.

——————*Nimis uncis*
Naribus indulges—— Perſ ſat. 1. v. 40.

— *You drive the jeſt too far.* Dryden

MY friend WILL HONEYCOMB has told me, for above this half year, that he had a great mind to try his hand at a *Spectator*, and that he would fain have one of his writing in my works. This morning I received from him the following letter, which, after having rectified ſome little orthographical miſtakes, I ſhall make a preſent of to the public.

Dear SPEC,

I WAS, about two nights ago, in company with very agreeable young people of both ſexes, where

'talking

'talking of ſome of your papers which are written on con
'jugal love, there aroſe a diſpute among us, whether the
'were not more bad huſbands in the world than ba
'wives. A gentleman who was advocate for the ladie
'took this occaſion to tell us the ſtory of a famous ſieg
'in *Germany*, which I have ſince found related in my hi
'ſtorical dictionary after the following manner. Whe
'the emperor *Conrade* the third, had beſieged *Guelphu*
'duke of *Bavaria*, in the city of *Henſberg*, the wome
'finding that the town could not poſſibly hold out lon
'petitioned the emperor that they might depart out of i
'with ſo much as each of them could carry. The em
'peror knowing they could not convey away many of the
'effects, granted them their petition; when the wome
'to his great ſurpriſe, came out of the place with ever
'one her huſband upon her back. The emperor wa
'ſo moved at the ſight, that he burſt into tears, and afte
'having very much extolled the women for their conju
'gal affection, gave the men to their wives, and receive
'the duke into his favour.

'THE ladies did not a little triumph at this ſtory, aſk
'ing us at the ſame time, whether in our conſciences w
'believed that the men in any town of *Great Britai*
'would, upon the ſame offer, and at the ſame conjunc
'ture, have loaded themſelves with the wives; or ra
'ther, whether they would not have been glad of ſuch a
'opportunity to get rid of them? To this my very goo
'friend *Tom Dapperwit*, who took upon him to be th
'mouth of our ſex, replied that they would be very muc
'to blame if they would not do the ſame good office fo
'the women, conſidering that their ſtrength would be gre
'ter, and their burdens lighter. As we were amuſing ou
'ſelves with diſcourſes of this nature in order to paſs awa
'the evening, which now begins to grow tedious, w
'fell into that laudable and primitive diverſion of qu
'ſtions and commands. I was no ſooner veſted with th
'regal authority, but I enjoined all the ladies under pa
'of my diſpleaſure, to tell the company ingenuouſly, i
'caſe they had been in the ſiege above mentioned, an
'had the ſame offers made them as the good women
'that place, what every one of them would have brou
'off with her, and have thought moſt worth the ſavin

'The

There were ſeveral merry anſwers made to my queſtion, which entertained us till bed-time. This filled my mind with ſuch a huddle of ideas, that upon my going to ſleep, I fell into the following dream.

'I SAW a town of this iſland, which ſhall be nameleſs, inveſted on every ſide, and the inhabitants of it ſo ſtraitened as to cry for quarter. The general refuſed any other terms than thoſe granted to the above mentioned town of *Henſberg*, namely, that the married women might come out with what they could bring along with them. Immediately the city-gates flew open, and a female proceſſion appeared, multitudes of the ſex following one another in a row, and ſtaggering under their reſpective burdens. I took my ſtand upon an eminence in the enemies camp, which was appointed for the general rendezvous of theſe female carriers, being very deſirous to look into their ſeveral ladings. The firſt of them had a huge ſack upon her ſhoulders, which ſhe ſet down with great care: upon the opening of it, when I expected to have ſeen her huſband ſhot out of it, I found it was filled with china-ware. The next appeared in a more decent figure, carrying a handſome young fellow upon her back: I could not forbear commending the young woman for her conjugal affection, when, to my great ſurpriſe, I found that ſhe had left the good man at home, and brought away her gallant. I ſaw the third, at ſome diſtance, with a little withered face peeping over her ſhoulder, whom I could not ſuſpect for any but her ſpouſe, till upon her ſetting him down I heard her call him dear pug, and found him to be her favourite monkey. A fourth brought a huge bale of cards along with her: and the fifth a *Bolonia* lap-dog, for her huſband, it ſeems, being a very burly man, ſhe thought it would be leſs trouble for her to bring away little *Cupid*. The next was the wife of a rich uſurer, loaden with a bag of gold; ſhe told us that her ſpouſe was very old, and by the courſe of nature could not expect to live long; and that to ſhew her tender regards for him, ſhe had ſaved that which the poor man loved better than his life. The next came towards us with her ſon upon her back, who, we were told, was the greateſt rake in the place, but ſo

'much the mother's darling, that ſhe left her huſband be-
'hind, with a large family of hopeful ſons and daughters,
'for the ſake of this graceleſs youth.

'IT would be endleſs to mention the ſeveral perſons,
'with their ſeveral loads that appeared to me in this
'ſtrange viſion. All the place about me was covered with
'packs of ribbons, brocades, embroidery, and ten thou-
'ſand other materials, ſufficient to have furniſhed a whole
'ſtreet of toy-ſhops. One of the women, having an huſ-
'band who was none of the heavieſt, was bringing him off
'upon her ſhoulders, at the ſame time that ſhe carried a
'great bundle of *Flanders* lace under her arm; but find-
'ing herſelf ſo over-loaden, that ſhe could not ſave both
'of them, ſhe dropped the good man, and brought away
'the bundle. In ſhort, I found but one huſband among
'this great mountain of baggage, who was a lively cobler,
'that kick'd and ſpurr'd all the while his wife was carry-
'ing him on, and, as it was ſaid, had ſcarce paſſed a day
'in his life without giving her the diſcipline of the ſtrap.

'I CANNOT conclude my letter, dear SPEC, without
'telling thee one very odd whim in this my dream. I ſaw,
'methought, a dozen women employed in bringing of one
'man; I could not gueſs who it ſhould be, till upon his
'nearer approach I diſcovered thy ſhort phiz. The women
'all declared that it was for the ſake of thy works, and
'not thy perſon, that they brought thee off, and that it
'was on condition that thou ſhould'ſt continue the *Spec-*
'*tator*. If thou thinkeſt this dream will make a tolerable
'one, it is at thy ſervice, from,

Dear SPEC, *Thine, ſleeping and waking,*

WILL HONEYCOMB.

THE ladies will ſee, by this letter, what I have often told them, that WILL is one of thoſe old-faſhioned men of wit and pleaſure of the town, that ſhews his parts by rallery on marriage, and one who has often tried his fortune that way without ſucceſs. I cannot however diſmiſs his letter, without obſerving, that the true ſtory on which it is built does honour to the ſex, and that in order to abuſe them, the writer is obliged to have recourſe to dream and fiction.

Nº 500. *Friday, October 3.*

——— Huc natas adjice ſeptem,
Et totidem juvenes, et mox generoſque nuruſque:
Quærite nunc, habeat quam noſtra ſuperbia cauſam
Ovid. Met. l. 6. v. 182.

Seven are my daughters, of a form divine,
With ſeven fair ſons, an indefective line.
Go, fools, conſider this, and aſk the cauſe,
From which my pride its ſtrong preſumption draws.
Croxal.

SIR,

'YOU who are ſo well acquainted with the ſtory of *Socrates*, muſt have read how, upon his making a diſcourſe concerning love, he preſſed his point with ſo much ſucceſs, that all the batchelors in his audience took a reſolution to marry by the firſt opportunity, and that all the married men immediately took horſe and galloped home to their wives. I am apt to think your diſcourſes, in which you have drawn ſo many agreeable pictures of marriage, have had a very good effect this way in *England*. We are obliged to you at leaſt for having taken off that ſenſeleſs ridicule, which for many years the witlings of the town have turned upon their fathers and mothers. For my own part, I was born in wedlock, and I don't care who knows it; for which reaſon, among many others, I ſhould look upon myſelf as a moſt inſufferable coxcomb, did I endeavour to maintain that cuckoldom was inſeparable from marriage, or to make uſe of *Huſband* and *Wife* as terms of reproach. Nay, Sir, I will go one ſtep further, and declare to you before the whole world, that I am a married man, and at the ſame time I have ſo much aſſurance as not to be aſhamed of what I have done.

'AMONG the ſeveral pleaſures that accompany this ſtate of life, and which you have deſcribed in your former pa-

'pers, there are two you have not taken notice of, and 'which are ſeldom caſt into the account by thoſe who 'write on this ſubject. You muſt have obſerved, in your 'ſpeculations on human nature, that nothing is more 'gratifying to the mind of man than power or domini-'on; and this I think myſelf amply poſſeſſed of, as I 'am the father of a family. I am perpetually taken up 'in giving out orders, in preſcribing duties, in hearing 'parties, in adminiſtring juſtice, and in diſtributing re-'wards and puniſhments. To ſpeak in the language of 'the centurion, *I ſay unto one, go, and he goeth: and to 'another, come, and he cometh; and to my ſervant, do 'this, and he doeth it.* In ſhort, Sir, I look upon my 'family as a patriarchal ſovereignty, in which I am my-'ſelf both king and prieſt. All great governments are no-'thing elſe but cluſters of theſe little private royalties. 'and therefore I conſider the maſters of families as ſmall 'deputy-governors preſiding over the ſeveral little parcels 'and diviſions of their fellow-ſubjects. As I take great 'pleaſure in the adminiſtration of my government in par-'ticular, ſo I look upon myſelf not only as a more uſeful, 'but as a much greater and happier man than any batche-'lor in *England*, of my rank and condition.

'THERE is another accidental advantage in marriage, 'which has likeways fallen to my ſhare, I mean the hav-'ing a multitude of children. Theſe I cannot but re-'gard as very great bleſſings. When I ſee my little troop 'before me, I rejoice in the additions which I have made 'to my ſpecies, to my country, and to my religion, in 'having produced ſuch a number of reaſonable creatures, 'citizens, and Chriſtians. I am pleaſed to ſee myſelf thus 'perpetuated: and as there is no production comparable 'to that of a human creature, I am more proud of hav-'ing been the occaſion of ten ſuch glorious productions, 'than if I had built an hundred pyramids at my own ex-'pence, or publiſhed as many volumes of the fineſt wit 'and learning. In what a beautiful light has the holy 'ſcripture repreſented *Abdon*, one of the judges of *Iſrael*, 'who had forty ſons and thirty grandſons, that rode on 'threeſcore and ten aſs-colts, according to the magnifi-'cence of the Eaſtern countries? How muſt the heart

'of

'of the old man rejoice, when he ſaw ſuch a beautiful 'proceſſion of his own deſcendants, ſuch a numerous caval-'cade of his own raiſing? For my own part, I can ſit in 'my parlour with great content, when I take a review of 'half a dozen of my little boys mounting upon hobby-'horſes, and as many little girls tutoring their babies, each 'of them endeavouring to excel the reſt, and to do ſome-'thing that may gain my favour and approbation. I can-'not queſtion but he who has bleſſed me with ſo many 'children, will aſſiſt my endeavours in providing for them. 'There is one thing I am able to give each of them, which 'is a virtuous education. I think it is Sir *Francis Ba-'con*'s obſervation, that in a numerous family of children, 'the eldeſt is often ſpoiled by the proſpect of an eſtate, and 'the youngeſt by being the darling of the parent; but 'that ſome one or other in the middle, who has not per-'haps been regarded, has made his way in the world, and 'overtopped the reſt. It is my buſineſs to implant in every 'one of my children the ſame ſeeds of induſtry, and the 'ſame honeſt principles. By this means I think I have a 'fair chance, that one or other of them may grow conſi-'derable in ſome or other way of life, whether it be in the 'army or in the fleet, in trade, or in any of the three 'learned profeſſions; for you muſt know, Sir, that from 'long experience and obſervation, I am perſuaded of what 'ſeems a paradox to moſt of theſe with whom I converſe, 'namely, That a man who has many children, and gives 'them a good education, is more likely to raiſe a family, 'than he who has but one, notwithſtanding he leaves him 'his whole eſtate. For this reaſon I cannot forbear amu-'ſing myſelf with finding out a general, an admiral, or an 'alderman of *London*, a divine, a phyſician or a lawyer a-'mong my little people who are now perhaps in petticoats; 'and when I ſee the motherly airs of my little daughters 'when they are playing with their puppets, I cannot but 'flatter myſelf that their huſbands and children will be 'happy in the poſſeſſion of ſuch wives and mothers.

'If you are a father, you will not perhaps think this 'letter impertinent: but if you are a ſingle man, you will 'not know the meaning of it, and probably throw it into

'the fire: whatever you determine of it, you may aſſure 'yourſelf that it comes from one who is

O *Your moſt humble ſervant,*
and well-wiſher,
PHILOGAMUS.

Nº 501. *Saturday, October 4.*

Durum: ſed levius fit patientia
Quicquid corrigere eſt nefas. Hor. Od. 24. l. 1. v. 19.

'Tis hard: but when we needs muſt bear,
Enduring patience makes the burden light. Creech.

AS ſome of the fineſt compoſitions among the ancients are in allegory, I have endeavoured, in ſeveral of my papers, to revive that way of writing, and hope I have not been altogether unſucceſsful in it; for I find there is always a great demand for thoſe particular papers, and cannot but obſerve that ſeveral authors have endeavoured of late to excel in works of this nature. Among theſe, I do not know any one who has ſucceeded better than a very ingenious gentleman to whom I am obliged for the following piece, and who was the author of the viſion in the CCCCLXth paper. O

HOW are we tortured with the abſence of what we covet to poſſeſs, when it appears to be loſt to us: what excurſions does the ſoul make in imagination after it! and how does it turn into itſelf again, more fooliſhly fond and dejected, at the diſapointment! Our grief, inſtead of having recourſe to reaſon, which might reſtrain it, ſearches to find a further nouriſhment. It calls upon memory to relate the ſeveral paſſages and circumſtances of ſatisfactions which we formerly enjoyed, the pleaſures we purchaſed by thoſe riches that are taken from us; or the power and ſplendor of our departed honours; or the voice, the words, the looks, the temper, and affections of our friends that are deceaſed. It needs muſt happen from hence, that the paſſion ſhould often ſwell to ſuch a ſize as

s to burſt the heart which contains it, if time did not make theſe circumſtances leſs ſtrong and lively, ſo that reaſon ſhould become a more equal match for the paſſion, or if another deſire which becomes more preſent did not overpower them with a livelier repreſentation. Theſe are thoughts which I had, when I fell into a kind of viſion upon this ſubject, and may therefore ſtand for a proper introduction to a relation of it.

I FOUND myſelf upon a naked ſhore, with company, whoſe afflicted countenances witneſſed their conditions. Before us flowed a water deep, ſilent, and called the river of *Tears*, which iſſuing from two fountains on an upper ground, encompaſſed an iſland that lay before us. The boat which plied in it was old and ſhattered, having been ſometimes overſet by the impatience and haſte of ſingle paſſengers to arrive at the other ſide. This immediately was brought to us by *Misfortune* who ſteers it, and we were all preparing to take our places, when there appeared a woman of a mild and compoſed behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by repreſenting the dangers which would attend our voyage. Hereupon ſome who knew her for *Patience*, and ſome of thoſe too who till then cried the loudeſt, were perſuaded by her and returned back. The reſt of us went in, and ſhe (whoſe good-nature would not ſuffer her to forſake perſons in trouble) deſired leave to accompany us, that ſhe might at leaſt adminiſter ſome ſmall comfort or advice while we ſailed. We were no ſooner embarked but the boat was puſhed off, the ſheet was ſpread; and being filled with *Sighs*, which are the winds of that country, we made a paſſage to the farther bank, through ſeveral difficulties of which the moſt of us ſeemed utterly regardleſs.

WHEN we landed, we perceived the iſland to be ſtrangely overcaſt with fogs, which no brightneſs could pierce, ſo that a kind of gloomy horror ſat always brooding over it. This had ſomething in it very ſhocking to eaſy tempers, inſomuch that ſome others, whom *Patience* had by this time gained over, left us here, and privily conveyed themſelves round the verge of the iſland to find a ford by which ſhe told them they might eſcape.

FOR my part, I ſtill went along with thoſe who were for piercing into the centre of the place; and joining ourſelves

ſelves to others whom we found upon the ſame journey; we marched ſolemnly, as at a funeral, through bordering hedges of roſemary, and through a grove of yew-trees which love to overſhadow tombs, and flouriſh in church-yards. Here we heard on every ſide the wailings and complaints of ſeveral of the inhabitants, who had caſt themſelves diſconſolately at the feet of trees; and as we chanced to approach any of theſe we might perceive them wringing their hands, beating their breaſts, tearing their hair, or after ſome other manner viſibly agitated with vexation. Our ſorrows were heightened by the influence of what we heard and ſaw, and one of our number was wrought up to ſuch a pitch of wildneſs, as to talk of hanging himſelf upon a bough which ſhot temptingly acroſs the path we travelled in; but he was reſtrained from it by the kind endeavours of our above mentioned companion.

We had now gotten into the moſt duſky ſilent part of the iſland, and by the redoubled ſounds of ſighs, which made a doleful whiſtling in the branches, the thickneſs of air which occaſioned faintiſh reſpiration, and the violent throbbings of heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approached the *Grotto* of *Grief*. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy cave, ſunk deep in a dale and watered by rivulets that had a colour between red and black. Theſe crept ſlow and half congealed amongſt its windings, and mixed their heavy murmurs with the echo of groans, that rolled through all the paſſages. In the moſt retired part of it ſat the *doleful being* herſelf; the path to her was ſtrowed with goads, ſtings and thorns; and her throne on which ſhe ſat was broken into a rock, with ragged pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy miſt hung above her; her head oppreſſed with it reclined upon her arm: thus did ſhe reign over her diſconſolate ſubjects, full of herſelf to ſtupidity, in eternal penſiveneſs and the profoundeſt ſilence. On one ſide of her ſtood *Dejection* juſt dropping into a ſwoon, and *Paleneſs* waſting to a ſkeleton, on the other ſide were *Care* inwardly tormented with imaginations, and *Anguiſh* ſuffering outward *Troubles* to ſuck the blood from her heart in the ſhape of *Vultures*. The whole vault had a genuine diſmalneſs in it, which a few ſcattered lamps, whoſe bluiſh flames aroſe and ſunk in their urns, diſcovered to our eyes with

increaſe,

increaſe. Some of us fell down, overcome and ſpent with what they ſuffered in the way, and were given over to thoſe tormentors that ſtood on either hand of the preſence; others, galled and mortified with pain, recovered the entrance, where *Patience*, whom we had left behind, was ſtill waiting to receive us.

WITH her (whoſe company was now become more grateful to us by the want we had found of her) we winded round the grotto, and aſcended at the back of it out of the mournful dale in whoſe bottom it lay. On this eminence we halted, by her advice, to pant for breath; and lifting our eyes, which 'till then were fixed downwards, felt a ſullen ſort of ſatisfaction, in obſerving thro' the ſhades what numbers had entered the iſland. This ſatisfaction, which appears to have ill-nature in it, was excuſable, becauſe it happened at a time when we were too much taken up with our own concern, to have reſpect to that of others; and therefore we did not conſider them as ſuffering, but ourſelves as not ſuffering in the moſt forlorn eſtate. It had alſo the ground-work of humanity and compaſſion in it, though the mind was then too dark and too deeply engaged to perceive it; but, as we proceeded onwards, it began to diſcover itſelf, and from obſerving that others were unhappy, we came to queſtion one another, when it was that we met, and what were the ſad occaſions that brought us together. Then we heard our ſtories, we compared them, we mutually gave and received pity, and ſo by degrees became tolerable company.

A CONSIDERABLE part of the troubleſome road was thus deceived; at length the openings among the trees grew larger, the air ſeemed thinner, it lay with leſs oppreſſion upon us, and we could now and then diſcern tracks in it of a lighter greyneſs, like the breakings of day, ſhort in duration, much enlivening, and called in that country *gleams of amuſement*. Within a ſhort time theſe gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of a longer continuance; the ſighs that hitherto filled the air with ſo much dolefulneſs, altered to the ſound of common breezes, and in general the horrors of the iſland were abated.

WHEN we had arrived at laſt at the ford by which we were

were to paſs out, we met with thoſe faſhionable mourners who had been ferry'd over along with us; and who being unwilling to go as far as we, had coaſted by the ſhore to find the place, where they waited our coming; that by ſhewing themſelves to the world only at the time when we did, they might ſeem alſo to have been among the troubles of the grotto. Here the waters that rolled on the other ſide ſo deep and ſilent, were much dried up and it was an eaſier matter for us to wade over.

THE river being croſſed, we were received upon the further bank by our friends and acquaintance, whom *Comfort* had brought out to congratulate our appearance in the world again. Some of theſe blamed us for ſtaying ſo long away from them, others adviſed us againſt all temptations of going back again; every one was cautious not to renew our trouble, by aſking any particulars of the journey; and all concluded, that in a caſe of ſo much melancholy and affliction, we could not have made choice of a fitter companion than *Patience*. Here *Patience*, appearing ſerene at her praiſes, delivered us over to *Comfort*. *Comfort* ſmiled at his receiving the charge; immediately the ſky purpled on that ſide to which he turned, and double day at once broke in upon me.

N° 502. *Monday, October 6.*

Melius, pejus, profit, obſit, nil vident niſi quod lubent.
Ter. Heaut. act. 4. ſc. 1.

Better or worſe, profitable or diſadvantageous, they ſee nothing but what they liſt.

WHEN men read, they taſte the matter with which they are entertained, according as their own reſpective ſtudies and inclinations have prepared them, and make their reflections accordingly. Some peruſing *Roman* writers, would find in them, whatever the ſubject of the diſcourſes were, parts which implied the grandeur of that people in their warfare or their politics. As for my part who am a mere SPECTATOR, I drew this morning

ing concluſions of their eminence in what I think great, o wit, in having worthy ſentiments, from the reading comedy of *Terence*. The play was the *Self-tormentor*. t is from the beginning to the end a perfect picture of uman life, but I did not obſerve in the whole one paſ- ge that could raiſe a laugh. How well diſpoſed muſt hat people be, who could be entertained with ſatiſ- action by ſo ſober and polite mirth? In the firſt ſcene of he comedy, when one of the old men accuſes the other f impertinence for interpoſing in his affairs, he anſwers, *I am a man, and cannot help feeling any ſorrow that an arrive at man.* It is ſaid, this ſentence was received with an univerſal applauſe. There cannot be a greater rgument of the general good underſtanding of a people, han a ſudden conſent to give their approbation of a ſen- iment which has no emotion in it If it were ſpoken with ever ſo great ſkill in the actor, the manner of uttering hat ſentence could have nothing in it which could ſtrike ny but people of the greateſt humanity, nay, people e- legant and ſkilful in obſervations upon it. It is poſſible he might have laid his hand on his breaſt, and, with a winning inſinuation in his countenance, expreſſed to his neighbour that he was a man who made his caſe his own; yet I'll engage a player in *Covent-garden* might hit ſuch n attitude a thouſand times before he would have been regarded. I have heard that a miniſter of ſtate in the reign of queen *Elizabeth* had all manner of books and ballads brought to him, of what kind ſoever, and took great notice how much they took with the people; up- on which he would, and certainly might, very well judge of their preſent diſpoſitions, and the moſt proper way of applying them according to his own purpoſes. What paſ- es on the ſtage, and the reception it meets with from the udience, is a very uſeful inſtruction of this kind. Ac- cording to what you may obſerve there on our ſtage, you ee them often moved ſo directly againſt all common ſenſe and humanity, that you would be apt to pronounce us a nation of ſavages. It cannot be called a miſtake of what is pleaſant, but the very contrary to it is what moſt aſ- ſuredly takes with them. The other night an old wo- man, carried off with a pain in her ſide, with all the diſ- tortions and anguiſh of countenance which is natural to one

one in that condition, was laughed and clapped off the ſtage. *Terence*'s comedy, which I am ſpeaking of, is indeed written as if he hoped to pleaſe none but ſuch as had as good a taſte as himſelf. I could not but reflect upon the natural deſcription of the innocent young woman made by the ſervant to his maſter. "When I came to the "houſe, (ſaid he) an old woman opened the door, and "I followed her in, becauſe I could by entering upon "them unawares better obſerve what was your miſtreſs's "ordinary manner of ſpending her time, the only way of "judging any one's inclinations and genius. I found "her at her needle in a ſort of ſecond mourning, which "ſhe wore for an aunt ſhe had lately loſt. She had no-"thing on but what ſhewed ſhe dreſſed only for herſelf. "Her hair hung negligently about her ſhoulders. She "had none of the arts with which others uſe to ſet them-"ſelves off, but had that negligence of perſon which is "remarkable in thoſe who are careful of their minds.— "Then ſhe had a maid who was at work near her, that "was a perfect ſlattern, becauſe her miſtreſs was careleſs: "which I take to be another argument of your ſecurity "in her; for the *go-betweens* of women of intrigue are "rewarded too well to be dirty. When you were na-"med, and I told her you deſired to ſee her, ſhe threw "down her work for joy, covered her face, and de-"cently hid her tears."——He muſt be a very good actor, and draw attention rather from his own character than the words of the author; that could gain it among us for this ſpeech, though ſo full of nature and good ſenſe.

THE intolerable folly and confidence of players putting in words of their own, does in a great meaſure feed the abſurd taſte of the audience. But however that is, it is ordinary for a cluſter of coxcombs to take up the houſe to themſelves, and equally inſult both the actors and the company. Theſe ſavages, who want all manner of regard and deference to the reſt of mankind, come only to ſhew themſelves to us, without any other purpoſe than to let us know they deſpiſe us.

THE groſs of an audience is compoſed of two ſorts of people, thoſe who know no pleaſure but of the body, and thoſe who improve or command corporeal pleaſures by

by the addition of fine ſentiments of the mind. At preſent the intelligent part of the company are wholly ſubdued by the inſurrections of thoſe who know no ſatisfactions but what they have in common with all other animals.

THIS is the reaſon that when a ſcene tending to procreation is acted, you ſee the whole pit in ſuch a chuckle, and old letchers, with mouths open, ſtare at the looſe geſticulations on the ſtage with ſhameful earneſtneſs; when the juſteſt pictures of human life in its calm dignity, and the propereſt ſentiments for the conduct of it, paſs by like mere narration, as conducing only to ſomewhat much better which is to come after. I have ſeen the whole houſe at ſome times in ſo proper a diſpoſition, that indeed I have trembled for the boxes, and feared the entertainment would end in the repreſentation of the rape of the *Sabines*.

I WOULD not be underſtood in this talk to argue, that nothing is tolerable on the ſtage but what has an immediate tendency to the promotion of virtue. On the contrary, I can allow, provided there is nothing againſt the intereſts of virtue, and is not offenſive to good-manners, that things of an indifferent nature may be repreſented. For this reaſon I have no exceptions to the well drawn ruſticities on the *Country wake*; and there is ſomething ſo miraculouſly pleaſant in *Dogget*'s acting the awkward triumph and comic ſorrow of *Hob* in different circumſtances, that I ſhall not be able to ſtay away whenever it is acted. All that vexes me is, that the gallantry of taking the cudgels for *Glouceſterſhire*, with the pride of heart in tucking himſelf up, and taking aim at his adverſary, as well as the other's proteſtation, in the humanity of low romance, that he could not promiſe the ſquire to break *Hob*'s head, but he would, if he could, do it in love; then flouriſh and begin: I ſay, what vexes me is, that ſuch excellent touches as theſe, as well as the ſquire's being out of all patience at *Hob*'s ſucceſs, and venturing himſelf in the croud, are circumſtances hardly taken notice of, and the height of the jeſt is only in the very point that heads are broken. I am confident, were there a ſcene written, wherein *Pinkethman* ſhould break his leg by wreſtling with *Bullock*, and *Dicky* come in to ſet it,

without one word ſaid but what ſhould be according to the exacteſt rules of ſurgery in making the extenſion, and binding up of the leg, the whole houſe ſhould be in a roar of applauſe at the diſſembled anguiſh of the patient, the help given by him who threw him down, and the handy addreſs and arch looks of the ſurgeon. To enumerate the entrance of ghoſts, the embattling of armies, the noiſe of heroes in love, with a thouſand other enormities, would be to tranſgreſs the bounds of this paper, for which reaſon it is poſſible they may have hereafter diſtinct diſcourſes; not forgetting any of the audience who ſhall ſet up for actors, and interrupt the play on the ſtage: and players who ſhall prefer the applauſe of fools to that of the reaſonable part of the company. T

Nº 503. *Tueſday, October 7.*

Deleo omnes dehinc ex animo mulieres.

Ter. Eun. act. 2. ſc. 3.

From henceforward I blot out of my thoughts all memory of womankind.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'YOU have often mentioned with great vehemence and indignation the miſbehaviour of people at 'church; but I am at preſent to talk to you on that ſubject, and complain to you of one, whom at the ſame 'time I know not what to accuſe of, except it be looking too well there, and diverting the eyes of the congregation to that one object. However, I have this to 'ſay, that ſhe might have ſtaid at her own pariſh, and 'not come to perplex thoſe who are otherwiſe intent upon their duty.

'LAST *Sunday* was ſeven night I went to a church 'not far from *London-Bridge*; but I wiſh I had been contented to go to my own pariſh, I am ſure it had been 'better for me: I ſay, I went, to church thither, and got 'into a pew very near the pulpit. I had hardly been ac-

'commodated

'commodated with a ſeat, before there entered into the 'iſle a young lady in the very bloom of youth and beauty, 'and dreſſed in the moſt elegant manner imaginable. Her 'form was ſuch, that it engaged the eyes of the whole 'congregation in an inſtant, and mine among the reſt. 'Though we were all thus fixed upon her, ſhe was not 'in the leaſt out of countenance, or under the leaſt diſor-'der, though unattended by any one, and not ſeeming to 'know particularly where to place herſelf. However, ſhe 'had not in the leaſt a confident aſpect, but moved on with 'the moſt graceful modeſty, every one making way 'till 'ſhe came to a ſeat juſt over-againſt that in which I was 'placed. The deputy of the ward ſat in that pew, and 'ſhe ſtood oppoſite to him, and at a glance into the ſeat, 'tho' ſhe did not appear the leaſt acquainted with the gen-'tleman, was let in, with a confuſion that ſpoke much 'admiration at the novelty of the thing. The ſervice im-'mediately began, and ſhe compoſed herſelf for it with 'an air of ſo much goodneſs and ſweetneſs, that the con-'feſſion which ſhe uttered ſo as to be heard where I ſat, 'appeared an act of humiliation more than ſhe had occa-'ſion for. The truth is, her beauty had ſomething ſo in-'nocent, and yet ſo ſublime, that we all gazed upon her 'like a phantom. None of the pictures which we beheld 'of the beſt *Italian* painters, have any thing like the ſpi-'rit which appeared in her countenance, at the different 'ſentiments expreſſed in the ſeveral parts of divine ſer-'vice: that gratitude and joy at a thankſgiving, that low-'lineſs and ſorrow at the prayers for the ſick and diſtreſ-'ſed, that triumph at the paſſages which gave inſtances of 'the divine mercy, which appeared reſpectively in her aſ-'ſpect, will be in my memory to my laſt hour. I proteſt to 'you, Sir, ſhe ſuſpended the devotion of every one around 'her; and the eaſe ſhe did every thing with, ſoon diſ-'perſed the churliſh diſlike and heſitation in approving 'what is excellent, too frequent among us, to a general 'attention and entertainment in obſerving her behaviour. 'All the while that we were gazing at her, ſhe took no-'tice of no object about her, but had an art of ſeeming 'awkwardly attentive, whatever elſe her eyes were acci-'dentally thrown upon. One thing indeed was particular, 'ſhe ſtood the whole ſervice, and never kneeled or ſat;

'I do not queſtion but that was to ſhew herſelf with the 'greater advantage, and ſet forth to better grace her hands 'and arms lifted up with the moſt ardent devotion, and 'her boſom, the faireſt that was ever ſeen, bare to obſer-'vation; while ſhe, you muſt think, knew nothing of the 'concern ſhe gave others, any other than as an example 'of devotion, that threw herſelf out, without regard to 'dreſs or garment, all contrition, and looſe of all world-'ly regards, in extacy of devotion. Well, now the or-'gan was to play a voluntary, and ſhe was ſo ſkilful in 'muſic, and ſo touched with it, that ſhe kept time, not 'only with ſome motion of her head, but alſo with a dif-'ferent heir in her countenance. When the muſic was 'ſtrong and bold, ſhe looked exalted, but ſerious; when 'lively and airy, ſhe was ſmiling and gracious: when the 'notes were more ſoft and languiſhing, ſhe was kind and 'full of pity. When ſhe had now made it viſible to the 'whole congregation, by her motion and ear, that ſhe 'could dance, and ſhe wanted now only to inform us, 'that ſhe could ſing too, when the pſalm was given out, 'her voice was diſtinguiſhed above all the reſt, or rather 'people did not exert their own in order to hear her. Ne-'ver was any heard ſo ſweet and ſo ſtrong. The orga-'niſt obſerved it, and he thought fit to play to her only, 'and ſhe ſwelled every note, when ſhe found ſhe had 'thrown us all out, and had the laſt verſe to herſelf in 'ſuch a mannner as the whole congregation was intent up-'on her, in the ſame manner as we ſee in the cathed-'rals they are on the perſon who ſings alone the anthem. 'Well, it came at laſt to the ſermon, and our young la-'dy would not loſe her part in that neither; for ſhe fixed 'her eye upon the preacher, and as he ſaid any thing ſhe 'approved, with one of *Charles Mather*'s fine tables ſhe 'ſet down the ſentence, at once ſhewing her fine hand; 'the gold pen, her readineſs in writing, and her judgment 'in chuſing what to writ. To ſum up what I intend 'by this long and particular account, I mean to appeal 'to you whether it is reaſonable that ſuch a creature as 'this ſhall come from a janty part of the town, and give 'herſelf ſuch violent airs, to the diſturbance of an inno-'cent and inoffenſive congregation, with her ſublimities. 'The fact, I aſſure you, was as I have related; but I

'had

had like to have forgot another very conſiderable particular. As ſoon as church was done, ſhe immediately ſtepped out of her pew, and fell into the fineſt pitty-pat air, forſooth, wonderfully out of countenance, toſſing her head up and down, as ſhe ſwam along the body of the church. I, with ſeveral others of the inhabitants, followed her out, and ſaw her hold up her fan to an hackney-coach at a diſtance, who immediately came up to her, and ſhe whipped into it with great nimbleneſs, pulled the door with a bowing mien, as if ſhe had been uſed to a better glaſs. She ſaid aloud, *You know where to go*, and drove off. By this time the beſt of the congregation was at the church door, and I could hear ſome ſay, *A very fine lady*; others, *I'll warrant ye, ſhe's no better than ſhe ſhould be*; and one very wiſe old lady ſaid, *She ought to have been taken up.* Mr SPECTATOR, I think this matter lies wholly before you; for the offence does not come under any law, though it is apparent this creature came among us only to give herſelf airs, and enjoy her full ſwing in being admired. I deſire you would print this, that ſhe may be confined to her own pariſh; for I can aſſure you there is no attending any thing elſe in a place where ſhe is a novelty. She has been talked of among us ever ſince under the name of the *Phantom*: Bet I would adviſe her to come no more; for there is ſo ſtrong a party made by the women againſt her, that ſhe muſt expect they will not be excelled a ſecond time in ſo outrageous a manner, without doing her ſome inſult. Young women, who aſſume after this rate, and affect expoſing themſelves to view in congregations at t'other end of the town, are not ſo miſchievous, becauſe they are rivalled by more of the ſame ambition; who will not let the reſt of the company be particular: but in the name of the whole congregation where I was, I deſire you to keep theſe agreeable diſturbances out of the city, where ſobriety of manners is ſtill preſerved, and all glaring and oſtentatious behaviour, even in things laudable, diſcountenanced. I wiſh you may never ſee the *Phantom*, and am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

RALPH WONDER.

Nº 504. *Wednesday, October 8.*

Lepus tute es, et pulpamentum quæris,
Ter. Eun. act. 3. sc. 1.

You are a hare yourself, and want dainties, forsooth.

IT is a great convenience to those who want wit to furnish out a conversation, that there is something or other in all companies where it is wanted, substituted in its stead, which, according to their taste, does the business as well. Of this nature is the agreeable pastime in country-halls of cross purposes, questions and commands, and the like. A little superior to these are those who can play at crambo, or cap verses. Then above them are such as can make verses, that is rhyme; and among those who have the *Latin* tongue, such as use to make what they call *golden verses*. Commend me also to those who have not brains enough for any of these exercises, and yet do not give up their pretensions to mirth. These can slap you on the back unawares, laugh loud, ask you how you do with a twang on your shoulders, say you are dull to-day, and laugh a voluntary to put you in humour; not to mention the laborious way among the minor poets, of making things come into such and such a shape, as that of an egg, an hand, an ax, or any thing that nobody had ever thought on before for that purpose, or which would have cost a great deal of pains to accomplish it if they did. But all these methods, though they are mechanical, and may be arrived at with the smallest capacity, do not serve an honest gentleman who wants wit for his ordinary occasions; therefore it is absolutely necessary that the poor in imagination should have something which may be serviceable to them at all hours upon all common occurrences. That which we call punning is therefore greatly affected by men of small intellects. These men need not be concerned with you for the whole sentence; but if they can say a quaint thing, or bring in a word which sounds like any one word you have spoken to them, they can turn the discourse, or distract you, so that you cannot go on, and by

by conſequence if they cannot be as witty as you are, they can hinder your being any wittier than they are. Thus if you talk of a candle, he *can deal* with you; and if you aſk to help you to ſome bread, a punſter ſhould think himſelf very *ill-bred* if he did not; and if he is not as *well-bred* as yourſelf, he hopes for *grains* of allowance. If you do not underſtand that laſt fancy, you muſt recolleſt that bread is made of grain; and ſo they go on for ever, without poſſibility of being exhauſted.

THERE are another kind of people of ſmall faculties, who ſupply want of wit with want of breeding; and becauſe women are both by nature and education more offended at any thing which is immodeſt than we men are, theſe are ever harping upon things they ought not to allude to, and deal mightily in double meanings. Every one's own obſervation will ſuggeſt inſtances enough of this kind, without my mentioning any; for your double meaners are diſperſed up and down thro' all parts of town or city where there are any to offend, in order to ſet off themſelves. Theſe men are mighty loud laughers, and held very pretty gentlemen with the ſillier and unbred part of womankind. But above all already mentioned, or any who ever were, or ever can be in the world, the happieſt and ſureſt to be pleaſant, are a ſort of people whom we have not indeed lately heard much of, and thoſe are your *Biters*.

A *Biter* is one who tells you a thing, you have no reaſon to diſbelieve in itſelf, and perhaps has given you, before he bit you, no reaſon to diſbelieve it for his ſaying it; and if you give him credit, laughs in your face, and triumphs that he has deceived you. In a word, a *Biter* is one who thinks you a fool, becauſe you do not think him a knave. This deſcription of him one may inſiſt upon to be a juſt one; for what elſe but a degree of knavery is it, to deſcend upon deceit for what you gain of another, be it in point of wit, or intereſt, or any thing elſe?

THIS way of wit is called *Biting*, by a metaphor taken from beaſts of prey, which devour harmleſs and unarmed animals, and look upon them as their food where-ever they meet them. The ſharpers about town very ingeniouſly underſtood themſelves to be to the undeſigning part of mankind what foxes are to lambs, and therefore uſed the word *Biting* to expreſs any exploit wherein they had over-

reach'd

reach'd any innocent and inadvertant man of his purſe. Theſe raſcals of late years have been the gallants of the town, and carried it with a faſhionable haughty air to the diſcouragement of modeſty, and all honeſt arts. Shallow fops, who are governed by the eye, and admire every thing that ſtruts in vogue, took up from the ſharpers the phraſe of *Biting*, and uſed it upon all occaſions, either to diſown any nonſenſical ſtuff they ſhould talk themſelves, or evade the force of what was reaſonably ſaid by others. Thus, when one of theſe cunning creatures was entered into a debate with you, whether it was practicable in the preſent ſtate of affairs to accompliſh ſuch a propoſition, and you thought he had let fall what deſtroyed his ſide of the queſtion as ſoon as you looked with an earneſtneſs ready to lay hold of it, he immediately cry'd, *Bite*, and you were immediately to acknowledge all that part was in jeſt. They carry this to all the extravagance imaginable, and if one of theſe witlings knows any particulars which may give authority to what he ſays, he is ſtill the more ingenious if he impoſes upon your credulity. I remember a remarkable inſtance of this kind. There came up a ſhrewd young fellow to a plain young man, his countryman, and taking him aſide with a grave concerned countenance, goes on at this rate: I ſee you here, and have you heard nothing out of *Yorkſhire?*——You look ſo ſurpriſed you could not have heard of it——and yet the particulars are ſuch that it cannot be falſe: I am ſorry I am got into it ſo far that I now muſt tell you; but I know not but it may be for your ſervice to know——on *Tueſday* laſt, juſt after dinner—you know his manner is to ſmoke, opening his box, your father fell down dead of an apoplexy. The youth ſhewed the filial ſorrow which he ought—Upon which the witty man cried, *Bite, there was nothing in all this.*——

To put an end to this ſilly, pernicious, frivolous way at once, I will give the reader one late inſtance of a *bite* which no *biter* for the future will ever be able to equal, tho' I heartily wiſh him the ſame occaſion. It is a ſuperſtition with ſome ſurgeons who beg the bodies of condemned malefactors, to go to the gaol, and bargain for the carcaſe with the criminal himſelf. A good honeſt fellow did ſo laſt ſeſſions, and was admitted to the condemned men on the morning wherein they died. The

ſurgeon

ſurgeon communicated his buſineſs, and fell into diſcourſe with a little fellow, who refuſed twelve ſhillings, and inſiſted upon fifteen for his body. The fellow, who killed the officer of *Newgate*, very forwardly, and like a man who was willing to deal, told him, Look you, Mr Surgeon, that little dry fellow, who has been half-ſtarved all his life, and is now half dead with fear, cannot anſwer your purpoſe. I have ever lived highly and freely, my veins are full, I have not pined in impriſonment; you ſee my creſt ſwells to your knife, and after *Jack-Catch* has done, upon my honour you'll find me as ſound as e'er a bullock in any of the markets. Come, for twenty ſhillings I am your man —— Says the Surgeon, done, there's a guinea—This witty rogue took the money, and as ſoon as he had it in his fiſt, cries, *Bite, I am to be hang'd in chains.* T

N° 505. *Thurſday, October 9.*

Non habeo denique nauci Marſum augerem,
Non vicanos aruſpices, non de circo aſtrologos,
Non Iſacos conjectores, non interpretes ſomnium:
Non enim ſunt ii, aut ſcientia, aut arte divini,
Sed ſuperſtitioſi vates, impudenteſque harioli,
Aut inertes, aut inſani, aut quibus egeſtus imperat:
Qui ſui quæſtas cauſa fictas ſuſcitant ſententias,
Qui ſibi ſemitam non ſapiunt, alteri monſtrant viam,
Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam petunt:
De divitiis deducant drachmam, reddant cætera.

Ennius.

Augurs, and ſoothſayers, aſtrologers,
Diviners, and interpreters of dreams,
I ne'er conſult, and heartily deſpiſe:
Vain their pretence to more than human ſkill:
For gain imaginary ſchemes they draw;—
Wand'rers themſelves, they guide another's ſteps:
And for poor ſixpence promiſe countleſs wealth:
Let them, if they expect to be believ'd,
Deduct the ſixpence, and beſtow the reſt.

THOSE who have maintained that men would be more miſerable than beaſts, were their hopes confined to this

this life only, among other conſiderations take notice that the latter are only afflicted with the anguiſh of the preſent evil, whereas the former are very often pained by the reflection on what is paſſed, and the fear of what is to come. This fear of any future difficulties or misfortunes is ſo natural to the mind, that were a man's ſorrows and diſquietudes ſummed up at the end of his life, it would generally be found that he had ſuffered more from the apprehenſion of ſuch evils as never happened to him, than from thoſe evils which had really befallen him. To this we may add, that among thoſe evils which befal us, there are many that have been more painful to us in the proſpect than by their actual preſſure.

THIS natural impatience to look into futurity, and to know what accidents may happen to us hereafter, has given birth to many ridiculous arts and inventions. Some ſound the preſcience on the lines of a man's hand, others on the features of his face; ſome on the ſignatures which nature has impreſſed on his body, and others on his own hand writing; ſome read men's fortunes in the ſtars, as others have ſearched after them in the intrails of beaſts, or the flights of birds. Men of the beſt ſenſe have been touched more or leſs with theſe groundleſs horrors and preſages of futurity, upon ſurveying the moſt indifferent works of nature. Can any thing be more ſurpriſing than to conſider *Cicero*, who made the greateſt figure at the bar, and in the ſenate of the *Roman* commonwealth, and, at the ſame time outſhined all the philoſophers of antiquity in his library and in his retirements, as buſying himſelf in the college of augurs, and obſerving with a religious attention, after what manner the chickens pecked the ſeveral grains of corn which were thrown to them?

NOTWITHSTANDING theſe follies are pretty well worn out of the minds of the wiſe and learned in the preſent age, multitudes of weak and ignorant perſons are ſtill ſlaves to them. There are numberleſs arts of prediction among the vulgar, which are too trifling to enumerate; and infinite obſervations, of days, numbers, voices, and figures, which are regarded by them as portents and prodigies. In ſhort, every thing propheſies to the ſuperſtitious man; there is ſcarce a ſtraw or a ruſty piece of iron that lies in his way, by accident.

It

It is not to be conceived how many wizards, gipſies, and cunning men are diſperſed through all the countries and market-towns of *Great Britain*, not to mention the fortune-tellers and aſtrologers, who live very comfortably upon the curioſity of ſeveral well-diſpoſed perſons in the cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*.

Among the many pretended arts of divination, there is none which ſo univerſally amuſes as that by dreams. I have indeed obſerved in a late ſpeculation, that there have been ſometimes, upon very extraordinary occaſions, ſupernatural revelations made to certain perſons by this means; but as it is the chief buſineſs of this paper to root out popular errors, I muſt endeavour to expoſe the folly and ſuperſtition of thoſe perſons, who, in the common and ordinary courſe of life, lay any ſtreſs upon things of ſo uncertain, ſhadowy, and chimerical a nature. This I cannot do more effectually than by the following letter, which is dated from a quarter of the town that has always been the habitation of ſome prophetic *Philomath*: it having been uſual time out of mind, for all ſuch people as have loſt their wits, to reſort to that place, either for their cure or for their inſtruction.

Mr Spectator, *Moorfields, Oct.* 4. 1712.

'Having long conſidered whether there be any trade wanting in this great city, after having ſurveyed very attentively all kinds of ranks and profeſſions, I do not find in any quarter of the town an *Oneirocritick*, or, in plain *Engliſh*, an interpreter of dreams. For want of ſo uſeful a perſon, there are ſeveral good people who are very much puzzled in this particular, and dream a whole year together without being ever the wiſer for it. I hope I am pretty well qualified for this office, having ſtudied by candlelight all the rules of art which have been laid down upon this ſubject. My grand uncle by my wife's ſide was a *Scotch* highlander, and ſecond-ſighted. I have four fingers and two thumbs upon one hand, and was born on the longeſt night of the year. My Chriſtian and Sirname begin and end with the ſame letters, I am lodged in *Moorfields*, in a houſe that for theſe fifty years has been always tenanted by a conjurer.

'If you had been in company, ſo much as myſelf, with

'ordinary

'ordinary women of the town, you must know, that there 'are many of them who every day of their lives, upon 'seeing or hearing of any thing that is unexpected, cry, '*My dream is out*: and cannot go to sleep in quiet the 'next night, till something or other has happened which 'has expounded the visions of the preceding one. There 'are others who are in very great pain for not being able 'to recover the circumstances of a dream, that made 'strong impressions upon them while it lasted. In short, 'Sir, there are many whose waking thoughts are wholly 'employed on their sleeping ones. For the benefit there-'fore of this curious and inquisitive part of my fellow-sub-'jects. I shall in the first place tell those persons what they 'dream'd of, who fancy they never dream at all. In the 'next place I shall make out any dream, upon hearing a 'single circumstance of it. And in the last place, shall ex-'pond to them the good or bad fortune which such 'dreams portend. If they do not presage good luck, I 'shall desire nothing for my pains; not questioning at the 'same time that those who consult me will be so reasonable 'as to afford me a moderate share out of any considerable 'estate, profit or emolument which I shall discover to them, 'I interpret to the poor for nothing, on condition that 'their names may be inserted in public advertisements, to 'attest the truth of such my interpretations. As for peo-'ple of quality or others who are indisposed, and do not 'care to come in person, I can interpret their dreams by 'seeing their water. I set aside one day in the week for 'lovers; and interpret by the great for any gentlewoman 'who is turned of sixty, after the rate of half a crown *per* 'week, with the usual allowances for good luck. I have 'several rooms and apartments fitted up, at reasonable 'rates, for such as have not conveniencies for dreaming at 'their own houses.

TITUS TROPHONIUS.

N. B. I am not dumb.

N° 506. *Friday, October 10.*

Candida perpetuo reſide, concordia, lecto,
Tamque pari ſemper ſit Venus æqua jugo.
Deligat illa ſenem quondam: ſed et ipſa marito.
Tunc quoque cum fuerit, non videatur anus.

Mart. epig. 13. l. 4. v. 7.

Perpetual harmony their bed attend,
And Venus *ſtill the well-match'd pair befriend.*
May ſhe, when time has ſunk him into years,
Love her old man, and cheriſh his white hairs;
Nor he perceive her charms thro' age decay,
But think each happy ſun his bridal day.

THE following eſſay is written by the gentleman to whom the world is obliged for thoſe ſeveral excellent diſcourſes which have been marked with the letter X.

I Have ſomewhere met with a fable that made *wealth* the father of *love*. It is certain that a mind ought, at leaſt, to be free from the apprehenſions of want and poverty, before it can fully attend to all the ſoftneſſes and endearments of this paſſion. Notwithſtanding, we ſee multitudes of married people, who are utter ſtrangers to this delightful paſſion, amidſt all the affluence of the moſt plentiful fortunes.

IT is not ſufficient to make a marriage happy, that the humours of two people ſhould be alike: I would inſtance an hundred pair, who have not the leaſt ſentiment of love remaining for one another, yet are ſo like in their humours, that if they were not already married, the whole world would deſign them for man and wife.

THE ſpirit of love has ſomething ſo extreamly fine in it, that is very often diſturbed and loſt, by ſome little accidents, which the careleſs and unpolite never attain to, till it is gone paſt recovery.

NOTHING has more contributed to baniſh it from a married ſtate, than too great a familiarity, and laying aſide the

common rules of decency. Though I could give inſtances of this in ſeveral particulars, I ſhall only mention that of *dreſs*. The beaus and belles about town, who dreſs purely to catch one another, think there is no farther occaſion for the bait, when their firſt deſign has ſucceeded. But beſides the too common fault in point of neatneſs, there are ſeveral others which I do not remember to have ſeen touched upon, but in one of our modern comedies, where a *French* woman offering to undreſs and dreſs herſelf before the lover of the play, and aſſuring her miſtreſs that it was very uſual in *France*, the lady tells her that's a ſecret in dreſs ſhe never knew before, and that ſhe was ſo unpoliſhed an *Engliſh* woman, as to reſolve never to learn to dreſs even before her huſband.

THERE is ſomething ſo groſs in the carriage of ſome wives, that they loſe their huſbands hearts for faults, which, if a man has either good-nature or good-breeding, he knows not how to tell them of. I am afraid, indeed, the ladies are generally moſt faulty in this particular; who, at their firſt giving into love, find the way ſo ſmooth and pleaſant, that they fancy it is ſcarce poſſible to be tired in it.

THERE is ſo much nicety and diſcretion required to keep love alive after marriage, and make converſation ſtill new and agreable after twenty or thirty years, that I know nothing which ſeems readily to promiſe it, but an earneſt endeavour to pleaſe on both ſides, and ſuperior good ſenſe on the part of the man.

BY a man of ſenſe, I mean one aquainted with buſineſs and letters.

A WOMAN very much ſettles her eſteem for a man according to the figure he makes in the world, and the character he bears among his own ſex. As learning is the chief advantage we have over them, it is, methinks, as ſcandalous and inexcuſable for a man of fortune to be illiterate, as for a woman not to know how to behave herſelf on the moſt ordinary occaſions. It is this which ſets the two ſexes at the greater diſtance; a woman is vexed and ſurpriſed to find nothing more in the converſation of a man, than in the common tattle of her own ſex.

SOME ſmall engagement at leaſt in buſineſs, not only ſets a man's talents in the faireſt light, and allots him a part to act, in which a wife cannot well intermeddle; but gives

frequent

frequent occaſions for thoſe little abſences, which, whatever ſeeming uneaſineſs they may give, are ſome of the beſt preſervatives of love and deſire.

THE fair ſex are ſo conſcious to themſelves, that they have nothing in them which can deſerve entirely to engroſs the whole man, that they heartily deſpiſe one, who, to uſe their own expreſſion, is always hanging at their apron ſtrings.

LÆTITIA is pretty, modeſt, tender, and has ſenſe enough; ſhe married *Eraſtus*, who is in a poſt of ſome buſineſs, and has a general taſte in moſt parts of polite learning. *Lætitia*, wherever ſhe viſits, has the pleaſure to hear of ſomething which was handſomly ſaid or done by *Eraſtus*. *Eraſtus*, ſince his marriage, is more gay in his dreſs than ever, and in all companies is as complaiſant to *Lætitia* as to any other lady. I have ſeen him give her her fan, when it was dropped, with all the gallantry of a lover. When they take the air together, *Eraſtus* is continually improving her thoughts, and, with a turn of wit and ſpirit which is peculiar to him, giving her an inſight into things ſhe had no notion of before. *Lætitia* is tranſported at having a new world thus opened to her, and hangs upon the man that gives her ſuch agreeable informations. *Eraſtus* has carried this point ſtill further, as he makes her daily not only more fond of him, but infinitely more ſatisfied with herſelf. *Eraſtus* finds a juſtneſs or beauty in whatever ſhe ſays or obſerves, that *Lætitia* herſelf was not aware of; and, by his aſſiſtance, ſhe has diſcovered an hundred good qualities and accompliſhments in herſelf, which ſhe never before once dreamed of. *Eraſtus*, with the moſt artful complaiſance in the world, by ſeveral remote hints, finds the means to make her ſay or propoſe almoſt whatever he has a mind to, which he always receives as her own diſcovery, and gives her all the reputation of it.

ERASTUS has a perfect taſte in painting, and carried *Lætitia* with him the other day to ſee a collection of pictures. I ſometimes viſit this happy couple. As we were laſt week walking in the long gallery before dinner, 'I 'have lately laid out ſome money on paintings, ſays *Era*-'*ſtus*; I bought that *Venus* and *Adonis* purely upon *Læ*-'*titia*'s judgment; it coſt me threeſcore guineas, and I 'was this morning offered an hundred for it.' I turned

towards *Lætitia*, and ſaw her cheeks glow with pleaſure, while at the ſame time ſhe caſt a look upon *Eraſtus*, the moſt tender and affectionate I ever beheld.

FLAVILLA married *Tom Tawdry*; ſhe was taken with his laced coat and rich ſword knot: ſhe has the mortification to ſee *Tom* deſpiſed by all the worthy part of his own ſex. *Tom* has nothing to do after dinner but to determine whether he will pare his nails at St. *James's White's*, or his own houſe. He has ſaid nothing to *Flavilla* ſince they were married, which ſhe might not have heard as well from her own woman. He however takes great care to keep up the ſaucy ill-natured authority of a huſband. Whatever *Flavilla* happens to aſſert, *Tom* immediately contradicts with an oath by way of preface, and, *My dear, I muſt tell you, you talk moſt confoundedly ſilly*. *Flavilla* had a heart naturally as well diſpoſed for all the tenderneſs of love as that of *Lætitia*; but as love ſeldom continues long after eſteem, it is difficult to determine, at preſent, whether the unhappy *Flavilla* hates or deſpiſes the perſon moſt, whom ſhe is obliged to lead her whole life with. X.

N° 507. *Saturday, October* 11.

Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone phalanges.
Juv. ſat. 2. v 46.

Preſerv'd from ſhame by numbers on our ſide.

THERE is ſomething very ſublime, though very fanciful, in *Plato*'s deſcription of the Supreme Being, that *truth is his body, and light his ſhadow*. According to this definition, there is nothing ſo contradictory to his nature, as Error and Falſhood. The *Platoniſts* have ſo juſt a notion of the Almighty's averſion to every thing which is falſe and erroneous, that they looked upon *truth* as no leſs neceſſary than *virtue*, to qualify a human ſoul for the enjoyment of a ſeparate ſtate. For this reaſon as they recommended moral duties to qualify and ſeaſon the will for a future life, ſo they preſcribed ſeveral contemplations and ſciences

iences to rectify the underſtanding. Thus *Plato* has alled mathematical demonſtrations the cathartics or purgatives of the ſoul, as being the moſt proper means to leanſe it from error, and give it a reliſh of truth: which is he natural food and nouriſhment of the underſtanding, as irtue is the perfection and happineſs of the will.

THERE are many authors who have ſhewn wherein the malignity of a *lie* conſiſts, and ſet forth, in proper colours, he heinouſneſs of the offence. I ſhall here conſider one particular kind of this crime, which has not been ſo much ſpoken to; I mean that abominable practice of *party-lying*. This vice is ſo very predominant among us at preſent, that a man is thought of no principles who does not propagate a certain ſyſtem of lies. The coffee-houſes are ſupported by them, the preſs is chocked with them, eminent authors live upon them. Our bottle converſation is ſo infected with them, that a party-lie is grown as faſhionable an entertainment, as a lively catch or a merry ſtory: the truth of it is, half the great talkers in the nation would be ſtruck dumb, were this fountain of diſcourſe dried up. There is however one advantage reſulting from this deteſtable practice; the very appearances of truth are ſo little regarded, that lies are at preſent diſcharged in the air, and begin to hurt no body. When we hear a party-ſtory from a ſtranger, we conſider whether he is a Whig or a Tory that relates it, and imediately conclude they are words of courſe, in which the honeſt gentleman deſigns to recomend his zeal, without any concern for his veracity. A man is looked upon as bereft of all common ſenſe, that gives credit to the relations of party-writers; nay, his own friends ſhake their heads at him, and conſider him in no other light than as an officious tool or a well-meaning idiot. When it was formerly the faſhion to huſband a lie, and trump it up with ſome extraordinary emergency, it generally did execution, and was not a little ſerviceable to the faction that made uſe of it; but at preſent every man is upon his guard, the artifice has been too often repeated to take effect.

I HAVE frequently wondered to ſee men of probity, who would ſcorn to utter a falſhood for their own particular advantage, give ſo readily into a lie, when it becomes the voice of their faction, notwithſtanding they are thoroughly

roughly ſenſible of it as ſuch. How is it poſſible for thoſe who are men of honour in their perſons, thus to become notorious liars in their party? If we look into the bottom of this matter, we may find, I think, three reaſons for it, and at the ſame time diſcover the inſufficiency of theſe reaſons to juſtify ſo criminal a practice.

In the firſt place, men are apt to think that the guilt of a lie, and conſequently the puniſhment, may be very much diminiſhed, if not wholly worn out, by the multitudes of thoſe who partake in it. Though the weight of a falſhood would be too heavy for *one* to bear, it grows light in their imaginations, when it is ſhared among *many*. But in this caſe a man may very much deceive himſelf; guilt, when it ſpreads through numbers, is not ſo properly divided as multiplied: every one is criminal in proportion to the offence which he commits, not to the number of thoſe who are his companions in it Both the crime and penalty lie as heavy upon every individual of the offending multitude, as they would upon any ſingle perſon, had none ſhared with him in the offence. In a word, the diviſion of guilt is like to that of matter; though it may be ſeparated into infinite portions, every portion ſhall have the whole eſſence of matter in it, and conſiſts of as many parts as the whole did before it was divided.

But in the ſecond place, though multitudes who join in a lie, cannot exempt themſelves from the guilt, they may from the ſhame of it. The ſcandal of a lie is in a manner loſt and annihilated, when diffuſed among ſeveral thouſands; as a drop of the blackeſt tincture wears away and vaniſhes when mixed and confuſed in a conſiderable body of water; the blot is ſtill in it, but is not able to diſcover itſelf. This is certainly a very great motive to ſeveral party offenders, who avoid crimes, not as they are prejudicial to their virtue but to their reputation. It is enough to ſhew the weakneſs of this reaſon, which palliates guilt without removing it, that every man who is influenced by it declares himſelf in effect an infamous hypocrite, prefers the appearance of virtue to its reality, and is determined in his conduct neither by the dictates of his own conſcience, the ſuggeſtions of true honour, nor the principles of religion.

The third and laſt great motive for mens joining in a popular

popular falſehood, or, as I have hitherto called it, a party-lie, notwithſtanding they are convinced of it as ſuch, is the doing good to a cauſe, which every part may be ſuppoſed to look upon as the moſt meritorious. The unſoundneſs of this principle has been ſo often expoſed, and is ſo univerſally acknowledged, that a man muſt be an utter ſtranger to the principles, either of natural religion or Chriſtianity, who ſuffers himſelf to be guided by it. If a man might promote the ſuppoſed good of his country by the blackeſt calumnies and falſehoods, our nation abounds more in patriots than any other of the Chriſtian world. When *Pompey* was deſired not to ſet ſail in a tempeſt that would hazard his life, *It is neceſſary for me*, ſays he, *to ſail, but it is not neceſſary for me to live*: every man ſhould ſay to himſelf with the ſame ſpirit, It is my duty to ſpeak truth, though it is not my duty to be in an office. One of the fathers hath carried this point ſo high, as to declare, *He would not tell a lie, though he were ſure to gain heaven by it.* However extravagant ſuch a proteſtation may appear, every one will own, that a man may ſay very reaſonably, *He would not tell a lie, if he were ſure to gain hell by it*; or if you have a mind to ſoften the expreſſion, that he would not tell a lie to gain any temporal reward by it, when he ſhould run the hazard of loſing much more than it was poſſible for him to gain. O

N° 508. *Monday, October 13.*

Omnes autem et habentur et dicuntur tyranni, qui, poteſtate ſunt perpetua, in ea civitate quæ libertate uſa eſt. Corn. Nepos in Milt. c. 8.

For all thoſe are accounted and denominated tyrants, who exerciſe a perpetual power in that ſtate, which was before free.

THE following letters complain of what I have frequently obſerved with very much indignation; therefore I ſhall give them to the public in the words with which

my

my correſpondents, who ſuffer under the hardſhips mentioned in them, deſcribe them.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'IN former ages all pretenſions to dominion have been ſupported and ſubmitted to, either upon account of inheritance, conqueſt, or election; and all ſuch perſons who have taken upon them any ſovereignty over their fellow-creatures upon any other account, have been always called Tyrants, not ſo much becauſe they were guilty of any particular barbarities, as becauſe every attempt to ſuch a ſuperiority was in its nature tyrannical. But there is another ſort of potentates who may with greater propriety be called tyrants than thoſe laſt mentioned, both as they aſſume a deſpotic dominion over thoſe as free as themſelves, and as they ſupport it by acts of notable oppreſſion and injuſtice; and theſe are the rulers in all clubs and meetings. In other governments, the puniſhments of ſome have been alleviated by the rewards of others; but what makes the reign of theſe potentates ſo particularly grievous is, that they are exquiſite in puniſhing their ſubjects, at the ſame time they have it not in their power to reward them. That the reader may the better comprehend the nature of theſe monarchs, as well as the miſerable ſtate of thoſe that are their vaſſals, I ſhall give an account of the king of the company I am fallen into, whom for his particular tyranny I ſhall call *Dionyſius*; as alſo of the ſeeds that ſprung up to this odd ſort of empire.

'UPON all meetings at taverns, 'tis neceſſary ſome one of the company ſhould take it upon him to get all things in ſuch order and readineſs, as may contribute as much as poſſible to the felicity of the convention; ſuch as haſtning the fire, getting a ſufficient number of candles, taſting the wine with a judicious ſmack, fixing the ſupper, and being briſk for the diſpatch of it. Know then, that *Dionyſius* went thro' theſe offices with an air that ſeemed to expreſs a ſatisfaction rather in ſerving the public, than in gratifying any particular inclination of his own. We thought him a perſon of an exquiſite palate, and therefore by conſent beſeeched him to be always our proveditor; which poſt, after he had handſomely

ſomely denied, he could do no otherways than accept. At firſt he made no other uſe of his power than in recommending ſuch and ſuch things to the company, ever allowing theſe points to be diſputable; inſomuch that I have often carried the debate for partridge, when his majeſty has given intimation of the high reliſh of duck, but at the ſame time has chearfully ſubmitted, and devoured his partridge with moſt gracious reſignation. This ſubmiſſion on his ſide naturally produced the like on ours; of which he in a little time made ſuch barbarous advantage, as in all thoſe matters which before ſeemed indifferent to him, to iſſue out certain edicts as uncontrolable and unalterable as the laws of the *Medes* and *Perſians*. He is by turns outrageous, peeviſh, froward and jovial. He thinks it our duty, for the little offices, as proveditor, that in return all converſation is to be interrupted or promoted by his inclination for or againſt the preſent humour of the company. We feel, at preſent, in the utmoſt extremity, the inſolence of office; however, I being naturally warm, ventured to oppoſe him in a diſpute about an haunch of veniſon. I was altogether for roaſting, but *Dionyſius* declared himſelf for boiling with ſo much proweſs and reſolution, that the cook thought it neceſſary to conſult his own ſafety, rather than the luxury of my propoſition. With the ſame authority that he orders what we ſhall eat and drink, he alſo commands us where to do it, and we change our taverns according as he ſuſpects any treaſonable practices in the ſettling the bill by the maſter, or ſees any bold rebellion in point of attendance by the waiters. Another reaſon for changing the ſeat of empire, I conceive to be the pride he takes in the promulgation of our ſlavery, though we pay our club for our entertainments even in theſe palaces of our grand monarch. When he has a mind to take the air, a party of us are commanded out by way of life-guards, and we march under as great reſtrictions as they do. If we meet a neighbouring king, we give or keep the way according as we are outnumbered or not; and if the train of each is equal in number, rather than give battle, the ſuperiority is ſoon adjuſted by a deſertion from one of them.

'Now

'Now, the expulſion of theſe unjuſt rulers out of all 'ſocieties would gain a man as everlaſting a reputation, as 'either of the *Brutus's* got from their endeavours to ex- 'tirpate tyranny from among the *Romans*. I confeſs my- 'ſelf to be in a conſpiracy againſt the uſurper of our club; 'and to ſhew my reading, as well as my merciful diſpoſi- 'tion, ſhall allow him 'till the ides of *March* to de- 'throne himſelf. If he ſeems to affect empire 'till that 'time, and does not gradually recede from the incurſions 'he has made upon our liberties, he ſhall find a dinner 'dreſſed which he has no hand in, and ſhall be treated 'with an order, magnificence, and luxury as ſhall break 'his proud heart; at the ſame time that he ſhall be con- 'vinced in his ſtomach, he was unfit for his poſt, and a more 'mild and ſkilful prince receive the acclamations of the 'people, and be ſet up in his room: but, as *Milton* ſays,

——— "Theſe thoughts
"Full counſel muſt mature. Peace is deſpair'd,
"And who can think ſubmiſſion? war, then, war,
"Open or underſtood, muſt be reſolv'd.

I am, Sir, Your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young woman at a gentleman's ſeat in the 'country, who is a particular friend of my father's, 'and came hither to paſs away a month or two with his 'daughters. I have been entertained with the utmoſt ci- 'vility by the whole family, and nothing has been omit- 'ted which can make my ſtay eaſy and agreable on the 'part of the family; but there is a gentleman here, a vi- 'ſitant, as I am, whoſe behaviour has given me great un- 'eaſineſſes. When I firſt arrived here, he uſed me with 'the utmoſt complaiſance; but, forſooth, that was not 'with regard to my ſex, and ſince he has no deſigns upon 'me, he does not know why he ſhould diſtinguiſh me from 'a man in things indifferent. He is, you muſt know, one 'of thoſe familiar coxcombs, who have obſerved ſome 'well-bred men with a good grace converſe with women, 'and ſay no fine things, but yet treat them with that ſort 'of reſpect which flows from the heart and the underſtand- 'ing, but is exerted in no profeſſions of compliments.

This

This puppy, to imitate this excellence, or avoid the contrary fault of being troubleſome in complaiſance, takes upon him to try his talent upon me, inſomuch that he contradicts me upon all occaſions, and one day told me, I lyed. If I had ſtuck him with my bodkin, and behaved myſelf like a man, ſince he won't treat me as a woman, I had I think ſerved him right. I wiſh, Sir, you would pleaſe to give him ſome maxims of behaviour in theſe points, and reſolve me, If all maids are not in point of converſation to be treated by all batchelors as their miſtreſſes? If not ſo, are they not to be uſed as gently as their ſiſters? is it ſufferable, that the fop of whom I complain ſhould ſay, as he would rather have ſuch a one without a groat, than me with the *Indies*? What right has any man to make ſuppoſitions of things not in his power, and then declare his will to the diſlike of one that has never offended him? I aſſure you theſe are things worthy your conſideration, and I hope we ſhall have your thoughts upon them. I am, though a woman, juſtly offended, ready to forgive all this, becauſe I have no remedy but leaving very agreeable company ſooner than I deſire. This alſo is an heinous aggravation of his offence, that he is inflicting baniſhment upon me. Your printing this letter may perhaps be an admonition to reform him: As ſoon as it appears I will write my name at the end of it, and lay it in his way; the making which juſt reprimand, I hope you will put in the power of,

SIR,

T *Your conſtant reader,*
and humble ſervant.

No 509. *Tueſday, October* 14.

Hominis frugi et temperantis functus officium.
Ter. Heaut. act. 3. ſc. 3.

Diſcharging the part of a good oeconomiſt.

THE uſeful knowledge in the following letter ſhall have a place in my paper, though there is nothing in it

it which immediately regards the polite or learned world
I ſay immediately, for upon reflection every man will fin
there is a remote influence upon his own affairs, in th
proſperity or decay of the trading part of mankind. M
preſent correſpondent, I believe, was never in print be
fore; but what he ſays well deſerves a general attentio
though delivered in his own homely maxims, and a kind o
proverbial ſimplicity; which ſort of learning has raiſe
more eſtates than ever were, or will be, from attention t
Virgil, *Horace*, *Tully*, *Seneca*, *Plutarch*, or any of th
reſt, whom, I dare ſay, this worthy citizen would hold t
be indeed ingenious, but unprofitable writers. But to th
letter.

Mr WILLIAM SPECTATOR.

SIR, *Broadſtreet, Oct.* 10. 171

'I ACCUSE you of many diſcourſes on the ſubject o
'money, which you have heretofore promiſed th
'public but have not diſcharged yourſelf thereof. But,
'foraſmuch as you ſeemed to depend upon advice from
'others what to do in that point, have ſat down t
'write you the needful upon that ſubject. But, be
'fore I enter thereupon, I ſhall take this opportunity
'to obſerve to you, that the thriving frugal man ſhew
'it in every part of his expence, dreſs, ſervants, an
'houſe; and I muſt, in the firſt place complain t
'you, as SPECTATOR, that in theſe particulars there
'is at this time, throughout the city of *London*, a la-
'mentable change from that ſimplicity of manners
'which is the true ſource of wealth and proſperity.
'juſt now ſaid the man of thrift ſhews regularity in
'every thing; but you may, perhaps, laugh that I take
'notice of ſuch a particular as I am going to do, fo
'an inſtance that this city is declining, if their antien
'oeconomy is not reſtored. The thing which gives m
'this proſpect, and ſo much offence, is the neglect of th
'*Royal Exchange*, I mean the edifice ſo called, and the
'walks appertaining thereunto. The *Royal Exchang*
'is a fabric that well deſerves to be ſo called, as well t
'expreſs that our monarchs higheſt glory and advantage
'conſiſts in being the patrons of trade, as that it is com-
'modious for buſineſs, and an inſtance of the grandeu
'both

both of prince and people. But alas! at preſent it hardly ſeems to be ſet apart for any ſuch uſe or purpoſe. Inſtead of the aſſembly of honourable merchants, ſubſtantial tradeſmen, and knowing maſters of ſhips; the mumpers, the halt, the blind, and the lame; your venders of traſh, apples, plumbs; your raggamuffians, rakeſhames, and wenches, have joſtled the greater number of the former out of that place. Thus it is, eſpecially on the evening-change: ſo that what with the din of ſquallings, oaths, and cries of beggars, men of the greateſt conſequence in our city abſent themſelves from the place. This particular, by the way, is of evil conſequence; for if the *Change* be no place for men of the higheſt credit to frequent, it will not be a diſgrace to thoſe of leſs abilities to abſent. I remember the time when raſcally company were kept out, and the unlucky boys with toys and balls were whipped away by a beadle. I have ſeen this done indeed of late, but then it has been only to chace the lads from chuck, that the beadle might ſeize their copper.

'I MUST repeat the abomination, that the walnut trade is carried on by old women within the walks, which makes the place impaſſable by reaſon of ſhells and traſh. The benches around are ſo filthy, that no one can ſit down; yet the beadles and officers have the impudence at *Chriſtmaſs* to aſk for their box, though they deſerve the ſtrapado. I do not think it impertinent to have mentioned this, becauſe it ſpeaks a neglect in the domeſtic care of the city, and the domeſtic is the trueſt picture of a man every where elſe.

'BUT I deſigned to ſpeak on the buſineſs of money and advancement of gain. The man proper for this, ſpeaking in the general, is of a ſedate, plain, good underſtanding, not apt to go out of his way, but ſo behaving himſelf at home, that buſineſs may come to him. Sir *William Turner*, that valuable citizen, has left behind him a moſt excellent rule, and couched it in very few words, ſuited to the meaneſt capacity. He would ſay *Keep your ſhop, and your ſhop will keep you.* It muſt be confeſſed, that if a man of a great genius could add ſteadineſs to his vivacities, or ſubſtitute ſlower men of fidelity to tranſact the methodical part of his affairs, ſuch

'a one would outſtrip the reſt of the world: but buſineſs
'and trade is not to be managed by the ſame heads
'which write poetry, and make plans for the conduct of
'life in general. So though we are at this day beholden
'to the late witty and inventive duke of *Buckingham* for
'the whole trade and manufacture of glaſs, yet I ſuppoſe
'there is no one will aver, that, were his grace yet liv-
'ing, they would not rather deal with my diligent friend
'and neighbour, Mr *Gumly*, for any goods to be prepa-
'red and delivered on ſuch a day, than he would with
'that illuſtrious mechanic above mentioned.

'No, no, *Mr* SPECTATOR, you wits muſt not pre-
'tend to be rich; and it is poſſible the reaſon may be,
'in ſome meaſure, becauſe you deſpiſe, or at leaſt you do
'not value it enough to let it take up your chief attenti-
'on; which the trader muſt do, or loſe his credit, which
'is to him what honour, reputation, fame, or glory is to
'other ſort of men.

'I SHALL not ſpeak to the point of caſh itſelf, 'till I
'ſee how you approve of theſe my maxims in general;
'But I think, a ſpeculation upon *Many a little makes a*
'*mickle*; *a penny ſaved is a penny got*; *penny wiſe and*
'*pound fooliſh*; *it is need that makes the old wife trot*,
'would be very uſeful to the world, and if you treated
'them with knowledge would be very uſeful to yourſelf;
'for it would make demands for your paper among thoſe
'who have no notion of it at preſent. But of theſe matters
'more hereafter. If you did this, as you excel many wri-
'ters of the preſent age for politeneſs, ſo you would out-
'go the author of the true ſtraps of razors for uſe.

'I SHALL conclude this diſcourſe with an explanation of
'a proverb, which by vulgar error is taken and uſed when
'a man is reduced to an extremity, whereas the propriety
'of the maxim is to uſe it when you would ſay, there is
'plenty, but you muſt make ſuch a choice as not to hurt
'another who is to come after you.

'Mr *TOBIAS HOBSON*, from whom we have the
'expreſſion, was a very honourable man, for I ſhall ever
'call the man ſo who gets an eſtate honeſtly. Mr *To-*
'*bias Hobſon* was a carrier, and being a man of great a-
'bilities and invention, and one that ſaw where there
'might good profit ariſe, tho' the duller men over-looked
'it;

it; this ingenious man was the first in this island who let out hackney horses. He lived in *Cambridge*, and observing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow, as they have done since the death of this worthy man: I say, Mr *Hobson* kept a stable of forty good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling; but when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable-door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance; and every horse ridden with the same justice: from whence it became a proverb when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, *Hobson's Choice*. This memorable man stands drawn in fresco at an inn (which he used) in *Bishopsgate-street*, with an hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription upon the said bag;

The fruitful mother of an hundred more.

'WHATEVER tradesman will try the experiment, and begin the day after you publish this my discourse to treat his customers all alike, and all reasonably and honestly, I will insure him the same success.

I am, SIR,

Your loving friend,

HEZEKIAH THRIFT.

N° 510. *Wednesday, October 15.*

——*Si sapis,*
Neque præterquam quas ipse amor molestias
Habet addas; et illas, quas habet, recte feras.

Ter. Eun. act. 1. sc. 1.

If you are wise, neither add to the troubles which attend the passion of love, and bear patiently those which are inseparable from it

I WAS the other day driving in a hack thro' *Gerard-street*, when my eye was immediately catched with

the prettieſt object imaginable, the face of a fair girl, between thirteen and fourteen, fixed at the chin to a painted ſaſh and made part of the landſkip. It ſeemed admirably done, and upon throwing myſelf eagerly out of the coach to look at it, it laughed and flung from the window. This amiable figure dwelt upon me; and I was conſidering the vanity of the girl, and her pleaſant coquetry in acting picture, till ſhe was taken notice of, and raiſing the admiration of the beholders. This little circumſtance made me run into reflection upon the force of beauty, and the wonderful influence the female ſex has upon the other part of the ſpecies. Our hearts are ſeized with their inchantments, and there are few of us, but brutal men, who by that hardneſs loſe the chief pleaſure in them, can reſiſt their inſinuations, tho' never ſo much againſt our own intereſt and opinion. It is common with women to deſtroy the good effects a man's following his own way and inclination might have upon his honour and fortune, by interpoſing their power over him in matters wherein they cannot influence him, but to his loſs and diſparagement. I do not know therefore a taſk ſo difficult in human life, as to be proof againſt the importunities of a woman a man loves. There is certainly no armour againſt tears, ſullen looks, or at beſt conſtrained familiarities, in her whom you uſually meet with tranſport and alacrity. Sir *Walter Raleigh* was quoted in a letter (of a very ingenious correſpondent of mine) on this ſubject. That author, who had lived in courts, camps, travelled through many countries, and ſeen many men under ſeveral climates, and of as various complexions, ſpeaks of our impotence to reſiſt the wiles of women, in very ſevere terms. His words are as follow:

WHAT means did the devil find out, or what inſtruments did his own ſubtilty preſent him, as fitteſt and aptеſt to work his miſchief by? Even the unquiet vanity of the woman; ſo as by *Adam*'s hearkning to the voice of his wife, contrary to the expreſs commandment of the living God, mankind by that her incantation became the ſubject of labour, ſorrow, and death; the woman being given to man for a comforter and companion, but not for a counſellor. It is alſo to be noted by whom the woman was tempted; even by the moſt ugly and unworthy of all beaſts, into whom the

the devil entered and perſuaded. Secondly, what was the motive of her diſobedience; even a deſire to know what was moſt unſitting her knowledge; an affection which has ever ſince remained in all the poſterity of her ſex. Thirdly, what was it that moved the man to yield to her perſuaſions; even the ſame cauſe which hath moved all men ſince to the like conſent, namely an unwillingneſs to grieve her or make her ſad, leaſt ſhe ſhould pine and be overcome with ſorrow. But if *Adam* in the ſtate of perfection, and *Solomon* the ſon of *David*, God's choſen ſervant, and himſelf a man endued with the greateſt wiſdom, did both of them diſobey their Creator by the perſuaſion and for the love they bare to a woman, it is not ſo wonderful as lamentable, that other men in ſucceeding ages have been allured to ſo many inconvenient and wicked practices by the perſuaſion of their wives, or other beloved darlings, who cover over and ſhadow many malicious purpoſes with a counterfeit paſſion of diſſimulate ſorrow and unquietneſs.

THE motions of the minds of lovers are no where ſo well deſcribed as in the works of ſkilful writers for the ſtage. The ſcene between *Fulvia* and *Curius*, in the ſecond act of *Johnſon's Cataline*, is an excellent picture of the power of a lady over her gallant. The wench plays with his affections; and as a man of all places in the world wiſhes to make a good figure with his miſtreſs, upon her upbraiding him with want of ſpirits, he alludes to enterpriſes which he cannot reveal but with the hazard of his life. When he is worked thus far, with a little flattery of her opinion of his gallantry, and deſire to know more of it out of her flowing fondneſs to him, he brags to her 'till his life is in her diſpoſal.

WHEN a man is thus liable to be vanquiſhed by the charms of her loves, the ſafeſt way is to determine what is proper to be done, but to avoid all expoſtulation with her before he executes what he has reſolved. Women are ever too hard for us upon a treaty, and one muſt conſider how ſenſeleſs a thing it is to argue with one whoſe looks and geſtures are more prevalent with you, than your reaſon and arguments can be with her. It is a moſt miſerable ſlavery to ſubmit to what you diſapprove, and give up a truth for no other reaſon, but that you had no fortitude to ſupport

you in asserting it. A man has enough to do to conquer his own unreasonable wishes and desires; but he does that in vain, if he has those of another to gratify. Let his pride be in his wife and family, let him give them all the conveniences of life in such a manner as if he were proud of them, but let it be his own innocent pride, and not their exorbitant desires, which are indulged by him. In this case all the little arts imaginable are used to soften a man's heart, and raise his passion above his understanding. But in all concessions of this kind, a man should consider whether the present he makes flows from his own love, or the importunity of his beloved: if from the latter, he is her slave; if from the former, her friend. We laugh it off, and do not weigh this subjection to women with that seriousness which so important a circumstance deserves. Why was courage given to man, if his wife's fears are to frustrate it? When this is once indulged you are no longer her guardian and protector, as you were designed by nature, but, in compliance to her weaknesses, you have disabled yourself from avoiding the misfortunes into which they will lead you both, and you are to see the hour in which you are to be reproached by herself for that very complaisance to her. It is indeed the most difficult mastery over ourselves we can possibly attain, to resist the grief of her who charms us; but let the heart ake, be the anguish never so quick and painful, it is what must be suffered and passed through, if you think to live like a gentleman, or be conscious to yourself that you are a man of honesty. The old argument, that *You do not love me if you deny me this*, which first was used to obtain a trifle, by habitual success will oblige the unhappy man who gives way to it, to resign the cause even of his country and his honour.

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N° 511. *Thursday, October 16.*

Quis non invenit turba quod amaret in illa?
Ovid Ars Am. l. 1. v. 175.

——— Who could fail to find,
In such a croud, a mistress to his mind?

Dear SPEC

FINDING that my last letter took, I do intend to continue my epistolary correspondence with thee, on those dear confounded creatures, *women*. Thou knowest, all the little learning I am master of is upon that subject; I never looked in a book, but for their sakes. I have lately met with two pure stories for a *Spectator*, which I am sure will please mightly, if they pass through thy hands. The first of them I found by chance in an *English* book called *Herodotus*, that lay in my friend *Dapperwit's* window, as I visited him one morning. It luckily opened in the place where I met with the following account. He tells us, that it was the manner among the *Persians* to have several fairs in the kingdom, at which all the young unmarried women were annually exposed to sale. The men who wanted wives came hither to provide themselves: every woman was given to the highest bidder, and the money which she fetched laid aside for the public use, to be employed as thou shalt hear by and by. By this means the richest people had the choice of the market, and culled out all the most extraordinary beauties. As soon as the fair was thus picked, the refuse was to be distributed among the poor, and among those who could not go to the price of a *beauty*. Several of these married the *agreeables*, without paying a farthing for them, unless somebody chanced to think it worth his while to bid for them, in which case the best bidder was always the purchaser. But now you must know, SPEC, it happened in *Persia* as it does in our own country, that there was as many *ugly women*, as *beauties* or *agreeables*; so that by consequence, after the

'the magiſtrates had put off a great many, there were ſtill
'a great many that ſtuck upon their hands. In order there-
'fore to clear the market, the money which the beauties
'had ſold for, was diſpoſed of among the ugly: ſo that a
'poor man, who could not afford to have a beauty for his
'wife, was forced to take up with a fortune, the greateſt
'portion being always given to the moſt deformed. To
'this the author adds, that every poor man was forced
'to live kindly with his wife, or in caſe he repented of his
'bargain, to return her portion with her to the next public
'ſale.

'WHAT I would recommend to thee on this occaſion
'is, to eſtabliſh ſuch an imaginary fair in *Great Britain*;
'thou couldſt make it very pleaſant, by matching women
'of quality with coblers and carmen, or deſcribing titles
'and garters leading off in great ceremony ſhop-keepers
'and farmers daughters. Tho' to tell the truth, I am
'confoundedly afraid that as the love of money prevails
'in our iſland more than it did in *Perſia*, we ſhould find
'that ſome of our greateſt men would chuſe out the por-
'tions and rival one another for the richeſt piece of de-
'formity; and that on the contrary, the toaſts and belles
'would be bought up by extravagant heirs, gameſters and
'ſpendthrifts. Thou couldſt make very pretty reflections
'upon this occaſion in honour of the *Perſian* politics, who
'took care, by ſuch marriages, to beautify the upper part
'of the ſpecies, and to make the greateſt perſons in the
'government the moſt graceful. But this I ſhall leave to
'thy judicious pen.

'I HAVE another ſtory to tell thee, which I likewiſe
'met with in a book. It ſeems the general of the *Tar-*
'*tars*, after having laid ſiege to a ſtrong town in *China*,
'and taken it by ſtorm, would ſet to ſale all the women
'that were found in it. Accordingly, he put each of
'them into a ſack, and after having thoroughly conſider-
'ed the value of the woman who was incloſed, marked
'the price that was demanded for her upon the back.
'There were a great confluence of chapmen, that reſort-
'ed from every part, with a deſign to purchaſe, which
'they were to do *unſight unſeen*. The book mentions a
'merchant in particular, who obſerving one of the ſacks
'to be marked pretty high, bargained for it, and carried

it off with him to his houſe. As he was reſting with it upon a half way bridge, he was reſolved to take a ſurvey of his purchaſe; upon opening the ſack a little old woman popp'd her head out of it; at which the adventurer was in ſo great a rage, that he was going to ſhoot her out into the river. The old lady, however, begged him firſt of all to hear her ſtory, by which he learned that ſhe was ſiſter to a great *Mandarin*, who would infallibly make the fortune of his brother in-law as ſoon as he ſhould know to whoſe lot ſhe fell. Upon which the merchant again tied her up in his ſack, and carried her to his houſe, where ſhe proved an excellent wife, and procured him all the riches from her brother that ſhe had promiſed him.

'I FANCY, if I was diſpoſed to dream a ſecond time, I could make a tolerable viſion upon this plan. I would ſuppoſe all the unmarried women in *London* and *Weſtminſter* brought to market in ſacks with their reſpective price on each ſack. The firſt ſack that is ſold is marked with five thouſand pounds: upon the opening of it, I find it filled with an admirable houſewife of an agreeable countenance: the purchaſer, upon hearing her good qualities pays down her price very chearfully. The ſecond I would open, ſhould be a five hundred pound ſack: the lady in it, to our ſurpriſe, has the face and perſon of a toaſt: as we are wondering how ſhe came to be ſet at ſo low a price, we hear that ſhe would have been valued at ten thouſand pounds, but that the public had made theſe abatements, for her being a ſcold. I would afterwards find ſome beautiful, modeſt, and diſcreet woman, that ſhould be the top of the market; and perhaps diſcover half a dozen romps tied up together in the ſame ſack, at one hundred an head. The prude and the coquette ſhould be valued at the ſame price, tho' the firſt ſhould go off the better of the two. I fancy thou wouldſt like ſuch a viſion, had I time to finiſh it; becauſe, to talk in thy own way, there is a moral in it. Whatever thou mayſt think of it, pray thee do not make any of thy queer apologies for this letter, as thou didſt for my laſt. The women love a gay lively fellow, and are never angry at the railleries of one who is their known admirer. I am always bitter upon them, but well with them. *Thine*,

HONEYCOMB.

N° 512. *Friday, October 17.*

Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 343.

Mixing together profit and delight.

THERE is nothing which we receive with ſo much reluctance as advice. We look upon the man who gives it us as offering an affront to our underſtanding, and treating us like children or idiots. We conſider the inſtruction as an implicit cenſure, and the zeal which any one ſhews for our good on ſuch an occaſion as a piece of preſumption or impertinence. The truth of it is, the perſon who pretends to adviſe, does in that particular, exerciſe a ſuperiority over us, and can have no other reaſon for it, but that in comparing us with himſelf, he thinks us defective either in our conduct or our underſtanding. For theſe reaſons, there is nothing ſo difficult as the art of making advice agreeable; and indeed all the writers, both antient and modern have diſtinguiſhed themſelves among one another, according to the perfection at which they have arrived in this art. How many devices have been made uſe of, to render this bitter potion palatable? Some convey their inſtructions to us in the beſt choſen words, others in the moſt harmonious numbers, ſome in points of wit, and others in ſhort proverbs.

BUT among all the different ways of giving counſel, I think the fineſt, and that which pleaſes the moſt univerſally, is *fable*, in whatſoever ſhape it appears. If we conſider this way of inſtructing or giving advice, it exceeds all others, becauſe it is the leaſt ſhocking, and the leaſt ſubject of thoſe exceptions which I have before mentioned.

THIS will appear to us, if we reflect in the firſt place, that upon the reading of a fable we are made to believe we adviſe ourſelves. We peruſe the author for the ſake of the ſtory, and conſider the precepts rather as our own concluſions than his inſtructions. The moral inſinuates itſelf imperceptibly, we are taught by ſurpriſe, and become wiſer

wiſer and better unawares. In ſhort, by this method a man is ſo far over-reach'd as to think he is directing himſelf, while he is following the dictates of another, and conſequently is not ſenſible of that which is the moſt unpleaſing circumſtance in advice.

In the next place, if we look into human nature, we ſhall find, that the mind is never ſo much pleaſed, as when ſhe exerts herſelf in any action that gives her an idea of her own perfections and abilities. This natural pride and ambition of the ſoul is very much gratified in the reading of a fable: for in writings of this kind, the reader comes in for half of the performance; every thing appears to him like a diſcovery of his own; he is buſied all the while in applying characters and circumſtances, and is in this reſpect both a reader and a compoſer. It is no wonder therefore that on ſuch occaſions, when the mind is thus pleaſed with itſelf, and amuſed with its own diſcoveries, that it is highly delighted with the writing which is the occaſion of it. For this reaſon the *Abſolem* and *Achitophel* was one of the moſt popular poems that ever appeared in *Engliſh*. The poetry is indeed very fine: but had it been much finer, it would not have ſo much pleaſed, without a plan which gave the reader an opportunity of exerting his own talents.

This oblique manner of giving advice is ſo inoffenſive, that if we look into ancient hiſtories, we find the wiſe men of old very often choſe to give counſel to their kings in fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's memory, there is a pretty inſtance of this nature in a *Turkiſh* tale, which I do not like the worſe for that little Oriental extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the ſultan *Mahmoud*, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and deſolation, and half unpeopled the *Perſian* empire. The Viſier to this great Sultan (whether an humouriſt or an enthuſiaſt we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Derviſe to underſtand the language of birds, ſo that there was not a bird that could open his mouth, but the Viſier knew what it was he ſaid. As he was one evening with the emperor, in their return from hunting, they ſaw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of a heap of rubbiſh

I would

'I would fain know, says the Sultan, what these two owls 'are saying to one another; listen to their discourse, and 'give me an account of it.' The Visier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, 'Sir, says he, I have heard 'part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it 'is.' The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the owls had said. 'You must know then, said the Visier, that one of these owls has a son, and the other a 'daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty 'of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of 'the daughter, in my hearing, Brother, I consent to this 'marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter 'fifty ruined villages for her portion. To which the father of the daughter replied Instead of fifty I will give 'her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life 'to Sultan *Mahmoud*; whilst he reigns over us, we shall 'never want ruined villages.'

The story says, the Sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the good of his people.

To fill up my paper, I shall add a most ridiculous piece of natural magic, which was taught by no less a philosopher than *Democritus*, namely that if the blood of certain birds which he mentioned, were mixed together, it would produce a serpent of such a wonderful virtue, that whoever did eat it should be skill'd in the language of birds, and understand every thing they said to one another. Whether the Dervise above mentioned might not have eaten such a serpent, I shall leave to the determinations of the learned.

N° 513. *Saturday, October* 18.

——*Afflata eſt numine quando*
Jam propiore dei—— Virg. Æn. 6. v. 50.

When all the god came ruſhing on her ſoul. Dryden.

THE following letter comes to me from that excellent man in holy orders, whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that ſociety who aſſiſts me in my ſpeculations. It is a *thought in ſickneſs*, and of a very ſerious nature, for which reaſon I give it a place in the paper of this day.

SIR,

'THE indiſpoſition which has long hung upon me, is 'at laſt grown to ſuch a head, that it muſt quickly 'make an end of me, or of itſelf. You may imagine, that 'whilſt I am in this bad ſtate of health, there are none of 'your works which I read with greater pleaſure than 'your *Saturday*'s papers. I ſhould be very glad if I could 'furniſh you with any hints for that day's entertainment. 'Were I able to dreſs up ſeveral thoughts of a ſerious na-'ture, which have made great impreſſions on my mind 'during a long fit of ſickneſs, they might not be an im-'proper entertainment for that occaſion.

'AMONG all the reflections which uſually ariſe in the 'mind of a ſick man, who has time and inclination to 'conſider his approaching end, there is none more natu-'ral than that of his going to appear naked and unembo-'died before Him who made him. When a man conſi-'ders, that as ſoon as the vital union is diſſolved, he ſhall 'ſee that ſupreme Being, whom he now contemplates at a 'diſtance, and only in his works; or, to ſpeak more phi-'loſophically, when by ſome faculty in the ſoul he ſhall 'apprehended the divine Being, and be more ſenſible of his 'preſence, than we are now of the preſence of any object, 'which the eye beholds; a man muſt be loſt in careleſ-'neſs and ſtupidity, who is not alarmed at ſuch a thought,

'Dr *Sherlock*, in his excellent treatiſe upon death, has
'repreſented, in very ſtrong and lively colours, the ſtate
'of the ſoul in its firſt ſeparation from the body, with re-
'gard to that inviſible world which every where ſurrounds
'us, though we are not able to diſcover it through this
'groſſer world of matter, which is accomodated to our
'ſenſes in this life. His words are as follow.

¶ THAT death, which is our leaving this world, is no-
"thing elſe but our putting off theſe bodies, teaches us,
"that it is only our union to theſe bodies, which inter-
"cepts the ſight of the other world: the other world is
"not at ſuch a diſtance from us, as we may imagine; the
"throne of God indeed is at a great remove from this
"earth, above the third heaven, where he diſplays his
"glory to thoſe bleſſed ſpirits which encompaſs his throne;
"but as ſoon as we ſtep out of theſe bodies, we ſtep into
"the other world, which is not ſo properly another world
"(for there is the ſame heaven and earth ſtill) as a new
"ſtate of life. To live in theſe bodies is to live in this
"world; to live out of them is to remove into the next:
"for while our ſouls are confined to theſe bodies, and can
"look only thro' theſe material caſements, nothing but
"what is material can affect us; nay, nothing but what
"is ſo groſs, that it can reflect light, and convey the
"ſhapes and colours of things with it to the eye: ſo that
"tho', within this viſible world, there be a more glorious
"ſcene of things than what appears to us, we perceive no-
"thing at all of it; for this veil of fleſh parts the viſible
"and inviſible world; but when we put off theſe bodies,
"there are new and ſurpriſing wonders preſent themſelves
"to our views; when theſe material ſpectacles are taken
"off, the ſoul with its own naked eyes ſees what was in-
"viſible before: and then we are in the other world
"when we can ſee it, and converſe with it. Thus St.
"*Paul* tells us, that *when we are at home in the body*
"*we are abſent from the Lord; but when we are ab-*
"*ſent from the body, we are preſent with the Lord*,
"Cor. v. 6. 8. And methinks this is enough to cure us
"of our fondneſs for theſe bodies unleſs we think it more
"deſirable to be confined to a priſon, and to look thro'
"gate all our lives, which gives us but a very narrow

"proſpect

" proſpect, and that none of the beſt neither, than to be " ſet at liberty to view all the glories of the world. What " would we give now for the leaſt glimpſe of that inviſible " world, which the firſt ſtep we take out of theſe bodies " will preſent us with? There are ſuch things *as eye hath " not ſeen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the " heart of man to conceive:* death opens our eyes, en- " larges our proſpect, preſents us with a new and more " glorious world, which we can never ſee while we are ſhut " up in fleſh; which ſhould make us as willing to part " with this veil, as to take the film off our eyes, which " hinders our ſight."

'As a thinking man cannot but be very much affected with the idea of his appearing in the preſence of that Being *whom none can ſee and live*, he muſt be much more affected when he conſiders that this Being, whom he appears before, will examine all the actions of his paſt life, and reward or puniſh him accordingly. I muſt confeſs that I think there is no ſcheme of religion, beſides that of Chriſtianity, which can poſſibly ſupport the moſt virtuous perſon under this thought. Let a man's innocence be what it will, let his virtues riſe to the higheſt pitch of perfection attainable in this life, there will be ſtill in him ſo many ſecret ſins, ſo many human frailties, ſo many offences of ignorance, paſſion and prejudice, ſo many unguarded words and thoughts, and in ſhort ſo many defects in his beſt actions, that, without the advantages of ſuch an expiation and atonement as Chriſtianity has revealed to us, it is impoſſible that he ſhould be cleared before his ſovereign Judge, or that he ſhould be able to ſtand in his ſight. Our holy religion ſuggeſts to us the only means whereby our guilt may be taken away, and our imperfect obedience accepted.

'It is this ſeries of thought that I have endeavoured to expreſs in the following hymn, which I have compoſed during this my ſickneſs.

I.

WHEN riſing from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I ſee my Maker, face to face,
O how ſhall I appear!

II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be ſought,
My heart with inward horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

III.

When thou, O Lord, ſhall ſtand diſclos'd,
In majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in judgment on my ſoul,
O how ſhall I appear!

IV.

But thou haſt told the troubled mind,
Who does her ſins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endleſs woe prevent.

V.

Then ſee the ſorrow of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give theſe ſorrows weight.

VI.

For never ſhall my ſoul deſpair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd
To make her pardon ſure.

'THERE is noble hymn in *French*, which Monſieur '*Bayle* has celebrated for a very fine one, and which the 'famous author of the art of ſpeaking calls an admirable 'one, that turns upon a thought of the ſame nature. If 'I could have done it juſtice in *Engliſh*, I would have 'ſent it you tranſlated: it was written by Monſieur *Des* '*Barreaux*, who had been one of the greateſt wits and 'libertines in *France*, but in his laſt years was as remark-'able a penitent.

GRand Dieu, tes jugemens ſont remplis d' equite;
Toujours tu prens plaiſir a nous etre propice.
Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonte,
Ne me pardonnera, ſans choquer ta juſtice.

Oui,

Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impiete
Ne laiſſe a ton pouvoir que le choix du ſuplice:
Ton intereſt s'oppoſe a ma felicite;
Et ta clemence meme attend que je periſſe.
Contente ton deſir, puis qu'il t'eſt glorieux;
Offenſe toy des pleurs qui colent de mes yeux;
Tonne, frappe, il eſt tems, rens moi guerre pour guerre;
J'adore en periſſant la raiſon qui t'aigrit.
Mais deſſus quel endroit tombera ton tonnere,
Qui ne ſoit tout couvert du ſang de JESUS CHRIST.

'IF theſe thoughts may be ſerviceable to you, I deſire
'you would place them in a proper light, and am ever
'with great ſincerity,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

N° 514. *Monday, October 20.*

——Me Parnaſſi deſerta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor; juvat ire jugis qua nulla priorum
Caſtaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.

Virg. Georg. 3. v. 291.

But the commanding muſe my chariot guides,
Which o'er the dubious cliff ſecurely rides;
And pleas'd I am no beaten road to take,
But firſt the way to new diſcoveries make. Dryden.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I CAME home a little latter than uſual the other
'night, and not finding myſelf inclined to ſleep, I
'took up *Virgil* to divert me 'till I ſhould be more diſ-
'poſed to reſt. He is the author whom I always chuſe
'on ſuch occaſions, no one writing in ſo divine, ſo har-
'monious, nor ſo equal a ſtrain, which leaves the mind
'compoſed, and ſoftened into an agreeable melancholy;
'the temper, in which, of all others, I chuſe to cloſe the
'day. The paſſages I turned to were theſe beautiful rap-
'tures in his *Georgics*, where he profeſſes himſelf entire-

'ly given up to the Muſes, and ſmit with the love of poe-
'try, paſſionately wiſhing to be tranſported to the cool
'ſhades and retirements of the mountain *Hæmus*. I clo-
'ſed the book and went to bed. What I had juſt before
'been reading made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on my mind,
'that fancy ſeemed almoſt to fulfil to me the wiſh of
'*Virgil*, in preſenting to me the following viſion.

'METHOUGHT I was on a ſudden placed in the plains
'of *Bœotia*, where at the end of the horizon I ſaw the
'mountain *Parnaſſus* riſing before me. The proſpect was
'of ſo large an extent, that I had long wandered about
'to find a path which ſhould directly lead me to it, had I
'not ſeen at ſome diſtance a grove of trees, which, in a
'plain that had nothing elſe remarkable enough in it to
'fix my ſight, immediately determined me to go thither.
'When I arrived at it, I found it parted out into a great
'number of walks and alleys, which often widened into
'beautiful openings, as circles or ovals, ſet round with
'yews and cypreſſes, with niches, grottos, and caves
'placed on the ſides, encompaſſed with ivy. There was
'no ſound to be heard in the whole place, but only that
'of a gentle breeze paſſing over the leaves of the foreſt,
'every thing beſide was buried in a profound ſilence. I
'was captivated with the beauty and retirement of the
'place, and never ſo much, before that hour, was plea-
'ſed with the enjoyment of myſelf. I indulged the hu-
'mour, and ſuffered myſelf to wander without choice or
'deſign. At length, at the end of a range of trees, I
'ſaw three figures ſeated on a bank of moſs, with a ſi-
'lent brook creeping at their feet. I adored them as the
'tutelar divinities of the place, and ſtood ſtill to take a
'particular view of each of them. The middlemoſt, whoſe
'name was *Solitude*, ſat with her arms acroſs each other,
'and ſeemed rather penſive and wholly taken up with her
'own thoughts than any ways grieved or diſpleaſed. The
'only companions which ſhe admitted into that retire-
'ment, was the goddeſs of *Silence*, who ſat on her right
'hand with her finger on her mouth, and on her left *Con-
'templation*, with her eyes fixed upon the heavens. Be-
'fore her lay a celeſtial globe, with ſeveral ſchemes of
'mathematical theorems. She prevented my ſpeech with
'the greateſt affability in the world: Fear not, ſaid ſhe,

'I

'I know your requeſt before you ſpeak it; you would 'be led to the mountain of the Muſes; the only way to 'it lies thro' this place, and no one is ſo often employed 'in conducting perſons thither as myſelf. When ſhe had 'thus ſpoken, ſhe roſe from her ſeat, and I immediately 'placed myſelf under her direction; but whilſt I paſſed 'through the grove, I could not help inquiring of her 'who were the perſons admitted into that ſweet retire-'ment. Surely, ſaid I, there can nothing enter here but 'virtue and virtuous thoughts: the whole wood ſeemed 'deſigned for the reception and reward of ſuch perſons 'as have ſpent their lives, according to the dictates of 'their conſcience and the commands of the gods. You 'imagine right, ſaid ſhe; aſſure yourſelf this place was 'at firſt deſigned for no other: ſuch it continued to be 'in the reign of *Saturn*, when none entered here but ho-'ly prieſts, deliverers of their country from oppreſſion and 'tyranny, who repoſed themſelves here after their la-'bours, and thoſe whom the ſtudy and love of wiſdom had 'fitted for divine converſation. But now it is become 'no leſs dangerous than it was before deſireable: vice has 'learned ſo to mimic virtue, that it often creeps in hi-'ther under its diſguiſe. See there! juſt before you, *Re-'venge* ſtalking by, habited in the robe of *Honour*. Ob-'ſerve not far from him *Ambition* ſtanding alone; if you 'aſk him his name, he will tell you it is *Emulation* or '*Glory*. But the moſt frequent intruder we have is *Luſt*, 'who ſucceeds now the deity to whom in better days this 'grove was entirely devoted. *Virtuous Love*, with *Hy-'men* and the Graces attending him, once reigned in this 'happy place; a whole train of virtues waited on him, and 'no diſhonourable thought durſt preſume for admittance; 'but now! how is the whole proſpect changed? and how 'ſeldom renewed by ſome few who dare deſpiſe ſordid 'wealth, and imagine themſelves fit companions for ſo 'charming a divinity.

'THE goddeſs had no ſooner ſaid this, but we were 'arrived at the utmoſt boundaries of the wood, which lay 'contiguous to a plain that ended at the foot of the moun-'tain. Here I kept cloſe to my guide, being ſolicited 'by ſeveral phantoms, who aſſured me they would ſhew 'me a nearer way to the mountain of the Muſes. Among

'the

'the reſt *Vanity* was extremely importunate, having de-
'luded infinite numbers, whom I ſaw wandering at the foot
'of the hill. I turned away from this deſpicable troop
'with diſdain, and addreſſing myſelf to my guide, told
'her, that as I had ſome hopes I ſhould be able to reach
'up part of the aſcent, ſo I deſpaired of having ſtrength
'enough to attain the plain on the top. But being in-
'formed by her, that it was impoſſible to ſtand upon the
'ſide, and that if I did not proceed onwards, I ſhould
'irrecoverably fall down to the loweſt verge, I reſolved
'to hazard any labour and hardſhip in the attempt; ſo
'great a deſire had I of enjoying the ſatisfaction I hoped
'to meet with at the end of my enterprize!

'THERE were two paths, which led up by different
'ways to the ſummit of the mountain; the one was
'guarded by the genius which preſides over the moment
'of our births. He had it in charge to examine the ſe-
'veral pretenſions of thoſe who deſired to paſs that way,
'but to admit none excepting thoſe only on whom *Mel-*
'*pomene* had looked with a propitous eye at the hour of
'their nativity. The other way was guarded by *Dili-*
'*gence*, to whom many of thoſe perſons applied who had
'met with a denial the other way; but he was ſo tedi-
'ous in granting their requeſt, and indeed after admit-
'tance, the way was ſo very intricate and laborious, that
'many, after they had made ſome progreſs, choſe rather
'to return back than proceed, and very few perſiſted ſo
'long as to arrive at the end they propoſed. Beſides
'thoſe two paths, which at length ſeverally led to the
'top of the mountain, there was a third made up of theſe
'two, which a little after the entrance joined in one. This
'carried thoſe happy few, whoſe good fortune it was to
'find it, directly to the throne of *Apollo*. I don't know
'whether I ſhould even now have had the reſolution to
'have demanded entrance at either of theſe doors, had I
'not ſeen a pleaſant-like man (followed by a numerous
'and lovely train of youths of both ſexes) inſiſt upon en-
'trance for all whom he led up. He put me in mind of
'the country clown who is painted in the map for lead-
'ing prince *Eugene* over the *Alps*. He had a bundle of
'papers in his hand, and producing ſeveral, which, he
'ſaid, were given to him by hands which he knew *Apollo*

'would

would allow as paſſes; among which, methought, I ſaw ſome of my own writing. The whole aſſembly was admitted, and gave, by their preſence, a new beauty and pleaſure to theſe happy manſions. I found the man did not pretend to enter himſelf, but ſerved as a kind of forreſter in the lawns to direct paſſengers, who, by their own merit, or inſtructions he procured for them, had virtue enough to travel that way. I looked very attentively upon this kind homely benefactor, and forgive me, Mr SPECTATOR, if I own to you I took him for yourſelf. We were no ſooner entered, but we were ſprinkled three times with water of the fountain of *Aganippe* which had power to deliver us from all harms, but only envy, which reacheth even to the end of our journey. We had not proceeded far in the middle path when we arrived at the ſummit of the hill, where there immediately appeared to us two figures, which extremely engaged my attention; the one was a young nymph in the prime of her youth and beauty; ſhe had wings on her ſhoulders and feet, and was able to tranſport herſelf to the moſt diſtant regions in the ſmalleſt ſpace of time. She was continually varying her dreſs, ſometimes into the moſt natural and becoming habits in the world, and at others into the moſt wild and freakiſh garb that can be imagined. There ſtood by her a man full aged, and of great gravity, who corrected her inconſiſtencies, by ſhewing them in his mirrour, and ſtill flung her affected and unbecoming ornaments down the mountain, which fell in the plain below, and were gathered up and wore with great ſatisfaction by thoſe that inhabited it. The name of the nymph was *Fancy*, the daughter of *Liberty*, the moſt beautiful of all the mountain nymphs. The other was *Judgment*, the offspring of *Time*, and the only child he acknowledged to be his. A youth, who ſat upon a throne juſt between them, was their genuine offspring; his name was *Wit*, and his ſeat was compoſed of the works of the moſt celebrated authors. I could not but ſee with a ſecret joy, that though the *Greeks* and *Romans* made the majority, yet our own countrymen were the next both in number and dignity. I was now at liberty to take a full proſpect of that delightful region: I was inſpired with new vigour and life, and ſaw every thing in nobler and

more

'more pleasing views than before: I breathed a purer æ-
'ther in a sky which was a continued azure, gilded with
'perpetual sun-shine. The two summits of the mountain
'rose on each side, and formed in the midst a most deli-
'cious vale, the habitation of the Muses, and of such as had
'composed works worthy of immortality. *Apollo* was
'seated upon a throne of gold, and for a canopy an aged
'laurel spread his boughs and its shade over his head.
'His bow and quiver lay at his feet. He held his harp
'in his hand, whilst the Muses round about him celebra-
'ted with hymns his victory over the serpent *Python*, and
'sometimes sung in softer notes the loves of *Leucothoe* and
'*Daphnis*. *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Milton* were seated the
'next to them. Behind were a great number of others,
'among whom I was surprised to see some in the habit of
'*Laplander*, who, notwithstanding the uncouthness of
'their dress, had lately obtained a place upon the moun-
'tain. I saw *Pindar* walking all alone, no one daring to
'accost him, 'till *Cowley* joined himself to him; but grow-
'ing weary of one who almost walked him out of breath,
'he left him for *Horace* and *Anacreon*, with whom he
'seemed infinitely delighted.

'A LITTLE further I saw another groupe of figures;
'I made up to them, and found it was *Socrates* dictating to
'*Xenophon*, and the spirit of *Plato*; but most of all, *Mu-*
'*sæus* had the greatest audience about him. I was at too
'great a distance to hear what he said, or to discover the
'faces of his hearers; only I thought I now perceived *Vir-*
'*gil*, who had joined them, and stood in a posture full of
'admiration at the harmony of his words.

'LASTLY, at the very brink of the hill I saw *Bocca-*
'*lini* sending dispatches to the world below of what hap-
'pened upon *Parnassus*; but I perceived he did it with-
'out leave of the Muses, and by stealth, and was unwil-
'ling to have them revised by *Apollo*. I could now from
'this height and serene sky behold the infinite cares and
'anxieties with which mortals below sought out their way
'through the maze of life. I saw the path of virtue lie
'straight before them, whilst *Interest*, or some malicious
'demon, still hurried them out of the way. I was at
'once touched with pleasure at my own happiness, and
'compassion at the sight of their inextricable errors. Here

'the

'the two contending paſſions roſe ſo high, that they were 'inconſiſtent with the ſweet repoſe I enjoyed, and awa-'king with a ſudden ſtart, the only conſolation I could ad-'mit of for my loſs, was the hopes that this relation of 'my dream will not diſpleaſe you.

No 515. *Tueſday, October 21.*

Pudet me et miſeret, qui harum mores cantabat mihi,
Monuiſſe fruſtra—— Ter. Heaut. act. 2. ſc. 2.

I am aſhamed and grieved, that I neglected his advice who gave me the character of theſe creatures.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I AM obliged to you for printing the account I lately 'ſent you of a coquette who diſturbed a ſober con-'gregation in the city of *London*. That intelligence end-'ed at her taking coach, and bidding the driver go where 'he knew. I could not leave her ſo, but dogged her, as 'hard as ſhe drove, to *Paul*'s church-yard, where there 'was a ſtop of coaches attending company coming out of 'the cathedral. This gave me opportunity to hold up a 'crown to her coachman, who gave me the ſignal, that 'he would hurry on, and make no haſte, as you know the 'way is when they favour a chace. By his many kind blun-'ders, driving againſt other coaches, and ſlipping off ſome 'of his tackle, I could keep up with him, and lodged my 'fine lady in the pariſh of *St James's*. As I gueſſed when 'I firſt ſaw her at church, her buſineſs is to win hearts and 'throw them away, regarding nothing but the triumph. I 'have had the happineſs, by tracing her through all with 'whom I heard ſhe was acquainted, to find one who was 'intimate with a friend of mine, and to be introduced to 'her notice. I have made ſo good uſe of my time, as to 'procure from that intimate of her's one of her letters, 'which ſhe writ to her when in the country. This epiſtle 'of her own may ſerve to alarm the world againſt all her 'ordinary life, as mine, I hope, did thoſe who ſhall be-'hold her at church. The letter was written laſt winter

'to

'to the lady who gave it me; and I doubt not but you 'will find the ſoul of an happy ſelf-loving dame, that takes 'all the admiration ſhe can meet with, and returns none 'of it in love to her admirers.

Dear Jenny,

"I Am glad to find you are likely to be diſpoſed of in "marriage ſo much to your approbation as you tell "me. You ſay you are afraid only of me, for I ſhall laugh "at your ſpouſe's airs. I beg of you not to fear it, for "I am too nice a diſcerner to laugh at any, but whom "moſt other people think fine fellows; ſo that your dear "may bring you hither as ſoon as his horſes are in caſe "enough to appear in town, and you be very ſafe againſt "any rallery you may apprehend from me; for I am ſur-"rounded with coxcombs of my own making, who are "all ridiculous in a manner: your good-man, I preſume, "cannot exert himſelf. As men who cannot raiſe their "fortunes, and are uneaſy under the incapacity of ſhi-"ning at court, rail at ambition; ſo do aukward and in-"ſipid women, who cannot warm the hearts and charm "the eyes of men rail at affectation: but ſhe that has the "joy of ſeeing a man's heart leap into his eyes, at behold-"ing her, is in no pain for want of eſteem among a crew "of that part of her own ſex, who have no ſpirit but that "of envy, and no language but that of malice. I do not "in this, I hope, expreſs myſelf inſenſible of the merit of "*Leodacia*, who lowers her beauty to all but her huſband, "and never ſpreads her charms but to gladden him who "has a right in them: I ſay, I do honour to thoſe who "can be coquettes, and are not ſuch; but I deſpiſe all "who would be, and in deſpair of arriving at it them-"ſelves, hate and vilify all thoſe who can. But, be that "as it will, in anſwer to your deſire of knowing my hiſ-"tory, one of my chief preſent pleaſures is in country-"dances: and in obedience to me, as well as the plea-"ſure of coming up to me with a good grace, ſhewing "themſelves in their addreſs to others in my preſence, "and the like opportunities, they are all proficients that "way: and I had the happineſs of being the other night "where we made ſix couple, and every woman's partner

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'a profeſſed lover of mine. The wildeſt imagination 'cannot form to itſelf on any occaſion higher delight, 'than I acknowledge myſelf to have been in all that e-'vening. I choſe out of my admirers a ſet of men who 'moſt love me, and gave them partners of ſuch of my 'own ſex who moſt envied me.

"My way is, when any man who is my admirer pre-'tends to give himſelf airs of merit, as at this time a cer-'tain gentleman you know did, to mortify him by favour-'ring in his preſence the moſt inſignificant creature I can 'find. At this ball I was led into the company by pretty 'Mr *Fanſly*, who, you know, is the moſt obſequious, 'well-ſhaped, well-bred woman's man in town. I at 'firſt entrance declared him my partner if I danced at 'all; which put the whole aſſembly into a grin, as form-'ing no terrors from ſuch a rival. But we had not been 'long in the room, before I overheard the meritorious 'gentleman above-mentioned ſay with an oath, there is 'no rallery in the thing, ſhe certainly loves the puppy. 'My gentleman, when we were dancing, took an occaſi-'on to be very ſoft in his oglings upon a lady he danced 'with, and whom he knew of all women I love moſt to 'outſhine. The conteſt began who ſhould plague the o-'ther moſt. I, who do not care a farthing for him, had 'no hard taſk to outvex him. I made *Fanſly*, with a 'very little encouragement, cut papers *coupee*, and then 'ſink with all the air and tenderneſs imaginable. When 'he performed this, I obſerved the gentleman you know 'of fall into the ſame way, and imitate as well as he 'could the deſpiſed *Fanſly*. I cannot well give you, who 'are ſo grave a country lady, an idea of the joy we have 'when we ſee a ſtubborn heart breaking, or a man of 'ſenſe turning fool for our ſakes; but this happened to 'our friend, and I expect his attendance whenever I go to 'church, to court, to the play, or the park. This is a 'ſacrifice due to us women of genius, who have the elo-'quence of beauty, an eaſy mien. I mean by eaſy mien, 'one which can be on occaſion eaſily affected: for I muſt 'tell you, dear *Jenny*, I hold one maxim, which is an un-'common one, to wit, that our greateſt charms are ow-'ing to affectation. 'Tis to that our arms can lodge ſo 'quietly juſt over our hips, and the fan can play without

" any force or motion but juſt of the wriſt. 'Tis to af-
" fectation we owe the penſive attention of *Deidamia* at
" a tragedy, the ſcornful approbation of *Dulcimara* at a
" comedy, and the lowly aſpect of *Lanquicelſa* at a ſer-
" mon.

" To tell you the plain truth, I know no pleaſure but
" in being admired, and have yet never failed of attaining
" the approbation of the man whoſe regard I had a mind
" to. You ſee all the men who make a figure in the world
" (as wiſe a look as they are pleaſed to put upon the mat-
" ter) are moved by the ſame vanity as I am. What is
" there in ambition, but to make other people's wills de-
" pend upon yours? This indeed is not to be aimed at by
" one who has a genius no higher than to think of being a
" very good houſewife in a country gentleman's family.
" The care of poultry and pigs are great enemies to the
" countenance: the vacant look of a fine lady is not to be
" preſerved, if ſhe admits any thing to take up her thoughts
" but her own dear perſon. But I interrupt you too long
" from your cares, and myſelf from my conqueſts.

I am, Madam,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

' GIVE me leave, Mr SPECTATOR, to add her friend's
' anſwer to this epiſtle, who is a very diſcreet ingenious
' woman,

Dear Gatty,

" I Take your rallery in very good part, and am obliged
" to you for the free air with which you ſpeak of
" your own gaities. But this is but a barren ſuperficial
" pleaſure. Indeed, *Gatty*, we are made for man, and in
" ſerious ſadneſs I muſt tell you, whether you yourſelf
" know it or no, all theſe gallantries tend to no other end
" but to be a wife and mother as faſt as you can.

I am, Madam,

T

Your moſt humble ſervant.

N°

No 516. *Wedneſday, October* 22.

Immortale odium et nunquam ſanabile vulnus.
Inde furor vulgo, quod numina vicinorum
Odit uterque locus, quum ſolos credit habendos
Eſſe deos quos ipſe colit—— Juv. Sat. 15. v. 34.

——A grutch, time out of mind, begun,
And mutually bequeath'd from ſire to ſon:
Religious ſpite, and pious ſpleen brad firſt
The quarrel, which ſo long the bigots nurſt:
Each calls the other's god a ſenſeleſs ſtock;
His own, divine. Tate.

OF all the monſtrous paſſions and opinions which have crept into the world, there is none ſo wonderful as that thoſe who profeſs the common name of *Chriſtians*, ſhould purſue each other with rancour and hatred for differences in their way of following the examples of their Saviour. It ſeems ſo natural that all who purſue the ſteps of any leader ſhould form themſelves after his manners, that it is impoſſible to account for effects ſo different from what we might expect from thoſe who profeſs themſelves followers of the higheſt patern of meekneſs and charity, but by aſcribing ſuch effects to the ambition and corruption of thoſe who are audacious, with ſouls full of fury, to ſerve at the altars of the God of peace.

THE maſſacres to which the church of *Rome* has animated the ordinary people, are dreadful inſtances of the truth of this obſervation; and whoever reads the hiſtory of the *Iriſh* rebellion, and the cruelties which enſued thereupon, will be ſufficiently convinced to what rage poor ignorants may be worked up by thoſe who profeſs holineſs, and become incendiaries, and, under the diſpenſation of grace, promote evils abhorrent to nature.

THIS ſubject and cataſtrophe, which deſerve ſo well to be remarked by the Proteſtant world, will, I doubt not, be conſidered by the reverend and learned prelate that preaches to-morrow, before many of the deſcendants of

thoſe who periſhed on that lamentable day, in a manner ſuitable to the occaſion, and worthy his own great virtue and eloquence.

I SHALL not dwell upon it any further but only tranſcribe out of a little tract, called, *The Chriſtian Hero*, publiſhed in 1701, what I find there in honour of the renowned hero *William* III who reſcued that nation from the repetition of the ſame diſaſters. His late majeſty, of glorious memory, and the moſt Chriſtian king, are conſidered at the concluſion of that treatiſe as heads of the Proteſtant and Roman Catholic world, in the following manner.

'THERE were not ever, before the entrance of the 'Chriſtian name into the world, men who have maintained a more renowned carriage, than the two great rivals 'who poſſeſs the full fame of the preſent age, and will 'be the theme and examination of the future. They are 'exactly formed by nature for thoſe ends to which heaven ſeems to have ſent them amongſt us: both animated with a reſtleſs deſire of glory, but purſue it by different means, and with different motives. To one it conſiſts in an extenſive undiſputed empire over his ſubjects, to the other in their rational and voluntary obedience: one's happineſs is founded in their want of power, the other's in their want of deſire to oppoſe him. The one enjoys the ſummit of fortune with the luxury of a *Perſian*, the other with the moderation of a *Spartan*: one is made to oppreſs, the other to relieve the oppreſſed: the one is ſatisfied with the pomp and oſtentation of power to prefer and debaſe his inferiors, the other delighted only with the cauſe and foundation of it to cheriſh and protect them. To one therefore religion is but a convenient diſguiſe, to the other a vigorous motive of action.

'FOR without ſuch ties of real and ſolid honour, there is no way of forming a monarch, but after the *Machiavillian* ſcheme, by which a prince muſt ever ſeem to have all virtues, but really to be maſter of none; but is to be liberal, merciful and juſt, only as they ſerve his intereſts; while, with the noble art of hypocriſy, empire would be to be extended, and new conqueſts be made by new devices, by which prompt addreſs his creatures

'creatures might inſenſible give law in the buſineſs of life, 'by leading men in the entertainment of it.

'THUS when words and ſhow are apt to paſs for the 'ſubſtantial things they are only to expreſs, there would 'need no more to enſlave a country but to adorn a court; 'for while every man's vanity makes him believe himſelf 'capable of becoming luxury, enjoyments are a ready 'bait for ſufferings, and the hopes of preferment invita- 'tions to ſervitude; which ſlavery would be coloured 'with all the agreements, as they call it, imaginable. 'The nobleſt arts and artiſts, the fineſt pens and moſt e- 'legant minds, jointly employed to ſet it off, with the vari- 'ous embelliſhments of ſumptuous entertainments, charm- 'ing aſſemblies, and poliſhed diſcourſes; and thoſe apo- 'ſtate abilities of men, the adored monarch might profuſe- 'ly and ſkilfully encourage, while they flatter his virtue, 'and gild his vice at ſo high a rate, that he, without 'ſcorn of the one, or love of the other, would alternate- 'ly and occaſionally uſe both: ſo that his bounty ſhould 'ſupport him in his rapines, his mercy in his cruelties.

'NOR is it to give things a more ſevere look than is 'natural, to ſuppoſe ſuch muſt be the conſequences of a 'prince's having no other purſuit than that of his own 'glory; for if we conſider an infant born into the world, 'and beholding itſelf the mightieſt thing in it, itſelf the 'preſent admiration and future proſpect of a fawning peo- 'ple, who profeſs themſelves great or mean, according to 'the figure he is to make amongſt them, what fancy would 'not be debauched to believe they were, but what they 'profeſſed themſelves, his mere creatures, and uſe them 'as ſuch by purchaſing with their lives a boundleſs renown, 'which he, for want of a more juſt proſpect, would place 'in the number of his ſlaves, and the extent of his ter- 'ritories? Such undoubtedly would be the tragical effects 'of a prince's living with no religion, which are not to be 'ſurpaſſed but by his having a falſe one.

'IF ambition were ſpirited with zeal, what would fol- 'low, but that his people ſhould be converted into an ar- 'my, whoſe ſwords can make right in power, and ſolve 'controverſy in belief? And if men ſhould be ſtiff-necked 'to the doctrine of that viſible church, let them be con- 'tented with an oar and a chain, in the midſt of ſtripes

'and anguiſh, to contemplate on him, *whoſe yoke is eaſy, and whoſe burden is light.*

'WITH a tyranny begun on his own ſubjects, and indignation that others draw their breath independent of his frown or ſmile, why ſhould he not proceed to the ſeizure of the world? and if nothing but the thirſt of ſway were the motive of his actions, why ſhould treaties be other than mere words, or ſolemn national compacts be any thing but an halt in the march of that army, who are never to lay down their arms, till all men are reduced to the neceſſity of hanging their lives on his wayward will; who might ſupinely, and at leiſure, expiate his own ſins by other mens ſufferings, while he daily meditates new ſlaughter, and new conqueſt?

'FOR mere man, when giddy with unbridled power, is an inſatiate idol, not to be appeaſed with myriads offered to his pride, which may be puffed up by the adulation of a baſe and proſtrate world, into an opinion that he is ſomething more than human, by being ſomething leſs; and, alas! what is there that mortal man will not believe of himſelf, when complimented with the attributes of God? He can then conceive thoughts of a power as *omnipreſent* as his. But ſhould there be ſuch a foe of mankind now upon earth, have our ſins ſo far provoked heaven, that we are left utterly naked to his fury? Is there no power, no leader, no genius, that can conduct and animate us to our death or our defence? yes, our great God never gave one to reign by his permiſſion, but he gave to another alſo to reign by his grace.

'ALL the circumſtances of the illuſtrious life of our prince, ſeem to have conſpired to make him the check and bridle of tyranny; for his mind has been ſtrengthened and confirmed by one continual ſtruggle, and heaven has educated him by adverſity to a quick ſenſe of the diſtreſſes and miſeries of mankind, which he was born to redreſs: in juſt ſcorn of the trivial glories and light oſtentations of power, that glorious inſtrument of providence moves, like that, in a ſteady, calm, and ſilent courſe, independent either of applauſe or calumny; which renders him, if not in a political, yet in a moral, a philoſophic, heroic, and a chriſtian ſenſe, an abſolute monarch,

'narch: who ſatisfied with this unchangeable, juſt and 'ample glory, muſt needs turn all his regards from him-'ſelf to the ſervice of others; for he begins his enterpri-'ſes with his own ſhare in the ſucceſs of them: for inte-'grity bears in itſelf its reward, nor can that which de-'pends not on event ever know diſappointment.

'WITH the undoubted character of a glorious captain, 'and (what he much more values than the moſt ſplendid 'titles) that of a ſincere and honeſt man, he is the hope 'and ſtay of *Europe*, an univerſal good not to be engroſ-'ſed by us only, for diſtant potentates implore his friend-'ſhip, and injured empires court his aſſiſtance. He rules 'the world, not by an invaſion of the people of the earth, 'but the addreſs of its princes; and if that world ſhould 'be again roufed from the repoſe which his prevailing 'arms had given it, why ſhould we not hope that there 'is an Almighty, by whoſe influence the terrible enemy, 'that thinks himſelf prepared for battle, may find he is 'but ripe for deſtruction? and that there may be in the 'womb of time great incidents, which may make the 'cataſtrophe of a proſperous life as unfortunate as the par-'ticular ſcenes of it were ſucceſsful? For there does not 'want a ſkilful eye and reſolute arm to obſerve and graſp 'the occaſion: a prince, who from——

'——*Fuit Ilium et ingens*
'*Gloria* — — Virg. Æn. 2. v. 325.
'*Troy* is no more, and *Ilium* was a town.

N° 517. *Thurſday, October* 23.

Heu pietas! heu priſca fides!——
Virg. Æn. 6. v. 878.

Mirrour of antient faith!
Undaunted worth! inviolable truth! Dryden.

WE laſt night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very ſenſibly afflicted every one of us. I queſtion not but my readers themſelves will be troubled at

at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in ſuſpence, Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY *is dead*. He departed this life at his houſe in the country, after a few weeks ſickneſs. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has a letter from one of his correſpondents in thoſe parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county ſeſſions, as he was very warmly promoting an addreſs of his own penning, in which he ſucceeded according to his wiſhes. But this particular comes from a Whig juſtice of peace, who was always Sir ROGER's enemy and antagoniſt. I have letters both from the chaplain and captain SENTRY which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likeways a letter from the butler, who took ſo much care of me laſt ſummer when I was at the knight's houſe. As my friend the butler mentions, in the ſimplicity of his heart, ſeveral circumſtances the others have paſſed over in ſilence, I ſhall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

Honoured Sir,

'KNOWING that you was my old maſter's good friend, I could not forbear ſending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor ſervants, who loved him, I may ſay, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the laſt county-ſeſſions, where he would go to ſee juſtice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherleſs children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, Sir, my good maſter was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the firſt complaint he made was, that he had loſt his roaſt-beef ſtomach, not being able to touch a Sirloin, which was ſerved up according to cuſtom; and you know he uſed to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worſe and worſe, but ſtill kept a good heart to the laſt. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind meſſage that was ſent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty laſt years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl neck-

lace,

lace, and a couple of ſilver bracelets ſet with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he uſed to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, becauſe he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the pariſh, a great frize-coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a moſt moving ſight to ſee him take leave of his poor ſervants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilſt we were not able to ſpeak a word for weeping. As we moſt of us are grown grey-headed in our dear maſter's ſervice, he has left us penſions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily ſaid in the pariſh, that he has left money to build a ſteeple to the church; for he was heard to ſay ſome time ago that if he lived two years longer, *Coverley* church ſhould have a ſteeple to it. The chaplain tells every body that he made a very good end, and never ſpeaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the COVERLEYS on the left hand of his father Sir *Arthur*. The coffin was carried by ſix of his tenants, and the pall held up by ſix of the *quorum*: the whole pariſh followed the corpſe with heavy hearts and in their mourning ſuits, the men in frize, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain SENTRY, my maſter's nephew, has taken poſſeſſion of the hall-houſe, and the whole eſtate. When my old maſter ſaw him a little before his death, he ſhook him by the hand, and wiſhed him joy of the eſtate which was falling to him deſiring him only to make a good uſe of it, and to pay the ſeveral legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the eſtate. The captain truly ſeems a courteous man, tho' he ſays but little. He makes much of thoſe whom my maſter lov'd, and ſhews great kindneſſes to the old houſe-dog, that you know my poor maſter was ſo fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans

the

'the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death
'He has never joyed himself since; no more has any
'us. 'Twas the melancholiest day for the poor people
'that ever happened in *Worcestershire*. This is all from

Honoured Sir,

Your most sorrowful servant,

EDWARD BISCUIT.

P. S. 'My master desired, some weeks before he died,
'that a book which comes up to you by the carrier,
'should be given to Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, in his
'name.

THIS letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir ANDREW opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the act of uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir ROGER's own hand, Sir ANDREW found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with Sir ROGER the last time he appeared at the club. Sir ANDREW, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's hand-writing, burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain SENTRY informs me, that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club. C

Nº 518. *Friday, October 24.*

——Miserum est alienæ incumbere famæ,
Ne collapsa ruant subductis tecta columnis.

Juv. sat. 8. v. 75.

'Tis poor relying on another's fame:
For, take the pillars but away, and all
The superstructure must in ruins fall. Stepney.

THIS being a day of business with me, I must make the present entertainment like a treat at an house-warming

warming, out of ſuch preſents as have been ſent me by my gueſts. The firſt diſh which I ſerve up is a letter come freſh to my hand.

Mr SPECTATOR,

IT is with inexpreſſible ſorrow that I hear of the death of good Sir *Roger*, and do heartily condole with you upon ſo melancholy an occaſion. I think you ought to have blackened the edges of a paper which brought us ſo ill news, and to have had it ſtamped likeways in black. It is expected of you that you ſhould write his epitaph, and, if poſſible, fill his place in the club with as worthy and diverting a member. I queſtion not but you will receive many recommendations from the public of ſuch as will appear candidates for that poſt.

'SINCE I am talking of death, and have mentioned an epitaph, I muſt tell you, Sir, that I have made diſcovery of a church-yard in which I believe you might ſpend an afternoon, with great pleaſure to yourſelf and to the public: it belongs to the church of *Stebon-heath*, commonly called *Stepney*. Whether or no it be that the people of that pariſh have a particular genius for an epitaph, or that there be ſome poet among them who undertakes that work by the great, I cannot tell; but there are more remarkable inſcriptions in that place than in any other I have met with; and I may ſay without vanity, that there is not a gentleman in *England* better read in tomb-ſtones than myſelf, my ſtudies having laid very much in church-yards. I ſhall beg leave to ſend you a couple of epitaphs, for a ſample of thoſe I have juſt now mentioned. They are written in a different manner; the firſt being in the diffuſed and luxuriant, the ſecond in the cloſe contracted ſtile. The firſt has much of the ſimple and pathetic; the ſecond is ſomething light, but nervous. The firſt is thus:

Here *Thomas Sapper* lyes interr'd. Ah why!
Born in *New-England*, did in *London* die;
Was the third ſon of eight, begot upon
His mother *Martha* by his father *John*.
Much favour'd by his prince he 'gan to be,
But nipt by death at th' age of twenty three.

Fatal

Fatal to him was that we ſmall-pox name,
By which his mother and two brethren came
Alſo to breathe their laſt, nine years before,
And now have left their father to deplore
The loſs of all his children with his wife,
Who was the joy and comfort of his life.

The ſecond is as follows:

Here lyes the body of *Daniel Saul*,
Spittlefield's weaver, and that's all.

'I WILL not diſmiſs you, whilſt I am upon this ſubject, 'without ſending a ſhort epitaph which I once met with, 'tho' I cannot poſſibly recollect the place. The thought 'of it is ſerious, and, in my opinion, the fineſt that I ever 'met with upon this occaſion. You know, Sir, it is uſual, 'after having told us the name of the perſon who lyes in'terred, to launch out into his praiſes. This epitaph 'takes a quite contrary turn, having been made by the 'perſon himſelf ſome time before his death.

Hic jacet R. C. *in expectatione diei ſupremi. Qualis erat dies iſte indicabit.*

'Here lieth *R. C.* in expectation of the laſt day. What 'ſort of man he was, that day will diſcover.

I am, Sir, &c.

The following letter is dated from *Cambridge*.

SIR,

'HAVING lately read among your ſpeculations, 'an eſſay upon phyſiognomy, I cannot but think 'that if you made a viſit to this antient univerſity, you 'might receive very conſiderable lights upon that ſubject, 'there being ſcarce a young fellow in it who does not 'give certain indications of his particular humour and 'diſpoſition conformable to the rules of that art. In 'courts and cities every body lays a conſtraint upon his 'countenance, and endeavours to look like the reſt of

'the

'the world; but the youth of this place, having not yet 'formed themſelves by converſation and the knowledge 'of the world, give their limbs and features their full 'play.

'As you have conſidered human nature in all its lights, 'you muſt be extremely well appriſed, that there is a 'very cloſe correſpondence between the outward and in-'ward man; that ſcarce the leaſt dawning, the leaſt par-'turiency towards a thought can be ſtirring in the mind 'of man, without producing a ſuitable revolution in his 'exteriors, which will eaſily diſcover itſelf to an adept in 'the theory of the phiz. Hence it is, that the intrinſic 'worth and merit of a ſon of *Alma Mater* is ordinarily 'calculated from the caſt of his viſage, the contour of his 'perſon, the mechaniſm of his dreſs, the diſpoſition of his 'limbs, the manner of his gait and air, with a number of 'circumſt nces of equal conſequence and information: the 'practitioners in this art often make uſe of a gentleman's 'eyes to give 'em light into the poſture of his brains; take 'a handle from his noſe, to judge of the ſize of his intel-'lects; and interpret the over-much viſibility and pertneſs 'of one ear, as an infallible mark of reprobation, and a 'ſign the owner of ſo lucy a member fears neither God 'nor man. In conformity to this ſcheme, a contracted 'brow, a lumpiſh down-caſt look, a ſober ſedate pace, with 'both hands dangling quiet and ſteady in lines exactly par-'allel to each lateral pocket of the Galligaſkins, is logic, 'metaphyſics and mathematics in perfection. So likeways 'the *Belles Lettres* are typified by a ſaunter in the gait, 'a fall of one wing of the peruke backward, an inſertion 'of one hand in the fob, and a negligent ſwing of the other 'with a pinch of right and fine *Barcelona* between finger 'and thumb, a due quantity of the ſame upon the upper 'lip, and a noddle-caſe loaden with pulvil. Again, a grave 'ſolemn ſtalking pace is heroic poetry, and politics; an 'unequal one, a genius for the ode, and the modern bal-'lad; and an open breaſt with an audacious diſplay of the 'Holland ſhirt, is conſtructed a fatal tendency to the art 'military.

'I MIGHT be much larger upon theſe hints, but I know 'whom I write to. If you can graft any ſpeculations up-

'on them, or turn them to the advantage of the perſo
'concerned in them, you will do a work very becoming
'the *Britiſh Spectator*, and oblige

Your very humble ſervant,

TOM TWEE

No. 519. *Saturday, October 25.*

Inde hominum pecudumque genus, vitæque volantum,
Et quæ marmoreo fert monſtra ſub æquore pontus.

Virg. Æn. 6. v. 728.

Hence men and beaſts the breath of life obtain,
And birds of air, and monſters of the main.

DRYDEN.

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleaſure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean that ſyſtem of bodies into which nature has ſo curiouſly wrought the maſs of dead matter, with the ſeveral relations which thoſe bodies bear to one another; there is ſtill, methinks, ſomething more wonderful and ſurpriſing in contemplations on the world of life, by which I mean all thoſe animals with which every part of the univerſe is furniſhed. The material world is only the ſhell of the univerſe: the world of life are its inhabitants.

IF we conſider thoſe parts of the material world which lye the neareſt to us, and are therefore ſubject to our obſervations and inquiries, it is amazing to conſider the infinity of animals with which it is ſtocked. Every part of matter is peopled: every green leaf ſwarms with inhabitants. There is ſcarce a ſingle humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glaſſes do not diſcover myriads of living creatures. The ſurface of animals is alſo covered with other animals, which are in the ſame manner the baſis of other animals that live upon it; nay, we find in the moſt ſolid bodies, as in marble itſelf, innumerable cells and cavities that are crowded with ſuch imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little

for

or the naked eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes and rivers, teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures: we find every mountain and marsh, wilderness and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts, and every part of matter affording proper necessaries and conveniencies for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

THE author of the *Plurality of worlds* draws a very good argument from this consideration, for the *peopling* of every planet; as indeed it seems very probable from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter, which we are acquainted with, lyes waste and useless, those great bodies, which are at such a distance from us, should not be desart and unpeopled, but rather that they should be furnished with beings adapted to their respective situation.

EXISTENCE is a blessing to those beings only which are endowed with perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any farther than as it is subservient to beings which are conscious of their existence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our observation, that matter is only made as the basis and support of animals, and that there is no more of the one, than what is necessary for the existence of the other.

INFINITE goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in the conferring of existence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a speculation, which I have often pursued with great pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that part of the scale of beings which comes within our knowledge.

THERE are some living creatures which are raised but just above dead matter. To mention only that species of shell-fish, which are formed in the fashion of a cone, that grow to the surface of several rocks, and immediately die upon their being sever'd from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense besides that of feeling and taste. Others have still an additional one of hearing; others of smell, and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual progress the world of life advances thro' a prodigious variety of species, before a creature is formed

that is complete in all its ſenſes; and even among theſe there is ſuch a different degree of perfection in the ſenſe which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the ſenſe in different animals be diſtinguiſhed by the ſame common denomination, it ſeems almoſt of a different nature. If after this we look into the ſeveral inward perfections of cunning and ſagacity, or what we generally call inſtinct, we find them riſing after the ſame manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the ſpecies in which they are implanted. This progreſs in nature is ſo very gradual, that the moſt perfect of an inferior ſpecies comes very near to the moſt imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

THE exuberant and overflowing goodneſs of the Supreme Being, whoſe mercy extends to all his works is plainly ſeen, as I have before hinted, from his having made ſo very little matter, at leaſt what falls within our knowledge, that does not ſwarm with life: nor is his goodneſs leſs ſeen in the diverſity, than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one ſpecies of animals, none of the reſt would have enjoyed the happineſs of exiſtence: he has, therefore, *ſpecified* in his creation every degree of life, every capacity of being. The whole chaſm of nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with divers kinds of creatures, riſing one over another, by ſuch a gentle and eaſy aſcent, that the little tranſitions and deviations from one ſpecies to another are almoſt inſenſible. This intermediate ſpace is ſo well huſbanded and managed, that there is ſcarce a degree of perception which does not appear in ſome one part of the world of life. Is the goodneſs, or wiſdom of the Divine Being, more manifeſted in this his proceeding?

THERE is a conſequence, beſides thoſe I have already mentioned, which ſeems very naturally deducible from the foregoing conſiderations. If the ſcale of Being riſes by ſuch a regular progreſs, ſo high as man, we may, by a parity of reaſon ſuppoſe that it ſtill proceeds gradually through thoſe beings which are of a ſuperior nature to him, ſince there is an infinitely greater ſpace and room for different degrees of perfection, between the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the moſt deſpicable inſect.

ect. The conſequence of ſo great a variety of beings which are ſuperior to us, from that variety which is infe-ior to us, is made by Mr *Locke*, in a paſſage which I ſhall here ſet down, after having premiſed, that notwithſtanding there is ſuch infinite room between man and his Maker for the creative power to exert itſelf in, it is impoſſible that it ſhould ever be filled up, ſince there will be ſtill an infinite gap or diſtance between the higheſt created being, and the Power which produced him.

"THAT there ſhould be more *ſpecies* of intelligent "creatures above us, than there are of ſenſible and mate-"rial below us, is probable to me from hence; that in "all the viſible corporeal world, we ſee no chaſms, or no "gaps. All quite down from us, the deſcent is by eaſy "ſteps, and a continued ſeries of things, that in each re-"move differ very little one from the other. There are "fiſhes that have wings, and are not ſtrangers to the airy "region: and there are ſome birds, that are inhabitants "of the water, whoſe blood is cold as fiſhes, and their "fleſh ſo like in taſte, that the ſcrupulous are allowed "them on fiſh-days. There are animals ſo near of kin "both to birds and beaſts, that they are in the middle be-"tween both: amphibious animals link the terreſtrial and "aquatic together: ſeals live at land and at ſea, and por-"poiſes have the warm blood and entrails of a hog; not "to mention what is confidently reported of mermaids or "ſea-men. There are ſome brutes, that ſeem to have as "much knowledge and reaſon as ſome that are called men; "and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are ſo nearly "joined, that if you will take the loweſt of one, and the "higheſt of the other, there will ſcarce be perceived any "great difference between them: and ſo on 'till we come "to the loweſt and the moſt inorganical parts of matter, "we ſhall find every where that the ſeveral *ſpecies* are "linked together, and differ but in almoſt inſenſible de-"grees. And when we conſider the infinite power and "wiſdom of the Maker, we have reaſon to think th: it "is ſuitable to the magnificent harmony of the univerſe, "and the great deſign and infinite goodneſs of the Archi-"tect, that the *ſpecies* of creatures ſhould alſo, by gentle "degrees, aſcend upwards from us towards his infinite "perfection, as we ſee they gradually deſcend from us

" downward: which if it be probable, we have reason
" then to be perſuaded, that there are far more *ſpecies* of
" creatures above us, than there are beneath; we being
" in degrees of perfection much more remote from the in-
" finite Being of God, than we are from the loweſt ſtate
" of being, that which approaches neareſt to nothing.
" And yet of all thoſe diſtinct *ſpecies*, we have no clear
" diſtinct *ideas*."

In this ſyſtem of being, there is no creature ſo wonderful in its nature, and which ſo much deſerves our particular attention, as man, who fills up the middle ſpace between the animal and intellectual nature, the viſible and inviſible world, and is that link in the chain of beings which has been often termed the *Nexus utriuſque mundi*. So that he who in one reſpect is aſſociated with angels and archangels, may look upon a Being of infinite perfection as his father, and the higheſt order of ſpirits as his brethren, may in another reſpect ſay to *corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my ſiſter.*

Nº 520. *Monday, October 27.*

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis? —— Hor. Od. 24. l. 1. v. 1.

And who can grieve too much? what time ſhall end
Our mourning for ſo dear a friend? Creech.

Mr Spectator,

'THE juſt value you have expreſſed for the matrimonial ſtate, is the reaſon that I now venture to write to you, without fear of being ridiculous; and confeſs to you, that though it is three months ſince I loſt a very agreeable woman, who was my wife, my ſorrow is ſtill freſh; and I am often, in the midſt of company, upon any circumſtance that revives her memory, with a reflection what ſhe would ſay or do on ſuch an occaſion; I ſay, upon an occurrence of that nature, which I can give you a ſenſe of, though I cannot expreſs it wholly, I am all over ſickneſs, and am obliged to retire, and give way to a few ſighs and tears, before I can be eaſy. I

' cannot

cannot but recommend the ſubject of male widowhood to you, and beg of you to touch upon it by the firſt opportunity. To thoſe who have not lived like huſbands during the lives of their ſpouſes, this would be a taſteleſs jumble of words; but to ſuch (of whom there are not a few) who have enjoyed that ſtate with the ſentiments proper for it, you will have every line, which hits the ſorrow, attended with a tear of pity and conſolation. For I know not by what goodneſs of providence it is, that every guſh of paſſion is a ſtep towards the relief of it; and there is a certain comfort in the very act of ſorrowing, which, I ſuppoſe, ariſes from a ſecret conſciouſneſs in the mind, that the affliction it is under flows from a virtuous cauſe. My concern is not indeed ſo outrageous as at the firſt tranſport: for I think it has ſubſided rather into a ſober ſtate of mind than any actual perturbation of ſpirit. There might be rules formed for mens behaviour on this great incident, to bring them from that misfortune into the condition I am at preſent; which is, I think, that my ſorrow has converted all roughneſs of temper into meekneſs, good-nature, and complacency: but indeed, when in a ſerious and lonely hour I preſent my departed conſort to my imagination, with that air of perſuaſion in her countenance when I have been in paſſion, that ſweet affability when I have been in good humour, that tender compaſſion when I have had any thing which gave me uneaſineſs, I confeſs to you I am inconſolable, and my eyes guſh with grief as if I had ſeen her but juſt then expire. In this condition I am broken in upon by a charming young woman, my daughter, who is the picture of what her mother was on her wedding-day. The good girl ſtrives to comfort me; but how ſhall I let you know that all the comfort ſhe gives me is to make my tears flow more eaſily? The child knows ſhe quickens my ſorrows, and rejoices my heart at the ſame time. Oh, ye learned! tell me by what word to ſpeak a motion of the ſoul, for which there is no name. When ſhe kneels and bids me be comforted, ſhe is my child; when I take her in my arms, and bid her ſay no more, ſhe is my very wife, and is the very comforter I lament the loſs of. I baniſh her the room,

and

'and weep aloud that I have loſt her mother, and that I have her.

'Mr SPECTATOR, I wiſh it were poſſible for you to have a ſenſe of theſe pleaſing perplexities; you might communicate to the guilty part of mankind, that they are incapable of the happineſs which is in the very ſorrows of the virtuous.

'BUT pray ſpare me a little longer; give me leave to tell you the manner of her death. She took leave of all her family, and bore the vain application of medicines with the greateſt patience imaginable. When the phyſician told her ſhe muſt certainly die, ſhe deſired, as well as ſhe could, that all who were preſent except myſelf, might depart the room. She ſaid ſhe had nothing to ſay, for ſhe was reſigned, and I knew all ſhe knew that concerned us in the world; but ſhe deſired to be alone, that in the preſence of GOD only ſhe might, without interuption, do her laſt duty to me, of thanking me for all my kindneſs to her; adding, that ſhe hoped in my laſt moments I ſhould feel the ſame comfort for my goodneſs to her, as ſhe did in that ſhe had acquitted herſelf with honour, truth and virtue to me.

'I CURB myſelf and will not tell you that this kindneſs cut my heart in twain, when I expected an acculation for ſome paſſionate ſtarts of mine, in ſome parts of our time together, to ſay nothing but thank me for the good if there was any good ſuitable to her own excellence! All that I had ever ſaid to her, all the circumſtances of ſorrow and joy between us, crowded upon my mind in the ſame inſtant; and when immediately after I ſaw the pangs of death come upon that dear body which I had often embraced with tranſport, when I ſaw thoſe cheriſhing eyes begin to be ghaſtly, and their laſt ſtruggle to be to fix themſelves on me, how did I loſe all patience? She expired in my arms, and in my diſtraction I thought I ſaw her boſom ſtill heave. There was certainly life yet ſtill left; I cried, ſhe juſt now ſpoke to me: but alas! I grew giddy, and all things moved about me from the diſtemper of my own head; for the beſt of women was breathleſs and gone for ever.

'Now the doctrine I would, methinks, have you raiſe from this account I have given you, is, that there is a certain

certain equanimity in those who are good and just, which runs into their very sorrow, and disappoints the force of it. Though they must pass through afflictions in common with all who are in human nature, yet their conscious integrity shall undermine their affliction; nay, that very affliction shall add force to their integrity, from a reflection of the use of virtue in the hour of affliction. I sat down with a design to put you upon giving us rules how to overcome such griefs as these, but I should rather advise you to teach men to be capable of them.

'You men of letters have what you call the fine taste in your apprehensions of what is properly done or said: there is something like this deeply ingrafted in the soul of him who is honest and faithful in all his thoughts and actions. Every thing which is false, vicious, or unworthy, is despicable to him, though all the world should approve it. At the same time he has the most lively sensibility in all enjoyments and sufferings which it is proper for him to have, where any duty of life is concerned. To want sorrow when you, in decency and truth should be afflicted, is, I should think, a greater instance of a man's being a blockhead, than not to know the beauty of any passage in *Virgil*. You have not yet observed, Mr SPECTATOR, that the fine gentlemen of this age set up for hardness of heart, and humanity has very little share in their pretences. He is a brave fellow who is always ready to kill a man he hates, but he does not stand in the same degree of esteem who laments for the woman he loves. I should fancy you might work up a thousand pretty thoughts, by reflecting upon the persons most susceptible of the sort of sorrow I have spoken of; and I dare say you will find upon examination, that they are the wisest and the bravest of mankind, who are the most capable of it. I am,

NORWICH, 7°. Octobris, 1712.

SIR,

Your most humble servant.

T F. J.

No.

No 521. *Tuesday, October 28.*

Vera redit facies, dissimulata perit. Ov. Art.

The real face returns, the counterfeit is lost.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE been for many years loud in this assertion, that there are very few that can see or hear, I mean that can report what they have seen or heard; and this thro' incapacity or prejudice, one of which disables almost every man who talks to you from representing things as he ought. For which reason I am come to a resolution of believing nothing I hear; and I contemn the man given to narration under the appellation of a matter-of-fact man; and according to me a matter-of-fact man, is one whose life and conversation is spent in the report of what is not matter-of-fact.

'I REMEMBER when Prince *Eugene* was here, there was no knowing his height or figure, 'till you, *Mr* SPECTATOR, gave the public satisfaction in that matter. In relations, the force of the expression lies very often more in the look, the tone of the voice, or the gesture, than the words themselves; which being repeated in any other manner by the undiscerning, bear a very different interpretation from their original meaning. I must confess I formerly have turned this humour of mine to very good account; for whenever I heard any narration uttered with extraordinary vehemence, and grounded upon considerable authority, I was always ready to lay any wager that it was not so. Indeed I never pretended to be so rash, as to fix the matter any particular way in opposition to theirs; but as there are a hundred ways of any thing happening, besides that it has happened, I only controverted its falling out in that one manner as they settled it, and left it to the ninety-nine other ways, and consequently had more probability of success. I had arrived at a particular skill in warming a man so far in his narration, as to make him throw in a little of the marvellous, and then, if he has much fire,

'the

the next degree is the impoſſible. Now this is always the time for fixing the wager. But this requires the niceſt management, otherways very probably the diſpute may ariſe to the old determination by battle. In theſe conceits I have been very fortunate, and have won ſome wagers of thoſe who have profeſſedly valued themſelves upon intelligence, and have put themſelves to great charge and expence to be miſinformed conſiderably ſooner than the reſt of the world.

'HAVING got a conſiderable ſum by this my oppoſition to public report, I have brought myſelf now to ſo great a perfection in inattention, more eſpecially to party-relations, that at the ſame time I ſeem with greedy ears to devour up the diſcourſe, I certainly do not know one word of it, but purſue my own courſe of thought, whether upon buſineſs or amuſement, with much tranquillity: I ſay inattention, becauſe a late act of parliament has ſecured all party-liars from the penalty of a wager, and conſequently made it unprofitable to attend them. However good-breeding obliges a man to maintain the figure of the keeneſt attention, the true poſture of which in a coffeehouſe I take to conſiſt in leaning over a table, with the edge of it preſſing hard upon your ſtomach: for the more pain the narration is received with, the more gracious is your bending over. Beſides that, the narrator thinks you forgot your pain, by the pleaſure of hearing him.

'FORT *Knock* has occaſioned ſeveral very perplexed and inelegant heats and animoſities; and there was one t'other day in a coffeehouſe where I was, that took upon him to clear that buſineſs to me, for he ſaid he was there. I knew him to be that ſort of man that had not ſtrength of capacity to be informed of any thing that depended merely upon his being an eye-witneſs, and therefore was fully ſatisfied he could give me no information, for the very ſame reaſon he believed he could, for he was there. However, I heard him with the ſame greedineſs as *Shakeſpear* deſcribes in the following lines:

"I ſaw a ſmith ſtand on his hammer, thus,
"With open mouth ſwallowing a taylor's news.

'I confeſs of late I have not been ſo much amazed at the declaimers in coffeehouſes as I formerly was, being

'ſatisfied

'ſatisfied that they expect to be rewarded for their vo-
'ferations. Of theſe liars there are two ſorts. The ge-
'nius of the firſt conſiſts in much impudence and a ſtrong
'memory; the others have added to theſe qualifications
'a good underſtanding and ſmooth language. Theſe there-
'fore have only certain heads, which they are as eloquent
'upon as they can, and may be called embelliſhers; the
'others repeat only what they hear from others as literal-
'ly as their parts or zeal will permit, and are called rea-
'ters Here was a fellow in town ſome years ago, who
'uſed to divert himſelf by telling a lie at *Charing-cross*
'in the morning at eight of the clock, and then following
'it through all parts of the town till eight at night; at
'which time he came to a club of his friends, and divert-
'ed them with an account of what cenſure it had at *Will's*
'in *Covent-garden*, how dangerous it was believed to be
'at *Child's*. and what inferences they drew from it with
'relation to ſtocks at *Jonathan's*. I have had the honour
'to travel with this gentleman I ſpeak of in ſearch of one
'of his falſehoods; and have been preſent when they have
'deſcribed the very man they have ſpoken to, as him who
'firſt reported it, tall or ſhort, black or fair, a gentleman
'or raggamuffian, according as they liked the intelli-
'gence. I have heard one of our ingenious writers of
'news ſay, that when he has had a cuſtomer come with
'an advertiſement of an apprentice or a wife run away, he
'has deſired the advertiſer to compoſe himſelf a little be-
'fore he dictated the deſcription of the offender: for
'when a perſon is put into a public paper by a man who
'is angry with him, the real deſcription of ſuch perſon is
'hid in the deformity with which the angry man deſcri-
'ed him; therefore this fellow always made his cuſtomers
'deſcribe him as he would the day before he offended, or
'elſe he was ſure he would never find him out. Theſe
'and many other hints I could ſuggeſt to you for the elu-
'cidation of all factions; but I leave it to your own saga-
'city to improve or neglect this ſpeculation.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

Poſtſcript

Poſtſcript *to the* Spectator, *Number* 502.

N. B. *There are in the play of the* Self tormentor *of* Terence, *which is allowed a moſt excellent comedy, ſeveral incidents which would draw tears from any man of ſenſe, and not one which would move his laughter.* T

№ 522. *Wedneſday, October* 29.

——*Adjuro nunquam eam me deſerturum:*
Non, ſi capiundos mihi ſciam eſſe inimicos omnes homines,
Hanc mihi expetivi, contigit: conveniunt mores: valeant,
Qui inter nos diſcidium volunt: hanc, niſi mors, mi
adimet nemo. Ter. Andr. act. 4. ſc. 2.

I ſwear never to forſake her; no, tho' I were ſure to make all men my enemies: her I deſired; her I have obtain'd; our humours agree: periſh all thoſe who would ſeparate us! Death alone ſhall deprive me of her.

I SHOULD eſteem myſelf a very happy man, if my ſpeculations could in the leaſt contribute to the rectifying the conduct of my readers in one of the moſt important affairs of life, to wit, their choice in marriage. This ſtate is the foundation of community, and the chief band of ſociety; and I do not think I can be too frequent on ſubjects which may give light to my unmarried readers, in a particular which is ſo eſſential to their following happineſs or miſery. A virtuous diſpoſition, a good underſtanding, an agreeable perſon, and an eaſy fortune, are the things which ſhould be chiefly regarded on this occaſion. Becauſe my preſent view is to direct a young lady, who, I think, is now in doubt whom to take of many lovers, I ſhall talk at this time to my female reader. The advantages, as I was going ſay, of ſenſe, beauty and riches, are what are certainly the chief motives to a prudent young woman of fortune for changing her condition; but as ſhe is to have her eye upon each of theſe, ſhe is to aſk herſelf whether the man who has moſt of theſe recommendations in the lump is not the moſt deſirable? He that has excellent talents, with a moderate

eſtate, and an agreeable perſon, is preferable to him who is only rich, if it were only that good faculties may purchaſe riches, but riches cannot purchaſe worthy endowments. I do not mean that wit, and a capacity to entertain, is what ſhould be highly valued, except it is founded upon good nature and humanity. There are many ingenious men whoſe abilities do little elſe but make themſelves and thoſe about them uneaſy; ſuch are thoſe who are forgone in the pleaſures of the town, who cannot ſupport life without quick ſenſations and gay reflections, and are ſtrangers to tranquillity, to right reaſon, and a calm motion of ſpirits without tranſport or dejection. Theſe ingenious men, of all men living, are moſt to be avoided by her who would be happy in a huſband. They are immediately ſated with poſſeſſion, and muſt neceſſarily fly to new acquiſitions of beauty, to paſs away the whiſling moments and intervals of life; for with them every hour is heavy that is not joyful. But there is a ſort of man of wit and ſenſe, that can reflect upon his own make, and that of his partner, with the eyes of reaſon and honour, and who believes he offends againſt both theſe, if he does not look upon the woman (who chooſe him to be under his protection in ſickneſs and health) with the utmoſt gratitude, whether, from that moment, ſhe is ſhining or defective in perſon or mind: I ſay there are thoſe who think themſelves bound to ſupply with good-nature the failings of thoſe who love them, and who always think thoſe the objects of love and pity, who came to their arms the objects of joy and admiration.

Of this latter ſort is *Lyſander*, a man of wit, learning, ſobriety and good-nature, of birth and eſtate below no woman to accept, and of whom it might be ſaid, ſhould he ſucceed in his preſent wiſhes, his miſtreſs raiſed his fortune, but not that ſhe made it. When a woman is deliberating with herſelf whom ſhe ſhall chuſe of many near each other in their pretenſions, certainly he of beſt underſtanding is to be preferred. Life hangs heavily in the repeated converſation of one who has no imagination to be fired at the ſeveral occaſions and objects which come before him, or who cannot ſtrike out of his reflections new paths of pleaſing diſcourſe. Honeſt *Will Thraſh* and his wife, though not married above four months, have ſcarce

arce had a word to ſay to each other theſe ſi. weeks; and e cannot form to one's ſelf a ſillier picture, than thoſe vo creatures in ſolemn pomp and plenty, unable to enjoy eir fortunes, and at a full ſtop among a crowd of ſer nts to whoſe taſte of life they are beholden for the little tisfactions by which they can be underſtood to be ſo much barely in being. The hours of the day, the diſtinctions noon and night, dinner and ſupper, are the greateſt otices they are capable of. This is perhaps repreſenting e life of a very modeſt woman, joined to a dull fellow, ore inſipid than it really deſerves: but I am ſure it is not to alt the commerce of an ingenious companion too high, to y that every new accident or object, which comes into ſuch gentleman's way, gives his wife new pleaſures and ſatis-ctions. The approbation of his words and actions is a ntinual new feaſt to her, nor can ſhe enough applaud her od fortune in having her life varied every hour, her mind ore improved, and her heart more glad from every cir-umſtance which they meet with. He will lay out his in-ention in forming new pleaſures and amuſements, and make e fortune ſhe has brought him ſubſervient to the honour nd reputation of her and hers. A man of ſenſe who is us obliged, is ever contriving the happineſs of her who id him ſo great a diſtinction; while the fool is ungrateful ithout vice, and never returns a favour becauſe he is not nſible of it. I would, methinks, have ſo much to ſay for yſelf, that if I fell into the hands of him who treated me ill, e ſhould be ſenſible when he did ſo: his conſcience ſhould e of my ſide whatever became of his inclination. I do not now but it is the inſipid choice which has been made by oſe who have the care of young women, that the mar-age ſtate itſelf has been liable to ſo much ridicule. But well-choſen love, moved by paſſion on both ſides, and per-cted by the generoſity of one party, muſt be adorned ith ſo many handſome incidents on the other ſide, that very particular couple would be an example in many cir-umſtances to all the reſt of the ſpecies. I ſhall end the at upon this ſubject with a couple of letters, one from lover who is very well acquainted with the way of bar-aining on thoſe occaſions; and the other from his rival, ho has a leſs eſtate, but great gallantry of temper. As r my man of prudence, he makes love, as he ſays, as

if he were already a father, and laying aſide the paſſi comes to the reaſon of the thing.

MADAM,

'MY counſel has peruſed the inventory of your e
'ſtate, and conſidered what eſtate you have, whic
'it ſeems is only yours, and to the male-heirs of your bo
'dy; but in default of ſuch iſſue, to the right heirs o
'your uncle *Edward* for ever. Thus, Madam, I am ad
'viſed you cannot (the remainder not being in you) dock
'the entail; by which means my eſtate, which is fee ſim
'ple, will come by the ſettlement propoſed to your children
'begotten by me whether they are males or females;
'but my children begotten upon you will not inherit your
'lands, except I beget a ſon. Now, Madam, ſince things
'are ſo, you are a woman of that prudence, and under
'ſtand the world ſo well, as not to expect I ſhould give
'you more than you can give me.

I am, MADAM,

With great reſpect,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

T. W.

The other lover's eſtate is leſs than this gentleman's, but he expreſſed himſelf as follows,

MADAM,

'I HAVE given in my eſtate to your counſel, and de
'ſired my own lawyer to inſiſt upon no terms which
'your friends can propoſe for your certain eaſe and advan
'tage; for indeed I have no notion of making difficulties
'of preſenting you with what cannot make me happy
'without you.

I am, MADAM,

Your moſt devoted humble ſervant,

B. T.

You muſt know the relations have met upon this, and the girl being mightily taken with the latter epiſtle, ſhe

laughed at, and uncle *Edward* is to be dealt with to make her a ſuitable match to the worthy gentleman who has told her he does not care a farthing for her. All I hope for is, that the lady *Fair* will make uſe of the firſt light ſhe has to ſhow *B. T.* ſhe underſtands a marriage is not to be conſidered as a common bargain.

N° 523, *Thurſday, October 30.*

——*Nunc augur Apollo,*
Nunc Lyciæ ſortes, nunc et Jove miſſus ab ipſo
Interpres divum fert horrida juſſa per auras;
Scilicet is ſuperis labor—— Virg. Æn. 4. v. 377.

Now Lycian *lots, and now the* Delian *God,*
Now Hermes *is employ'd from* Jove's *abode,*
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful ſtate
Of heavenly pow'rs were touch'd with human fate!
Dryden.

I Am always highly delighted with the diſcovery of any riſing genius among my countrymen. For this reaſon I have read over, with great pleaſure, the late miſcellany publiſhed by Mr *Pope*, in which there are many excellent compoſitions of that ingenious gentleman. I have had a pleaſure of the ſame kind, in peruſing a poem that is juſt publiſhed *on the proſpect of peace*, and which, I hope will meet with ſuch a reward from its patrons, as ſo noble a performance deſerves. I was particularly well pleaſed to find that the author had not amuſed himſelf with fables out of the Pagan theology, and that when he hints at any thing of this nature he alludes to it only as to a fable.

MANY of our modern authors, whoſe learning very often extends no farther than *Ovid's Metamorphoſes*, do not know how to celebrate a great man, without mixing a parcel of ſchool-boy tales with the recital of his actions. If you read a poem on a fine woman, among the authors of this claſs, you ſhall ſee that it turns more upon *Venus* or *Helen*, than on the party concerned. I have known a copy of verſes on a great hero highly commended; but upon aſking to hear ſome of the beautiful paſſages, the admirer of

it has repeated to me a ſpeech of *Apollo*, or a deſcription of *Polypheme*. At other times when I have ſearched for the actions of a great man, who gave a ſubject to the writer, I have been entertained with the exploits of a river-god, or been forced to attend a fury in her miſchievous progreſs, from one end of the poem to the other. When we are at ſchool it is neceſſary for us to be acquainted with the ſyſtem of Pagan theology, and may be allowed to enliven a theme, or point an epigram with an heathen god; but when he would write a manly panegyric, that ſhould carry in it all the colours of truth, nothing can be more ridiculous than to have recourſe to our *Jupiters* and *Junos*.

No thought is beautiful which is not juſt, and no thought can be juſt which is not founded in truth, or at leaſt in that which paſſes for ſuch.

In mock-heroic poems, the uſe of the heathen mythology is not only excuſable but graceful, becauſe it is the deſign of ſuch compoſitions to divert, by adapting the fabulous machines of the ancients to low ſubjects, and at the ſame time by ridiculing ſuch kinds of machinery in modern writers. If any are opinion, that there is a neceſſity of adorning thoſe claſſical legends in our ſerious compoſitions, in order to give them a more poetical turn; I would recommend to their conſideration the paſtorals of Mr *Philips*. One would have thought it impoſſible for this kind of poetry to have ſubſiſted without fawns and ſatyrs, wood-nymphs and water-nymphs, with all the tribe of rural deities. But we ſee he has given a new life, and a more natural beauty to this way of writing, by ſubſtituting in the place of theſe antiquated fables, the ſuperſtitious mythology which prevails among the ſhepherds of our own country.

VIRGIL and *Homer* might compliment their heroes, by interweaving the actions of deities with their atchievements; but for a Chriſtian author to write in the pagan creed, to make prince *Eugene* a favourite of *Mars*, or to carry on a correſpondence between *Bellona* and the Marſhal *de Villars*, would be downright puerility, and unpardonable in a poet that is paſt ſixteen. It is want of ſufficient elevation in a genius to deſcribe realities, and place them in a ſhining light, that makes him have recourſe to

ſuch

ch trifling antiquated fables: as a man may write a fine ſcription of *Bacchus* or *Apollo*, that does not know how, draw the character of any of his contemporaries.

In order therefore to put a ſtop to this abſurd practice, ſhall publiſh the following edict by virtue of that ſpectatorial authority with which I ſtand inveſted.

WHEREAS the time of a general peace is, in all appearance, drawing near, being informed that there are ſeveral ingenious perſons, who intend to ſhew their talents on ſo happy an occaſion, and being willing, as much as in me lies, to prevent that effuſion of nonſenſe, which we have good cauſe to apprehend; I do hereby ſtrictly require every perſon, who ſhall write on this ſubject, to remember that he is a Chriſtian, and not to ſacrifice his catechiſm to his poetry. In order to it, I do expect of him in the firſt place, to make his own poem, without depending upon *Phœbus* for any part of it, or calling out for aid upon any one of the Muſes by name. I do likeways poſitively forbid the ſending of *Mercury* with any particular meſſage or diſpatch relating to the peace, and ſhall by no means ſuffer *Minerva* to take upon her the ſhape of any plenipotentiary concerned in this great work. I do further declare, that I ſhall not allow the Deſtinies to have had any hand in the deaths of the ſeveral thouſands who have been ſlain in the late war, being of opinion that all ſuch deaths may be very well accounted for by the Chriſtian ſyſtem of powder and ball. I do therefore ſtrictly forbid the Fates to cut the thread of man's life upon any pretence whatſoever, unleſs it be for the ſake of the rhime. And whereas I have good reaſon to fear, that *Neptune* will have a great deal of buſineſs on his hands in the ſeveral poems which we may now ſuppoſe are upon the anvil, I do alſo prohibit his appearance, unleſs it be done in metaphor, ſimile, or any very ſhort alluſion, and that even here he be not permitted to enter but with great caution and circumſpection. I deſire that the ſame rule may be extended to his whole fraternity of heathen gods, it being my deſign to condemn every poem to the flames in which *Jupiter* thunders or exerciſes any other act of authority which does not belong to him: in ſhort, I expect

'pect that no pagan agent ſhall be introduced, or any fact
'related which a man cannot give credit to with a good
'conſcience. Provided always, that nothing herein con-
'tained ſhall extend, or be conſtrued to extend, to ſeve-
'ral of the female poets of this nation, who ſhall ſtill be
'left in full poſſeſſion of their gods and goddeſſes, in the
'ſame manner as if this paper had never been written. O

N° 524. *Friday, October* 31.

Nos populo damus—— Seneca.

As the world leads, we follow.

WHEN I firſt of all took it in my head to write dreams and viſions, I determined to print nothing of that nature, which was not of my own invention. But ſeveral laborious dreamers have of late communicated to me works of this nature, which, for their reputations and my own, I have hitherto ſuppreſſed. Had I printed every one that came to my hands, my book of ſpeculations, would have been little elſe but a book of viſions. Some of my correſpondents have indeed been ſo very modeſt, as to offer at an excuſe for their not being in a capacity to dream better. I have by me for example, the dream of a young gentleman not paſt fifteen. I have likeways by me the dream of a perſon of quality, and another called the lady's dream. In theſe, and other pieces of the ſame nature, it is ſuppoſed the uſual allowances will be made to the age, condition and ſex of the dreamer. To prevent this inundation of dreams, which daily flows in upon me, I ſhall apply to all dreamers of dreams, the advice which *Epictetus* has couched, after his manner, in a very ſimple and conciſe precept: 'Never tell thy dreams, ſays that 'philoſopher, for tho' thou thyſelf may'ſt take a pleaſure 'in telling thy dream, another will take no pleaſure in 'hearing it.' After this ſhort preface, I muſt do juſtice to two or three viſions which I have lately publiſhed and which I have owned to have been written by other hands. I ſhall add a dream to theſe, which comes to me from *Scotland*, by one who declares himſelf of that country, and

and for all I know may be ſecond ſighted. There is indeed, ſomething in it of the ſpirit of *John Bunyan*; but at the ſame time a certain ſublime, which that author was never maſter of. I ſhall publiſh it, becauſe I queſtion not but it will fall in with the taſte of all my popular readers, and amuſe the imagination of thoſe who are more profound; declaring at the ſame time, that this is the laſt dream which I intend to publiſh this ſeaſon.

SIR,

'I WAS laſt *Sunday* in the evening led into a ſerious 'reflection on the reaſonableneſs of virtue, and great 'folly of vice, from an excellent ſermon I had heard that 'afternoon in my pariſh-church. Among other obſerva-'tions, the preacher ſhewed us, that the temptations 'which the tempter propoſed, were all on a ſuppoſition 'that we are either madmen or fools, or with an inten-'tion to render us ſuch; that in no other affair we would 'ſuffer ourſelves to be thus impoſed upon, in a caſe ſo 'plainly and clearly againſt our viſible intereſt. His il-'luſtrations and arguments carried ſo much perſuaſion and 'conviction with them, that they remained a conſiderable 'while freſh; and working in my memory; 'till at laſt 'the mind, fatigued with thought, gave way to the for-'cible oppreſſions of ſlumber and ſleep, whilſt fancy, un-'willing yet to drop the ſubject, preſented me with the 'following viſion.

'METHOUGHT I was juſt awoke out of a ſleep, that 'I could never remember the beginning of; the place 'where I found myſelf to be, was a wide and ſpacious 'plain, full of people that wandered up and down through 'ſeveral beaten paths, whereof ſome few were ſtraight 'and in direct lines, but moſt of them winding and turn-'ing like a labyrinth; but yet it appeared to me after-'wards, that theſe laſt all met in one iſſue, ſo that many 'that ſeemed to ſteer quite contrary courſes, did at length 'meet and face one another, to the no little amazement 'of many of them.

'IN the midſt of the plain there was a great fountain, 'they called it the ſpring of *Self-love*: out of it iſſued 'two rivulets to the Eaſtward and Weſtward; the name 'of the firſt was *Heavenly-Wiſdom*, its water was won-

'derfully

'derfully clear, but of a yet more wonderful effect: the 'other's name was *Worldly-Wiſdom*, its water was thick, 'and yet far from being dormant or ſtagnating, for it was 'in a continual violent agitation: which kept the travel-'lers, whom I ſhall mention by and by, from being ſen-'ſible of the foulneſs and thickneſs of the water; which 'had this effect, that it intoxicated thoſe who drank it, 'and made them miſtake every object that lay before 'them; both rivulets were parted near their ſprings into 'ſo many others, as there were ſtraight and crooked 'paths, which they attended all along to their reſpective 'iſſues.

'I OBSERVED from the ſeveral paths many now and 'then diverting, to refreſh and otherways qualify them-'ſelves for their journey, to the reſpective rivulets that 'ran near them; they contracted a very obſervable cou-'rage and ſteadineſs in what they were about, by drink-'ing theſe waters. At the end of the perſpective of every 'ſtraight path, all which did end in one iſſue and point, 'appeared a high pillar, all of diamond, caſting rays as 'bright as thoſe of the ſun into the paths, which rays had 'alſo certain ſympathizing and alluring virtues in them, 'ſo that whoſoever had made ſome conſiderable progreſs 'in his journey onwards towards the pillar, by the re-'peated impreſſion of theſe rays upon him, was wrought 'into an habitual inclination and converſation of his ſight 'towards it, ſo that it grew at laſt in a manner natural to 'him to look and gaze upon it, whereby he was kept 'ſteady in the ſtraight paths, which alone lead to that 'radiant body, the beholding of which was now grown a 'gratification to his nature.

'AT the iſſue of the crooked paths there was a great 'black tower, out of the centre of which ſtreamed a long 'ſucceſſion of flames, which did riſe even above the clouds; 'it gave a very great light to the whole plain, which did 'ſometimes outſhine the light, and oppreſſed the beams 'of the adamantine pillar; though by the obſervation I 'made afterwards, it appeared that it was not for any di-'minution of light, but that this lay in the travellers 'who would ſometimes ſtep out of the ſtraight paths, 'where they loſt the full proſpect of the radiant pillar and 'ſaw it but a ſide-way, but the great light from the black

'tower

tower, which was ſomewhat particularly ſcorching to them, would generally light and haſten them to their climate again.

'ROUND about the black tower there were, methought, many thouſands of huge miſhapen ugly monſters; theſe had great nets, which they were perpetually plying and caſting towards the crooked paths, and they would now and then catch up thoſe that were neareſt to them, theſe they took up ſtraight, and whirled over the walls into the flaming tower, and they were no more ſeen nor heard of.

'THEY would ſometimes caſt their nets towards the right paths to catch the ſtragglers, whoſe eyes for want of frequent drinking at the brook that ran by them grew dim, whereby they loſt there way; theſe would ſometimes very narrowly miſs being catched away, but I could not hear whether any of thoſe had ever been ſo unfortunate, that had been before very hearty in the ſtraight paths.

'I CONSIDERED all theſe ſtrange ſights with great attention, till at laſt I was interupted by a cluſter of the travellers in the crooked paths, who came up to me, bid me go along with them and preſently fell to ſinging and dancing; they took me by the hand, and ſo carried me away along with them. After I had followed them a conſiderable while, I perceived I had loſt the black tower of light, at which I greatly wondered; but as I looked and gazed round about me, and ſaw nothing, I begun to fancy my firſt viſion had been but a dream, and there was no ſuch thing in reality: but then I conſidered that if I could fancy to ſee what was not, I might as well have an illuſion wrought on me at preſent, and not ſee what was really before me. I was very much confirmed in this thought, by the effect I juſt then obſerved the water of *Worldly-Wiſdom* had upon me; for as I had drunk a little of it again, I felt a very ſenſible effect in my head; methought it diſtracted and diſordered all there; this made me ſtop of a ſudden ſuſpecting ſome charm or inchantment. As I was caſting about within myſelf what I ſhould do, and whom to apply to in this caſe, I ſpy'd at ſome diſtance off me a man beckoning, and making ſigns to me to come over to him. I cryed

to

to him, *I did not know the way.* He then called to
me audibly, to ſtep at laſt out of the path I was in; for
if I ſtaid there any longer I was in danger to be catch
in a great net that was juſt hanging over me, and ready
to catch me up; that he wondered I was ſo blind, or
ſo diſtracted, as not to ſee ſo imminent and viſible a dan-
ger, aſſuring me, that as ſoon as I was out of that way
he would come to me to lead me into a more ſecure
path. This he did, and he brought me his palm full of
the water of *Heavenly-Wiſdom*, which was of very great
uſe to me, for my eyes were ſtraight cleared, and I ſaw
the great black tower juſt before me; but the great net
which I ſpy'd ſo near me, caſt me in ſuch a terror, that
I ran back as far as I could in one breath, without look-
ing behind me: then my benefactor thus beſpoke me;
You have made the wonderfulleſt eſcape in the world;
the water you uſed to drink is of a bewitching nature,
you would elſe have been mightily ſhocked at the de-
formities and meanneſs of the place; for beſide the ſet
of blind fools in whoſe company you was, you may now
behold many others who are only bewitched after an-
other no leſs dangerous manner. Look a little that way,
there goes a croud of paſſengers, they have indeed ſo
good a head as not to ſuffer themſelves to be blinded by
this bewitching water; the black tower is not vaniſhed
out of their ſight, they ſee it whenever they look up to
it, but ſee how they go ſide-ways, and with their eyes
downwards, as if they were mad, that they may thus
ruſh into the net, without being before-hand troubled at
the thought of ſo miſerable a deſtruction. Their wills
are ſo perverſe, and their hearts ſo fond of the pleaſures
of the place, that rather than forgo them they will run
all hazards, and venture upon all the miſeries and woes
before them.

'SEE there that other company, tho' they ſhould drink
none of the bewitching water; yet they take a courſe
bewitching and deluding; ſee how they chuſe the crook-
edeſt paths, whereby they have often the black tower
behind them, and ſometimes ſee the radiant column ſide-
ways, which gives them ſome weak glimpſe of it. Theſe
fools content themſelves with that, not knowing whe-
ther any other have any more of its influence and light

than

than themſelves: this road is called that of *ſuperſtition* or *human invention*; they groſsly overlook that which the rules and laws of the place preſcribe to them, and contrive ſome other ſcheme and ſet of directions and preſcriptions for themſelves, which they hope will ſerve their turn. He ſhewed me many other kind of fools, which put me quite out of humour with the place. At laſt he carried me to the right paths, where I found true and ſolid pleaſure, which entertained me all the way, till we came in cloſer ſight of the pillar, where the ſatisfaction increaſed to that meaſure that my faculties were not able to contain it; in the ſtraining of them I was violently waked, not a little grieved at the vaniſhing of ſo pleaſing a dream.

Glaſgow, Sept. 29.

N° 525. *Saturday, November* 1.

Ο δ' εις το σωφρον εκ' αρετην τ' αγων τρον,
Ζηλωτος ανθρωποισιν—— Eurip.

That love alone, which virtue's laws controul,
Deſerves reception in the human ſoul.

IT is my cuſtom to take frequent opportunities of inquiring from time to time, what ſucceſs my ſpeculations meet with in the town. I am glad to find in particular, that my diſcourſes on marriage have been well received. A friend of mine gives me to underſtand, from *Doctors-Commons*, that more licences have been taken out there of late than uſual. I am likeways informed of ſeveral pretty fellows, who have reſolved to commence heads of families by the firſt favourable opportunity: one of them writes me word, that he is ready to enter into the bonds of matrimony, provided I will give it him under my hand (as I now do) that a man may ſhew his face in good company after he is married, and that he need not be aſhamed to treat a woman with kindneſs, who puts herſelf into his power for life.

I HAVE other letters on this ſubject, which ſay that I am attempting to make a revolution in the world of gal-

gallantry, and that the conſequences of it will be, that a great deal of the ſprightlieſt wit and ſatire of the laſt age will be loſt: that a baſhful fellow upon changing his condition, will be no longer puzzled how to ſtand the rallery of his facetious companions; that he need not own he married only to plunder an heireſs of her fortune, nor pretend that he uſes her ill, to avoid the ridiculous name of a fond huſband.

INDEED if I may ſpeak my opinion of great part of the writing which once prevailed among us, under the notion of humour, they are ſuch as would tempt one to think there had been an aſſociation among the wits of those times to rally legitimacy out of our iſland. A ſtate of wedlock was the common mark of all the adventurers in farce and comedy, as well as the eſſayers in lampoon and ſatire to ſhoot at; and nothing was a more ſtanding jeſt in all clubs of faſhionable mirth, and gay converſation. It was determined among thoſe airy critics, that the appellation of a *ſober man* ſhould ſignify a *ſpiritleſs fellow*. And I am apt to think it was about the ſame time, that *good-nature*, a word ſo peculiarly elegant in our language, that ſome have affirmed it cannot well be expreſſed in any other, came firſt to be rendered ſuſpicious and in danger of being transferred from its original ſenſe to ſo diſtant an idea as that of *folly*.

I MUST confeſs it has been my ambition, in the courſe of my writings, to reſtore, as well as I was able, the proper ideas of things. And as I have attempted this already on the ſubject of marriage, in ſeveral papers, I ſhall here add ſome farther obſervations which occur to me on the ſame head.

NOTHING ſeems to be thought by our fine gentlemen ſo indiſpenſible an ornament in faſhionable life, as love. *A knight-errant*, ſays *Don Quixote*, *without a miſtreſs, is like a tree without leaves*; and a man of mode among us, who has not ſome fair one to ſigh for, might as well pretend to appear dreſſed without his periwig. We have lovers in proſe innumerable. All our pretenders to rhime are profeſſed inamoratoes; and there is ſcarce a poet, good or bad, to be heard of, who has not ſome real or ſuppoſed *Sacharilſa* to improve his vein.

IF

If love be any refinement, *conjugal love* muſt be certainly ſo in a much higher degree. There is no compariſon between the frivolous affectation of attracting the eyes of women with whom you are only captivated by way of amuſement, and of whom perhaps you know nothing more than their features, and a regular and uniform endeavour to make yourſelf valuable, both as a friend and lover, to one whom you have choſen to be the companion of your life. The firſt is the ſpring of a thouſand fopperies, ſilly artifices, falſhoods, and perhaps barbarities; or at beſt ariſes no higher than to a kind of dancing-ſchool breeding, to give the perſon a more ſparkling air. The latter is the parent of ſubſtantial virtues and agreeable qualities, and cultivates the mind while it improves the behaviour. The paſſion of love to a miſtreſs, even where it is moſt ſincere, reſembles too much the flame of a fever; that to a wife is like the vital heat.

I HAVE often thought, if the letters written by men of good nature to there wives, were to be compared with thoſe written by men of gallantry to their miſtreſſes, the former, notwithſtanding any inequality of ſtile, would appear to have the advantage. Friendſhip, tenderneſs and conſtancy, dreſt in a ſimplicity of expreſſion, recommend themſelves by a more native elegance, than paſſionate raptures, extravagant encomiums, and ſlaviſh adoration. If we were admitted to ſearch the cabinet of the beautiful *Narciſſa*, among heaps of epiſtles from ſeveral admirers, which are there preſerved with equal care, how few ſhould we find but would make any one ſick in the reading, except her who is flattered by them? But in how different a ſtile muſt the wife *Benevolus*, who converſes with that good ſenſe and good humour among all his friends, write to a wife who is the worthy object of his utmoſt affection? *Benevolus*, both in public and private, and all occaſions of life, appears to have every good quality and deſireable ornament. Abroad he is reverenced and eſteemed; at home beloved and happy. The ſatisfaction he enjoys there, ſettles into an habitual complacency, which ſhines in his countenance, enlivens his wit, and ſeaſons his converſation: even thoſe of his acquaintance, who have never ſeen him in his retirement, are ſharers in the happineſs of it; and it is very much owing to his being the beſt and beſt-beloved of huſbands,

that

that he is the moſt ſtedfaſt of friends and the moſt agreeable of companions.

THERE is a ſenſible pleaſure in contemplating ſuch beautiful inſtances of domeſtic life. The happineſs of the conjugal ſtate appears heightened to the higheſt degree it is capable of, when we ſee two perſons of accompliſhed minds not only united in the ſame intereſts and affections, but in their taſte of the ſame improvements, pleaſures and diverſions. *Pliny*, one of the fineſt gentlemen, and politeſt writers of the age in which he lived, has left us, in his letter to *Hiſpulla*, his wife's aunt, one of the moſt agreeable family-pieces of this kind I ever met with. I ſhall end this diſcourſe with a tranſlation of it: and I believe the reader will be of my opinion, that *conjugal love* is drawn in it with a delicacy which makes it appear to be, as I have repreſented it an ornament as well as a virtue.

PLINY *to* HISPULLA.

'AS I remember the great affection which was between you and your excellent brother, and know 'you love his daughter as your own, ſo as not only to expreſs the tenderneſs of the beſt of aunts, but even to ſupply that of the beſt of fathers; I am ſure it will be a 'pleaſure to you to hear that ſhe proves worthy of her father, worthy of you, and of your and her anceſtors. 'Her ingenuity is admirable; her frugality extraordinary. She loves me, the ſureſt pledge of her virtue; 'and adds to this a wonderful diſpoſition to learning, 'which ſhe has acquired from her affection to me. 'She reads my writings, ſtudies them, and even gets 'them by heart. You'd ſmile to ſee the concern ſhe is 'in when I have a cauſe to plead, and the joy ſhe ſhews 'when it is over. She finds means to have the firſt news 'brought her of the ſucceſs I meet with in court, how I 'am heard, and what decree is made. If I recite any 'thing in public, ſhe cannot refrain from placing her'ſelf privately in ſome corner to hear, where, with the 'utmoſt delight, ſhe feaſts upon my applauſes. Some'times ſhe ſings my verſes, and accompanies them with

'the

the lute, without any maſter, except love, the beſt of inſtructors. From theſe inſtances I take the moſt certain omens of our perpetual and increaſing happineſs; ſince her affection is not founded on my youth and perſon, which muſt gradually decay, but ſhe is in love with the immortal part of me, my glory and reputation. Nor indeed could leſs be expected from one who had the happineſs to receive her education from you, who, in your houſe, was accuſtomed to every thing that was virtuous and decent, and even began to love me by your recommendation. For, as you had always the greateſt reſpect for my mother, you were pleaſed from my infancy to form me, to commend me, and kindly to preſage I ſhould be one day what my wife fancies I am. Accept therefore our united thanks; mine, that you have beſtowed her on me, and hers, that you have given me to her, as a mutual grant of joy and felicity.

N° 526. *Monday, November 3.*

——Fortius utere loris. Ovid. Met. l. 2. v. 127.

Keep a ſtiff rein. Addiſon.

I Am very loth to come to extremities with the young gentlemen mentioned in the following letter, and do not care to chaſtiſe them with my own hand, till I am forced by provocations too great to be ſuffered without the abſolute deſtruction of my ſpectatorial dignity. The crimes of theſe offenders are placed under the obſervation of one of my chief officers, who is poſted juſt at the entrance of the paſs between *London* and *Weſtminſter*. As I have great confidence in the capacity, reſolution and integrity of the perſon deputed by me to give an account of enormities, I doubt not but I ſhall ſoon have before me all proper notices which are requiſite for the amendment of manners in public, and the inſtruction of each individual of the human ſpecies in what is due from him, in reſpect to the whole body of mankind. The preſent paper ſhall conſiſt only of the above-mentioned letter, and the copy of a de-

putation which I have given to my truſty friend Mr *John Sly*; wherein he is charged to notify to me all that is neceſſary for my animadverſion upon the delinquents mentioned by my correſpondent, as well as all others deſcribed in the ſaid deputation.

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL *of* Great-Britain.

'I grant it does look a little familiar, but I muſt call 'you

Dear Dumb,

'BEING got again to the farther end of the *widow's* 'coffee-houſe, I ſhall from hence give you ſome ac- 'count of the behaviour of our hackney-coachmen ſince 'my laſt. Theſe indefatigable gentlemen, without the 'leaſt deſign, I dare ſay, of ſelf-intereſt, or advantage to 'themſelves, do ſtill ply as volunteers day and night for 'the good of their country. I will not trouble you with 'enumerating many particulars, but I muſt by no means 'omit to inform you of an infant about ſix feet high, and 'between twenty and thirty years of age, who was ſeen 'in the arms of a hackney-coachman driving by *Will's* 'coffee-houſe in *Covent-Garden*, between the hours of 'four and five in the afternoon of that very day, where- 'in you publiſhed a memorial againſt them. This impu- 'dent young cur, though he could not ſit in a coach-box 'without holding, yet would he venture his neck to bid 'defiance to your Spectatorial authority, or any thing that 'you countenanced. Who he was I know not, but I 'heard this relation this morning from a gentleman who 'was an eye-witneſs of this his impudence; and I was 'willing to take the firſt opportunity to inform you of 'him, as holding it extremely requiſite that you ſhould 'nip him in the bud. But I am myſelf moſt concerned 'for my fellow-templars, fellow-ſtudents, and fellow la- 'bourers in the law, I mean ſuch of them as are dignified 'and diſtinguiſhed under the denomination of hackney- 'coachmen. Such aſpiring minds have theſe ambitious 'young men, that they cannot enjoy themſelves out of 'a coach-box. It is however an unſpeakable comfort to 'me, that I can now tell you, that ſome of them are

'grown

grown ſo baſhfull as to ſtudy only in the night-time, or in the country. The other night I ſpied one of our young gentlemen very diligent at his lucubrations in *Fleet-ſtreet*; and by the way, I ſhould be under ſome concern, leſt this hard ſtudent ſhould one time or other crack his brains with ſtudying, but that I am in hopes nature has taken care to fortify him in proportion to the great undertakings he was deſigned for. Another of my fellow-templars, on *Thurſday* laſt, was getting up into his ſtudy at the bottom of *Gray's-Inn-Lane*, in order, I ſuppoſe, to contemplate in the freſh air. Now, Sir, my requeſt is, that the great modeſty of theſe two gentlemen may be recorded as a pattern to the reſt; and if you would but give them two or three touches with your pen, though you might not perhaps prevail with them to deſiſt entirely from their meditations, yet I doubt not but you would at leaſt preſerve them from being public ſpectacles of folly in our ſtreets. I ſay, two or three touches with your own pen, for I have really obſerved, Mr SPEC, that thoſe *Spectators* which are ſo prettily laced down the ſides with little c's, how inſtructive ſoever they may be, do not carry with them that authority as the others. I do again therefore deſire, that, for the ſake of their dear necks, you would beſtow one penful of your own ink upon them. I know you are loth to expoſe them; and it is, I muſt confeſs, a thouſand pities that any young gentleman, who is come of honeſt parents, ſhould be brought to public ſhame: and indeed I ſhould be glad to have them handled a little tenderly at firſt; but if fair means will not prevail, there is then no other way to reclaim them, but by making uſe of ſome wholſome ſeverities; and I think it is better that a dozen or two of ſuch good-for-nothing fellows ſhould be made examples of, than that the reputation of ſome hundreds of as hopeful young gentlemen as myſelf ſhould ſuffer through their folly. It is not, however, for me to direct you what to do; but, in ſhort, if our coachmen will drive on this trade, the very firſt of them that I do find meditating in the ſtreet, I ſhall make bold to take the number of his chambers, together with a note of his name, and diſ-

patch

'patch them to you, that you may chaſtiſe him at your 'own diſcretion.

I am, dear SPEC,

For ever yours,

MOSES GREENBAG,

Eſq; if you pleaſe.

P. S. 'Tom *Hammercloth*, one of our coachmen, is 'now pleading at the bar at the other end of the room, 'but has a little too much vehemence and throws out his 'arms too much to take his audience with a good grace.

To my loving and well-beloved John Sly, *Haberdaſher of Hats, and Tobacconiſt, between the cities of* London *and* Weſtminſter.

WHEREAS frequent diſorders, affronts, indignities, omiſſions, and treſpaſſes, for which there are no remedies by any form of law, but which apparently diſturb and diſquiet the minds of men, happen near the place of your reſidence; and that you are, as well by your commodious ſituation, as the good parts with which you are endowed, properly qualified for the obſervation of the ſaid offences: I do hereby authoriſe and depute you, from the hours of nine in the morning, till four in the afternoon, to keep a ſtrict eye upon all perſons and things that are conveyed in coaches, carried in carts, or walk on foot from the city of *London* to the city of *Weſtminſter*, or from the city of *Weſtminſter* to the city of *London*, within the ſaid hours. You are therefore not to depart from your obſervatory at the end of *Devereux court* during the ſaid ſpace of each day; but obſerve the behaviour of all perſons who are ſuddenly tranſported from ſtamping on pebbles to ſit at eaſe in chariots, what notice they take of their foot acquaintance, and ſend me the ſpeedieſt advice, when they are guilty of overlooking, turning from, or appearing grave and diſtant to their old friends. When man and wife are in the ſame coach, you are to ſee whether they appear pleaſed or tired with each other, and whether they carry the due mean in the eye of the world between fondneſs

kindneſs and coldneſs. You are carefully to behold all ſuch as ſhall have addition of honour or riches, and report whether they preſerve the countenance they had before ſuch addition. As to perſons on foot, you are to be attentive whether they are pleaſed with their conditions, and are dreſſed ſuitable to it; but eſpecially to diſtinguiſh ſuch as appear diſcreet by a low-heel ſhoe, with the decent ornament of a leather-garter: to write down the names of ſuch country gentlemen as, upon the approach of peace, have left the hunting for the military cock of the hat: of all who ſtrut, make a noiſe, and ſwear at the drivers of coaches to make haſte, when they ſee it impoſſible they ſhould paſs: of all young gentlemen in coach-boxes, who labour at a perfection in what they are ſure to be excelled by the meaneſt of the people. You are to do all that in you lies that coaches and paſſengers give way according to the courſe of buſineſs, all the morning in term-time towards *Weſtminſter*, the reſt of the year towards the *Exchange*. Upon theſe directions, together with other ſecret articles herein incloſed, you are to govern yourſelf, and give advertiſement thereof to me at all convenient and ſpectatorial hours, when men of buſineſs are to be ſeen. Hereof you are not to fail. Given under my ſeal of office.

T *The* SPECTATOR.

N° 527. *Tueſday, November* 4.

Facile invenies et perjorem, et pejus moratam:
Meliorem neque tu reperies, neque ſol videt.
Plautus in Sticho.

You will eaſily find a worſe woman; a better the ſun never ſhone upon.

I AM ſo tender of my women-readers, that I cannot defer the publication of any thing which concerns their happineſs or quiet. The repoſe of a married woman is conſulted in the firſt of the following letters, and the felicity of a maiden lady in the ſecond. I call it a felicity to have the addreſſes of an agreeable man; and I think I have

have not any where ſeen a prettier application of a poetical ſtory than that of his, in making the tale of *Cephalus* and *Procris* the hiſtory-picture of a fan in ſo gallant a manner as he addreſſes it. But ſee the letters.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'TIS now almoſt three months ſince I was in town about ſome buſineſs; and the hurry of it being over, took coach one afternoon, and drove to ſee a relation, who married about ſix years ago a wealthy citizen. I found her at home, but her huſband gone to the *Exchange*, and expected back within an hour at the fartheſt. After the uſual ſalutations of kindneſs, and a hundred queſtions about friends in the country, we ſat down to piquet, played two or three games, and drank tea. I ſhould have told you that this was my ſecond time of ſeeing her ſince her marriage: but before ſhe lived at the ſame town where I went to ſchool; ſo that the plea of a relation, added to the innocence of my youth, prevailed upon her good-humour to indulge me in a freedom of converſation as often and oftener, than the ſtrict diſcipline of the ſchool would allow of. You may eaſily imagine after ſuch an acquaintance we might be exceeding merry without any offence, as in calling to mind how many inventions I have been put to, in deluding the maſter, how many hands forged for excuſes, how many times been ſick in perfect health; for I was then never ſick but at ſchool, and only then becauſe out of her company. We had whiled away three hours after this manner, when I found it paſt five: and not expecting her huſband would return 'till late, roſe up, told her I ſhould go early next morning for the country: ſhe kindly anſwered ſhe was afraid it would be long before ſhe ſaw me again; ſo I took my leave and parted. Now Sir, I had not been got home a fortnight, when I received a letter from a neighbour of theirs, that ever ſince that fatal afternoon the lady had been moſt inhumanly treated, and the huſband publicly ſtormed that he was made a member of too numerous a ſociety. He had, it ſeems, liſtned moſt of the time my couſin and I were together. As jealous ears always hear double, ſo he heard enough to make him mad; and as jealous eyes

ſee

ſee thro' magnifying-glaſſes, ſo he was certain it could not be I whom he had ſeen, a beardleſs ſtripling, but fancied he ſaw a gay gentleman of the *Temple*, ten years older than myſelf; and for that reaſon, I preſume, durſt not come in, nor take any notice when I went out. He is perpetually aſking his wife if ſhe does not think the time long (as ſhe ſaid ſhe ſhould) 'till ſhe ſee her couſin again. Pray, Sir, what can be done in this caſe? I have writ to him to aſſure him I was at his houſe all that afternoon expecting to ſee him: his anſwer is, 'tis only a trick of hers, and that he neither can nor will believe me. The parting kiſs I find mightily nettles him, and confirms him in all his errors. *Ben Johnſon*, as I remember, makes a foreigner in one of his comedies, *admire the deſperate valour of the bold* Engliſh, *who let out their wives, to all encounters*. The general cuſtom of ſalutation ſhould excuſe the favour done me, or you ſhould lay down rules when ſuch diſtinctions are to be given or omitted. You cannot imagine, Sir, how troubled I am for this unhappy lady's misfortune, and beg you would inſert this letter, that the huſband may reflect upon this accident coolly. It is no ſmall matter, the eaſe of a virtuous woman for her whole life: I know ſhe will conform to any regularities (though more ſtrict than the common rules of our country require) to which his particular temper ſhall incline him to oblige her. This accident puts me in mind how generouſly *Piſiſtratus* the *Athenian* tyrant behaved himſelf on a like occaſion, when he was inſtigated by his wife to put to death a young gentleman, becauſe being paſſionately fond of his daughter, he kiſſed her in public as he met her in the ſtreet; *What*, ſays he, *ſhall we do to thoſe who are our enemies, if we do thus to thoſe who are our friends?* I will not trouble you much longer, but am exceedingly concerned leſt this accident may cauſe a virtuous lady to lead a miſerable life with a huſband, who has no grounds for his jealouſy but what I have faithfully related, and ought to be reckoned none. 'Tis to be feared too, if at laſt he ſees his miſtake, yet people will be as ſlow and unwilling in diſbelieving ſcandal, as they are quick and forward in believing it. I ſhall endeavour to enliven this plain and honeſt letter with

'*Ovid's*

'*Ovid*'s relation about *Cybele*'s image. The ſhip where-
'in it was aboard was ſtranded at the mouth of the *Tyber*,
'and the men were unable to move it, 'till *Claudia*, a vir-
'gin, but ſuſpected of unchaſtity, by a ſlight pull hawled
'it in. The ſtory is told in the fourth book of the *Faſti*.

Parent of gods, began the weeping fair,
Reward or puniſh, but oh! hear my pray'r,
If lewdneſs e'er defil'd my virgin bloom,
From heav'n with juſtice I receive my doom;
But if my honour yet has known no ſtain,
Thou, goddeſs, thou my innocence maintain;
Thou, whom the niceſt rules of goodneſs ſway'd,
Vouchſafe to follow an unblemiſh'd maid.
She ſpoke, and touch'd the cord, with glad ſurpriſe,
(The truth was witneſs'd by ten thouſand eyes)
The pitying goddeſs eaſily comply'd,
Follow'd in triumph, and adorn'd her guide;
While *Claudia*, bluſhing ſtill for paſt diſgrace,
March'd ſilent on with a ſlow ſolemn pace:
Nor yet from ſome was all diſtruſt remov'd,
Tho' heav'n ſuch virtue by ſuch wonders prov'd.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

PHILAGNOTES.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'YOU will oblige a languiſhing lover, if you will
'pleaſe to print the incloſed verſes in your next pa-
'per. If you remember the *Metamorphoſes*, you know
'*Procris* the fond wife of *Cephalus*, is ſaid to have made
'her huſband, who delighted in the ſports of the wood, a
'preſent of an unerring javelin. In proceſs of time he was
'ſo much in the foreſt that his lady ſuſpected he was pur-
'ſuing ſome nymph, under the pretence of following a
'chace more innocent. Under this ſuſpicion ſhe hid her-
'ſelf among the trees, to obſerve his motions. While ſhe
'lay concealed, her huſband, tired with the labours of
'hunting, came within her hearing. As he was fainting
'with heat, he cried out, *Aura veni*; *Oh charming air*
'*approach.*

'THIS

'THE unfortunate wife, taking the word *Air* to be the 'name of a woman, began to move among the buſhes; 'and the huſband believing it a deer, threw his javelin 'and killed her. This hiſtory painted on a fan, which 'I preſented to a lady, gave occaſion to my growing poe-'tical.

Come gentle air! th' *Æolian* ſhepherd ſaid,
While *Procris* panted in the ſecret ſhade;
Come gentle air! the fairer *Delia* cries,
While at her feet her ſwain expiring lyes.
Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties ſtray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her boſom play.
In *Delia*'s hand this toy is fatal found,
Nor did that fabled dart more ſurely wound.
Both gifts deſtructive to the givers prove,
Alike both lovers fall by thoſe they love:
Yet guiltleſs too this bright deſtroyer lives,
At random wounds nor knows the wound ſhe gives.
She views the ſtory with attentive eyes,
And pities *Procris*, while her love dies.

N° 528. *Wedneſday, November* 5.

Dum potuit, ſolita gemitum virtute repreſſit.
Ovid. Met. l. 9. v. 163.

With wonted fortitude ſhe bore the ſmart,
And not a groan confeſs'd her burning heart. Gay.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'I WHO now write to you, am a woman loaded with injuries, and the agravation of my misfortune is, 'that they are ſuch which are overlooked by the genera-'lity of mankind, and tho' the moſt afflicting imaginable, 'not regarded as ſuch in the general ſenſe of the world. 'I have hid my vexation from all mankind; but have 'now taken pen, ink, and paper, and am reſolved to un-'boſom myſelf to you, and lay before you what grieves 'me and all the ſex. You have very often mentioned 'particular hardſhips done to this or that lady; but, me-

'thinks, you have not in any one ſpeculation directly 'pointed at the partial freedom men take, the unreaſon- 'able confinement women are obliged to, in the only cir- 'cumſtance in which we are neceſſarily to have a com- 'merce with them, that of love. The caſe of celibacy is 'the great evil of our nation; and the indulgence of the 'vicious conduct of men in that ſtate, with the ridicule to 'which women are expoſed, tho' ever ſo virtuous, if long 'unmarried, is the root of the greateſt irregularities of this 'nation. To ſhew you, Sir, that though you never have 'given us the catalogue of a lady's library as you promiſed, 'we read good books of our own chuſing, I ſhall inſert 'on this occaſion a paragraph or two out of *Echard*'s *Ro- 'man hiſtory*. In the 44th page of the ſecond volume the 'author obſerves, that *Auguſtus*, upon his return to *Rome* 'at the end of a war, received complaints that too great 'a number of the young men of quality were unmarried. 'The emperor thereupon aſſembled the whole *Equeſtrian* 'order; and having ſeperated the married from the ſingle 'did particular honours to the former, but he told the 'latter, that is to ſay, Mr SPECTATOR, he told the bat- 'chelors, 'That their lives and actions had been ſo pe- "culiar, that he knew not by what name to call them; "not by that of men, for they performed nothing that "was manly; not by that of citizens, for the city might "periſh notwithſtanding their care; nor by that of *Ro- "mans*, for they deſigned to extirpate the *Roman* name.' 'Then proceeding to ſhew his tender care and hearty 'affection for his people, he further told them, 'That "their courſe of life was of ſuch pernicious conſequence "to the glory and grandeur of the *Roman* nation, that "he could not chuſe but tell them, that all other crimes "put together could not equalize theirs: for they were "guilty of murder in not ſuffering thoſe to be born which "ſhould proceed from them; of impiety, in cauſing the "names and honours of their anceſtors to ceaſe; and of "ſacrilege, in deſtroying their kind, which proceeded "from the immortal gods, and human nature, the princi- "pal thing conſecrated to them: therefore in this re- "ſpect they diſſolved the government, in diſobeying its "laws; betrayed their country, by making it barren and "waſte; nay and demoliſhed their city, in depriving it

"of

of inhabitants. And he was ſenſible that all this proceeded not from any kind of virtue or abſtinence, but from a looſeneſs and wantonneſs, which ought never to be encouraged in any civil government.' There are no particulars dwelt upon that let us into the conduct of theſe young worthies, whom this great emperor treated with ſo much juſtice and indignation; but any one who obſerves what paſſes in this town, may very well frame to himſelf a notion of their riots and debaucheries all night, and their apparent preparations for them all day. It is not to be doubted but theſe *Romans* never paſſed any of their time innocently but when they were aſleep, and never ſlept but when they were weary and heavy with exceſſes, and ſlept only to prepare themſelves for the repetition of them. If you did your duty as a SPECTATOR, you would carefully examine into the number of births, marriages, and burials; and when you had deducted out of your deaths all ſuch as went out of the world without marrying, then caſt up the number of both ſexes born within ſuch a term of years laſt paſt, you might from the ſingle people departed make ſome uſeful inferences or gueſſes how many there are left unmarried, and raiſe ſome uſeful ſcheme for the amendment of the age in that particular. I have not patience to proceed gravely on this abominable libertiniſm; for I cannot but reflect, as I am writing to you, upon a certain laſcivious manner which all our young gentlemen uſe in public, and examine our eyes with a petulancy in their own, which is a downright affront to modeſty. A diſdainful look on ſuch an occaſion is returned with a countenance rebuked, but by averting their eyes from the woman of honour and decency to ſome flippant creature, who will, as the phraſe is, be kinder. I muſt ſet down things as they come into my head, without ſtanding upon order. Ten thouſand to one but the gay gentleman who ſtared, at the ſame time is an houſekeeper; for you muſt know they have got into a humour of late of being very regular in their ſins, and a young fellow ſhall keep his four maids and three footmen with the greateſt gravity imaginable. There are no leſs than ſix of theſe venerable houſekeepers of my acquaintance. This humour among young men of condition is imitated

'by all the world below them, and a general diſſolution of 'manners ariſes from this one ſource of libertiniſm, with- 'out ſhame or reprehenſion in the male-youth. It is from 'this one fountain that ſo many beautiful helpleſs young 'women are ſacrificed and given up to lewdneſs, ſhame 'poverty and diſeaſe. It is to this alſo that ſo many ex- 'cellent young women, who might be patterns of conju- 'gal affection, and parents of a worthy race, pine under 'unhappy paſſions for ſuch as have not attention enough 'to obſerve, or virtue enough to prefer them to their com- 'mon wenches. Now, Mr SPECTATOR, I muſt be free to 'own to you that I myſelf ſuffer a taſteleſs inſipid being, 'from a conſideration I have for a man who would not, as 'he has ſaid in my hearing, reſign his liberty, as he calls 'it, for all the beauty and wealth the whole ſex is poſſeſ- 'ſed of. Such calamities as theſe would not happen, if it 'could poſſibly be brought about, that by fining batchelors 'as papiſts convict, or the like, they were diſtinguiſhed to 'their diſadvantage from the reſt of the world, who fall 'in with the meaſures of civil ſocieties. Leſt you ſhould 'think I ſpeak this as being, according to the ſenſeleſs rude 'phraſe, a malicious old maid, I ſhall acquaint you I am 'a woman of condition not now three and twenty, and 'have had propoſals from at leaſt ten different men, and 'the greater number of them have upon the upſhot refuſed 'me. Something or other is always amiſs when the lover 'takes to ſome new wench: a ſettlement is eaſily excep- 'ted againſt; and there is very little recourſe to avoid the 'vicious part of our youth, but throwing one's ſelf away 'upon ſome lifeleſs blockhead, who, tho' he is without 'vice, is alſo without virtue. Now-a-days we muſt be con- 'tented if we can get creatures which are not bad, good 'are not to be expected. Mr SPECTATOR, I ſat near 'you the other day, and I think did not diſpleaſe your 'Spectatorial eye-ſight: which I ſhall be a better judge of 'when I ſee whether you take notice of theſe evils your 'own way, or print this memorial dictated from the diſ- 'dainful heavy heart of,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

RACHAEL WELLADAY.

N° 529. *Thurſday, November 6.*

Singula quæque locum teneant ſortita decenter.
Hor. Ars. poet v. 92.

Let every thing have its due place. Roſcommon.

UPON the hearing of ſeveral late diſputes concerning rank and precedence, I could not forbear amuſing myſelf with ſome obſervations, which I have made upon the learned world, as to this great particular. By the learned world I here mean, at large, all thoſe who are any ways concerned in works of literature, whether in the writing, printing or repeating part. To begin with the writers; I have obſerved that the author of a *Folio*, in all companies and converſations, ſets himſelf above the author of a *Quarto*: the author of a *Quarto* above the author of an *Octavo*; and ſo on, by a gradual deſcent, and ſubordination, to an author in *Twenty-Fours*. This diſtinction is ſo well obſerved, that in an aſſembly of the learned, I have ſeen a *Folio* writer place himſelf in an elbow-chair, when the author of a *Duodecimo* has, out of a juſt deference to his ſuperior quality, ſeated himſelf upon a ſquab. In a word, authors are uſually ranged in company after the ſame manner as their works are upon a ſhelf.

THE moſt minute pocket-author hath beneath him the writers of all pamphlets, or works that are only ſtitched.

As for the pamphleteer, he takes place of none but of the authors of ſingle ſheets, and of that fraternity who publiſh their labours on certain days or on every day of the week. I do not find that the precedency among the individuals, in this latter claſs of writers, is yet ſettled.

FOR my own part, I have had ſo ſtrict a regard to the ceremonial which prevails in the learned world, that I never preſumed to take place of a pamphleteer, 'till my daily papers were gathered into thoſe two firſt volumes, which have already appeared. After which, I naturally jumped over the heads not only of all pamphleteers, but of every *Octavo* writer in *Great Britain*, that had written but one

book. I am alſo informed by my bookſeller, that ſix *Octavos* have at all times been looked upon as an equivalent to a *Folio*, which I take notice of the rather, becauſe I would not have the learned world ſurpriſed, if after the publication of half a dozen volumes I take my place accordingly. When my ſcattered forces are thus rallied, and reduced into regular bodies, I flatter myſelf that I ſhall make no deſpicable figure at the head of them.

WHETHER theſe rules, which have been received time out of mind in the commonwealth of letters, were not originally eſtabliſhed with an eye to our paper manufacture, I ſhall leave to the diſcuſſion of others, and ſhall only remark further in this place, that all printers and bookſellers take the wall of one another, according to the abovementioned merits of the authors to whom they reſpectively belong.

I COME now to that point of precedency which is ſettled among the three learned profeſſions, by the wiſdom of our laws. I need not here take notice of the rank which is alloted to every doctor in each of theſe profeſſions, where are all of them, though not ſo high as knights, yet a degree above ſquires; this laſt order of men being the illiterate body of the nation, are conſequently thrown together into a claſe below the three learned profeſſions. I mention this for the ſake of ſeveral rural ſquires, whoſe reading does not riſe ſo high as to *the preſent ſtate of* England, and who are often apt to uſurp that precedency which by the laws of their country is not due to them. Their want of learning, which has planted them in this ſtation, may in ſome meaſure extenuate their miſdemeanour; and our profeſſors ought to pardon them when they offend in this particular, conſidering that they are in a ſtate of ignorance, or, as we uſually ſay, do not know their right hand from their left.

THERE is another tribe of perſons who are retainers to the learned world, and who regulate themſelves upon all occaſions by ſeveral laws peculiar to their body. I mean the players or actors of both ſexes. Among theſe it is a ſtanding and uncontroverted principle, that a tragedian always takes place of a comedian; and it is very well known the merry drolls who make us laugh are always placed at the lower end of the table, and in every entertainment

tainment give way to the dignity of the buſkin. It is a ſtage maxim, *Once a king, and always a king.* For this reaſon it would be thought very abſurd in Mr *Bullock*, notwithſtanding the height and gracefulneſs of his perſon, to ſit at the right hand of an hero, tho' he were but five feet high. The ſame diſtinction is obſerved among the ladies of the theatre. Queens and heroines preſerve their rank in private converſation, while thoſe who are waiting-women and maids of honour upon the ſtage, keep their diſtance alſo behind the ſcenes.

I SHALL only add, that by a parity of reaſon, all writers of tragedy look upon it as their due to be ſeated, ſerved, or ſaluted before comic writers: thoſe who deal in tragi-comedy uſually taking their ſeats between the authors of either ſide. There has been a long diſpute for precedency between the tragic and heroic poets. *Ariſtotle* would have the latter yield the *Pas* to the former; but Mr *Dryden* and many others would not ſubmit to this deciſion. Burleſque writers pay the ſame deference to the heroic as comic writers to their ſerious brothers in the drama.

BY this ſhort table of laws, order is kept up, and diſtinction preſerved in the whole republic of letters. O

Nº 530. *Friday, November 7.*

Sic viſum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos ſub juga aenea
Sævo mittere cum joco. Hor. Od. 33. l. 1. v. 10.

Thus Venus *ſports; the rich, the baſe,*
Unlike in fortune, and in face,
To diſagreeing love provokes;
When cruelly jocoſe,
She ties the fatal nooſe,
And binds unequals to the brazen yokes.

Creech.

IT is very uſual for thoſe who have been ſevere upon marriage, in ſome part or other of their lives to enter into the fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to

ſee

ſee their rallery return upon their own heads. I ſcarce ever knew a woman-hater that did not ſooner or latter pay for it. Marriage, which is a bleſſing to another man, falls upon ſuch a one as a judgment. Mr *Congreve's Old Batchelor* is ſet forth to us with much wit and humour, as an example of this kind. In ſhort, thoſe who have moſt diſtinguiſhed themſelves by railing at the ſex in general, very often make an honourable amends, by chuſing one of the moſt worthleſs perſons of it, for a companion and yoke-fellow. *Hymen* takes his revenge in kind, on thoſe who turn his myſteries into ridicule.

My friend *Will Honeycomb*, who was ſo unmercifully witty upon the women, in a couple of letters, which I lately communicated to the public, has given the ladies ample ſatisfaction by marrying a farmer's daughter; a piece of news which came to our club by the laſt poſt. The *Templar* is very poſitive that he has married a dairy-maid: but *Will*, in his letter to me on this occaſion, ſets the beſt face upon the matter that he can, and gives a more tolerable account of his ſpouſe. I muſt confeſs I ſuſpected ſomething more than ordinary when upon opening the letter I found that *Will* was fallen off from his former gaiety, having changed *Dear Spec*, which was his uſual ſalute at the beginning of the letter, into *My worthy friend*, and ſubſcribed himſelf at the latter end of it at full length *William Honeycomb*. In ſhort the gay, the loud, the vain *Will Honeycomb*, who had made love to every great fortune that has appeared in town for above thirty years together, and boaſted of favours from ladies whom he had never ſeen, is at length wedded to a plain country girl.

His letter gives us the picture of a converted rake. The ſober character of the huſband is daſhed with the man of the town, and enlivened with thoſe little cant phraſes which have made my friend *Will* often thought very pretty company. But let us hear what he ſays for himſelf.

My worthy Friend,

'I QUESTION not but you, and the reſt of my acquaintance, wonder that I who have lived in the 'ſmoke and gallantries of the town for thirty years together, ſhould all on a ſudden grow fond of a country life.

life. Had not my dog of a ſteward run away as he did, without making up his accounts, I had ſtill been immerſed in ſin and ſea-coal. But ſince my late forced viſit to my eſtate, I am ſo pleaſed with it, that I am reſolved to live and die upon it. I am every day abroad among my acres, and can ſcarce forbear filling my letter with breezes, ſhades, flowers, meadows, and purling ſtreams. The ſimplicity of manners which I have heard you ſo often ſpeak of, and which appears here in perfection, charms me wonderfully. As an inſtance of it, I muſt acquaint you, and by your means the whole club, that I have lately married one of my tenant's daughters. She is born of honeſt parents, and though ſhe has no portion, ſhe has a great deal of virtue. The natural ſweetneſs and innocence of her behavionr, the freſhneſs of her complexion, the unaffected turn of her ſhape and perſon, ſhot me through and through every time I ſaw her, and did more execution upon me in grogram, than the greateſt beauty in town or court had ever done in brocade. In ſhort, ſhe is ſuch a one as promiſes me a good heir to my eſtate, and if by her means I cannot leave to my children what are falſly called the gifts of birth, high titles and alliances, I hope to convey to them the more real and valuable gifts of birth, ſtrong bodies, and healthy conſtitutions. As for your fine women, I need not tell thee that I know them. I have had my ſhare in their graces, but no more of that. It ſhall be my buſineſs hereafter to live the life of an honeſt man, and to act as becomes the maſter of a family. I queſtion not but I ſhall draw upon me the rallery of the town, and be treated to the tune of *The Marriage-hater match'd*; but I am prepared for it. I have been as witty upon others in my time. To tell thee truly, I ſaw ſuch a tribe of faſhionable young fluttering coxcombs ſhot up, that I did not think my poſt of an *homme de ruelle* any longer tenable. I felt a certain ſtiffneſs in my limbs, which entirely deſtroyed that jauntineſs of air I was once maſter of. Beſides, for I may now confeſs my age to thee, I have been eight and forty above theſe twelve years. Since my retirement into the country will make a vacancy in the club, I could wiſh you would fill up my place with my friend *Tom Dapperwit*. He has an infinite

' deal

'deal of fire, and knows the town. For my own part, 'as I have ſaid before, I ſhall endeavour to live hereafter 'ſuitable to a man in my ſtation, as a prudent head of a 'family, a good huſband, a careful father (when it ſhall 'ſo happen) and as

Your moſt ſincere friend,

O *and humble ſervant*

WILLIAM HONEYCOMB.

N° 511. *Saturday, November* 8.

Quæ mare et terras variiſque mundum
Temperat horis:
Unde nil majus generatur ipſo,
Nec viget quicquam ſimile aut ſecundum.
Hor. Od. 12. l. 1. v. 15.

Who guides below, and rules above,
The great diſpoſer, and the mighty king:
Than he none greater, next him none,
That can be, is, or was;
Supreme he ſingly fills the throne, Creech.

SIMONIDES being aſked by *Dionyſius* the tyrant, What GOD was? deſired a day's time to conſider of it before he made his reply. When the day was expired, he deſired two days; and afterwards, inſtead of returning his anſwer, demanded ſtill double time to conſider of it: This great poet and philoſopher, the more he contemplated the nature of the Deity, found that he waded but the more out of his depth; and that the loſt himſelf in the thought, inſtead of finding an end of it.

IF we conſider the idea which wiſe men, by the light of reaſon, have framed of the Divine Being, it amounts to this: That he has in him all the perfection of a ſpiritual nature; and ſince we have no notion of any kind of ſpiritual perfection but what we diſcover in our own ſouls, we join infinitude to each kind of theſe perfections, and what is a faculty in a human ſoul becomes an attribute

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in God. *We* exiſt in place and time, the Divine Being fills the immenſity of ſpace with his preſence, and inhabits eternity. *We* are poſſeſſed of a little power and a little knowledge, the Divine Being is almighty and omniſcient. In ſhort, by adding infinity to any kind of perfection we enjoy, and by joining all theſe different kinds of perfections in one being, we form our idea of the great Sovereign of nature.

THOUGH every one who thinks muſt have made this obſervation, I ſhall produce Mr *Lock*'s authority to the ſame purpoſe, out of his Eſſay on human underſtanding. 'If we examine the *idea* we have of the incomprehenſible 'Supreme Being we ſhall find, that we came by it the ſame 'way, and that the complex *ideas* we have both of God 'and ſeparate ſpirits, are made up of the ſimple *ideas* we 'receive from *reflection*: *v. g.* having from what we ex-'periment in ourſelves, got the *ideas* of exiſtence and du-'ration, of knowledge and power, of pleaſure and happi-'neſs, and of ſeveral other qualities and powers, which it 'is better to have than to be without; when we would 'frame an *idea* the moſt ſuitable we can to the Supreme 'Being, we enlarge every one of theſe with our *idea* of 'infinity; and ſo putting them together, make our com-'plex *idea of God*.'

IT is not impoſſible that there may be many kinds of ſpiritual perfection, beſides thoſe which are lodged in an human ſoul; but it is impoſſible that we ſhould have ideas of any kinds of perfection, except thoſe of which we have ſome ſmall rays and ſhort imperfect ſtrokes in ourſelves. It would be therefore a very high preſumption to determine whether the Supreme Being has not many more attributes than thoſe which enter into our conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of ſpiritual perfection which is not marked out in an human ſoul, it belongs in its fulneſs to the Divine Nature.

SEVERAL eminent philoſophers have imagined that the ſoul, in her ſeparate ſtate, may have new faculties ſpring-ing up in her, which ſhe is not capable of exerting dur-ing her preſent union with the body: and whether theſe faculties may not correſpond with other attributes in the divine nature, and open to us hereafter new matter of wonder and adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This,

as

as I have ſaid before, we ought to acquieſce in, that the Sovereign Being, the great Author of nature, has in him all poſſible perfection, as well in *kind* as in *degree*; to ſpeak according to our methods of conceiving. I ſhall only add under this head, that when we have raiſed our notion of this infinite Being as high as it is poſſible for the mind of man to go, it will fall infinitely ſhort of what he really is. *There is no end of his greatneſs*; the moſt exalted creature he has made, is only capable of adoring it, none but himſelf can comprehend it.

THE advice of the ſon of *Sirach* is very juſt and ſublime in this light. *By his word all things conſiſt. We may ſpeak much, and yet come ſhort: wherefore in ſum, he is all. How ſhall we be able to magnify him? for he is great above all his works. The Lord is terrible and very great; and marvellous in his power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can: for even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your ſtrength, and be not weary; for you can never go far enough. Who had ſeen him, that he might tell us? and who can magnify him as he is? There are yet hid greater things than theſe be, for we have ſeen but a few of his works.*

I HAVE here only conſidered the Supreme Being by the light of reaſon and philoſophy. If we would ſee him in all the wonders of his mercy we muſt have recourſe to revelation, which repreſents him to us not only as infinitely great and glorious, but as infinitely good and juſt in his diſpenſations towards man. But as this is a theory which falls under every one's conſideration, tho' indeed it can never be ſufficiently conſidered, I ſhall here only take notice of that habitual worſhip and veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We ſhould often refreſh our minds with the thought of him and annihilate ourſelves before him, in the contemplation of our own worthleſneſs and of his tranſcendant excellency and perfection. This would imprint in our minds ſuch a conſtant and uninterupted awe and veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of inceſſant prayer, and reaſonable humiliation of the ſoul before him who made it.

THIS would effectually kill in us all the little ſeeds of pride, vanity, and ſelf-conceit, which are apt to ſhut up in the minds of ſuch whoſe thoughts turn more on thoſe comparative

parative advantages which they enjoy over ſome of their fellow-creatures, than on that infinite diſtance which is placed between them and the ſupreme model of all perfection. It would likewiſe quicken our deſires and endeavours of uniting ourſelves to him by all the acts of religion and of virtue.

SUCH an habitual homage to the Supreme Being would in a particular manner, baniſh from among us that prevailing impiety of uſing his name on the moſt trivial occaſions,

I FIND the following paſſage in an excellent ſermon, preached at the funeral of a gentleman who was an honour to his country, and a more diligent as well as ſucceſsful inquirer into the works of nature, than any other our nation has ever produced: 'He had the profoundeſt veneration for the great GOD of heaven and earth that I have ever obſerved in any perſon. The very name of GOD was never mentioned by him without a pauſe and a viſible ſtop in his diſcourſe; in which, one that knew him moſt particularly above twenty years, has told me, that he was ſo exact, that he does not remember to have obſerved him once to fail in it.'

EVERY one knows the veneration which was paid by the *Jews* to a name ſo great, wonderful and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious diſcourſes. What can we think then of thoſe who make uſe of ſo tremendous a name in the ordinary expreſſions of their anger, mirth, and moſt impertinent of paſſions? of thoſe who admit it into the moſt familiar queſtions and aſſertions, ludicrous phraſes and works of humour; not to mention thoſe who violate it by ſolemn perjuries. It would be an affront to reaſon to endeavour to ſet forth the horror and profaneneſs of ſuch a practice. The very mention of it expoſes it ſufficiently to thoſe in whom the light of nature, not to ſay religion, is not utterly extinguiſhed. O

N° 532. *Monday, November* 10.

——Fungor vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exſors ipſa ſecandi.
HOR. Ars poet. v. 304.

I play the whetſtone: uſeleſs and unfit,
To cut myſelf, I ſharpen others wit. Creech.

IT is a very honeſt action to be ſtudious to produce other mens merit; and I make no ſcruple of ſaying I have as much of this temper as any man in the world. It would not be a thing to be bragged of, but that it is what any man may be maſter of who will take pains enough for it. Much obſervation of the unworthineſs in being pained at the excellence of another, will bring you to a ſcorn of yourſelf for that unwillingneſs: and when you have got ſo far, you will find it a greater pleaſure than you ever before knew, to be zealous in promoting the fame and welfare of the praiſe-worthy. I do not ſpeak this as pretending to be a mortified ſelf-denying man, but as one who has turned his ambition into a right channel. I claim to myſelf the merit of having extorted excellent productions from a perſon of the greateſt abilities, who would not have let them appeared by any other means; to have animated a few young gentlemen into worthy purſuits, who will be a glory to our age; and at all times, and by all poſſible means in my power, undermined the intereſts of ignorance, vice, and folly, and attempted to ſubſtitute in their ſtead learning, piety, and good ſenſe. It is from this honeſt heart that I find myſelf honoured as a gentleman uſher to the arts and ſciences. Mr *Tickell* and Mr *Pope* have, it ſeems, this idea of me. The former has writ me an excellent paper of verſes in praiſe, forſooth, of myſelf; and the other incloſed for my peruſal an admirable poem, which, I hope, will ſhortly ſee the light. In the mean time I cannot ſuppreſs any thought of his, but inſert his ſentiment about the dying words of *Adrian*. I won't determine in the caſe he mentions; but have thus much to ſay in favour of his argument, that many of his works which I have

ave ſeen, convince me that very pretty and very ſublime entiments may be lodged in the ſame boſom, without diminution to its greatneſs.

Mr SPECTATOR,

I WAS the other day in company with five or ſix men of ſome learning; where chancing to mention the famous verſes which the emperor *Adrian* ſpoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that it was a piece of gaiety unworthy that prince in thoſe circumſtances. I could not but diſſent from this opinion: methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very ſerious ſoliloquy to his ſoul at the point of its departure: in which ſenſe I naturally took the verſes at my firſt reading them when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them:

" Animula vagula, blandula,
" Hoſpes comeſque corporis,
" Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
" Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
" Nec (ut ſoles) dabis jocos!"

'Alas, my ſoul! thou pleaſing companion of this body 'thou fleeting thing that art now deſerting it! whether 'art thou flying? to what unknown region? thou art 'all trembling, fearful, and penſive. Now what is be'come of thy former wit and humour? Thou ſhalt jeſt 'and be gay no more.' I confeſs I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this; 'tis the moſt natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying man: and if we conſider the Emperor was a heathen, that doubt concerning the future ſtate of his ſoul will ſeem ſo far from being the effect of want of thought, that it is ſcarce reaſonable he ſhould think otherways; not to mention that here is a plain confeſſion included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula*, *blandula*, and the reſt, appear not to me as expreſſions of levity, but rather of endearment and concern; ſuch as we find in *Catullus*, and the authors of *Hendeca-ſyllabi* after him, where they are uſed to expreſs the utmoſt love and 'tenderneſs for their miſtreſſes. ——If you think me right

'in my notion of the laſt words of *Adrian*, be pleaſed 'to inſert this in the *Spectator*; if not, to ſuppreſs it.

I am, &c.

To the ſuppoſed author of the Spectator.

IN courts licentious, and a ſhameleſs ſtage,
How long the war ſhall wit with virtue wage?
Inchanted by this proſtituted fair,
Our youth run headlong in the fatal ſnare;
In height of rapture claſp unheaded pains,
And ſuck pollution through their tingling veins.

THY ſpotleſs thoughts unſhock'd the prieſt may hear,
And the pure veſtal in her boſom wear.
To conſcious bluſhes and diminiſh'd pride,
Thy glaſs betrays what treach'rous love would hide;
Nor harſh thy precepts, but infus'd by ſtealth,
Pleaſe while they cure, and chear us into health.
Thy works in *Chloe*'s toilet gain a part,
And with his taylor ſhare the fopling's heart:
Laſh'd in thy ſatire, the penurious cit
Laughs at himſelf, and finds no harm in wit;
From felon gameſters the raw ſquire is free,
And *Britain* owes her reſcu'd oaks to thee.
His miſs the frolic viſcount dreads to toaſt,
Or his third cure the ſhallow Templar boaſt;
And the raſh fool who ſcorn'd the beaten road,
Dares quake at thunder, and confeſs his GOD.

THE brainleſs ſtripling, who, expell'd the town,
Damn'd the ſtiff college and pedantic gown,
Aw'd by thy name is dumb, and thrice a-week
Spells uncouth *Latin* and pretends to *Greek*,
A ſauntring tribe! ſuch born to wide eſtates,
With yea and no in ſenates hold debates:
At length deſpis'd, each to his field retires,
Firſt with the dogs, and king amidſt the ſquires;
From pert to ſtupid ſinks ſupinely down,
In youth a coxcomb, and in age a clown.

SUCH

SUCH readers ſcorn'd, thou wing'ſt thy daring flight
Above the ſtars, and tread'ſt the fields of light:
Fame, heav'n and hell, are thy exalted theme,
And viſions ſuch as *Jove* himſelf might dream;
Man ſunk to ſlavery, though to glory born,
Heav'ns pride when upright, and deprav'd his ſcorn.

SUCH hints alone could *Britiſh Virgil* lend,
And thou alone deſerve from ſuch a friend:
A debt ſo borrow'd, is illuſtrious ſhame,
And fame when ſhar'd with him, is double fame.
So fluſh'd with ſweets, by beauty's queen beſtow'd,
With more than mortal charms *Æneas* glow'd.
Such gen'rous ſtrifes *Eugene* and *Marlbro'* try,
And as in glory ſo in friendſhip vie.

PERMIT theſe lines by thee to live——nor blame
A muſe that pants and languiſhes for fame;
That fears to ſink when humbler themes ſhe ſings,
Loſt in the maſs of mean forgotten things.
Receiv'd by thee, I prophecy, my rhimes,
The praiſe of virgins in ſucceeding times:
Reviv'd with thy works, their life no bounds ſhall ſee,
But ſtands protected, as inſpir'd by thee.

So ſome weak ſhoot, which elſe would poorly riſe,
Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the ſkies;
Through the new pupil foſt'ring juices flow,
Thruſt forth the gems, and gives the flowers to blow
Aloft: immortal reigns the plant unknown,
With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own.

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL

Mr John Sly *humbly ſheweth*,

THAT upon reading the deputation given to the ſaid Mr *John Sly*, all perſons paſſing by his obſervatory behaved themſelves with the ſame decorum, as if your honour yourſelf had been preſent.

'THAT your ſaid officer is preparing, according to your honours ſecret inſtructions, hats for the ſeveral

'kind

'kind of heads that make figures in the realms of *Great Britain*, with cocks ſignificant of their powers and faculties.

'THAT your ſaid officer has taken due notice of your inſtructions and admonitions concerning the intervals of the head from the outward form of the ſame. His hats for men of the faculties of law and phyſic do but juſt turn up, to give a little life to their ſagacity: his military hats glare full in the face: and he has prepared a familiar eaſy cock for all good companions between the above mentioned extremes. For this end he has conſulted the moſt learned of his acquaintance for the true form and dimenſions of the *lepidum caput*, and made a hat for it.

'YOUR ſaid officer does further repreſent, that the young divines about town are many of them got into the cock military, and deſires your inſtructions therein.

'THAT the town has been for ſeveral days very well behaved, and farther your ſaid officer ſaith not.

T

No 533. *Tueſday, November.* 11.

Immo duas dabo, inquit ille, una ſi parum eſt;
Et ſi duarum poenitebit, addentur duæ. Plaut.

Nay, ſays he, if one is too little, I will give you two; and if two won't ſatisfy you, I will add two more.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'YOU have often given us very excellent diſcourſes againſt that unnatural cuſtom of parents, in forcing their children to marry contrary to their inclinations. My own caſe, without farther preface I will lay before you, and leave you to judge of it. My father and mother both being in declining years, would fain ſee me, their eldeſt ſon, as they call it, ſettled. I am as much for that as they can be; but I muſt be ſettled, it ſeems, not according to my own, but their liking.

'U, ca

Upon this account I am teized every day, becauſe I have not yet fallen in love, in ſpite of nature, with one of a neighbouring gentleman's daughters; for out of their abundant generoſity, they give me the choice of four. *Jack*, begins my father, Mrs *Catharine* is a fine woman ——Yes, Sir, but ſhe is rather too old—She will make the more diſcreet manager, boy. Then my mother plays her part. Is not Mrs *Betty* exceeding fair? Yes, Madam, but ſhe is of no converſation; ſhe has no fire, no agreeable vivacity; ſhe neither ſpeaks nor looks with ſpirit. True, ſon; but for thoſe very reaſons, ſhe will be an eaſy, ſoft, obliging, tractable creature. After all, cries an old aunt, (who belongs to the claſs of thoſe who read plays with ſpectacles on) what think you, nephew, of proper Mrs *Dorothy*? What do I think? why, I think ſhe cannot be above ſix foot two inches high. Well, well, you may banter as long as you pleaſe, but height of ſtature is commanding and majeſtic. Come, come, ſays a couſin of mine in the family, I'll fit him; *Fidelia* is yet behind —Pretty Miſs *Fiddy* muſt pleaſe you—— Oh! your very humble ſervant, dear coz, ſhe is as much too young as her elder ſiſter is too old. Is it ſo indeed, quoth ſhe, good Mr *Fert*? you who are but barely turned of twenty-two, and Miſs *Fiddy* in half a-year's time will be in her teens, and ſhe is capable of learning any thing. Then ſhe will be ſo obſervant; ſhe'll cry perhaps now and then, but never be angry. Thus they will think for me in this matter wherein I am more particularly concerned than any body elſe. If I name any woman in the world, one of theſe daughters has certainly the ſame qualities. You ſee by theſe few hints, *Mr* SPECTATOR, what a comfortable life I lead. To be ſtill more open and free with you, I have been paſſionately fond of a young lady (whom give me leave to call *Miranda*) now for theſe three years. I have often urged the matter home to my parents, with all the ſubmiſſion of a ſon, but the impatience of a lover. Pray, Sir, think of three years: what inexpreſſible ſcenes of inquietude, what variety of miſery muſt I have gone thro' in three long whole years? *Miranda*'s fortune is equal to thoſe I have mentioned; but her relations are not intimates with mine. Ah! there's the

rub

'rub. *Miranda*'s perſon, wit, and humour, are what the 'niceſt fancy could imagine; and though we know you 'to be ſo elegant a judge of beauty, yet there is none a-'mong all your various characters of fine women prefer-'able to *Miranda*. In a word, ſhe is never guilty of do-'ing any thing but one amiſs, (if ſhe can be thought to do 'amiſs by me) in being as blind to my faults, as ſhe is 'to her own perfections.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

DUSTERERASTUS.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'WHEN you ſpent ſo much time as you did lately in 'cenſuring the ambitious young gentlemen who 'ride in triumph through town and country in coach-boxes, 'I wiſhed you had employed thoſe moments in conſidera-'tion of what paſſes ſometimes within ſide of thoſe vehi-'cles. I am ſure I ſuffered ſufficiently by the inſolence 'and ill-breeding of ſome perſons who lately travelled with 'me in a ſtage-coach out of *Eſſex* to *London*. I am ſure, 'when you have heard what I have to ſay, you will think 'there are perſons under the character of gentlemen that 'are fit to be no where elſe but in the coach-box. Sir, I 'am a young woman of a ſober and religious education, 'and have preſerved that character; but on *Monday* was 'fortnight it was my misfortune to come to *London*. I 'was no ſooner clapt in the coach, but to my great ſur-'priſe, two perſons in the habit of gentlemen attacked me 'with ſuch indecent diſcourſe as I cannot repeat to you, ſo 'you may conclude not fit for me to hear. I had no relief 'but the hopes of the ſpeedy end of my ſhort journey. Sir, 'form to yourſelf what a perſecution this muſt needs be to a 'virtuous and a chaſte mind; and in order to your proper 'handling ſuch a ſubject, fancy your wife or daughter, if 'you had any, in ſuch circumſtances, and what treatment 'you would then think due to ſuch dragoons. One of 'them was called a captain, and entertained us with no-

'thing

thing but ſilly ſtupid queſtions, or lewd ſongs, all the way. Ready to burſt with ſhame and indignation, I repined that nature had not allowed us as eaſily to ſhut our ears as our eyes. But was not this a kind of rape? Why ſhould there be acceſſaries in raviſhment any more than murder? Why ſhould not every contributer to the abuſe of chaſtity ſuffer death? I am ſure theſe ſhameleſs hell-hounds deſerved it highly. Can you exert yourſelf better than on ſuch an occaſion? If you do not do it effectually, I'll read no more of your papers. Has every impertinent fellow a privilege to torment me, who pay my coach-hire as well as he? Sir, pray conſider us in this reſpect as the weakeſt ſex, and have nothing to defend ourſelves: and I think it is as gentlemanlike to challenge a woman to fight, as to talk obſcenely in her company, eſpecially when ſhe has not power to ſtir. Pray let me tell a ſtory, which you can make fit for public view. I knew a gentleman, who having a very good opinion of the gentlemen of the army, invited ten or twelve of them to ſup with him; and at the ſame time invited two or three friends, who were very ſevere againſt the manners and morals of gentlemen of that profeſſion. It happened one of them brought two captains of his regiment newly come into the army, who at firſt onſet engaged the company with very lewd healths and ſuitable diſcourſe. You may eaſily imagine the confuſion of the entertainer, who finding ſome of his friends very uneaſy, deſired to tell them a ſtory of a great man, one Mr *Locke*, (whom I find you frequently mention), that being invited to dine with the then lords *Halifax*, *Angleſey*, and *Shaftſbury*, immediately after the dinner, inſtead of converſation, the cards were called for, where the good or bad ſucceſs produced the uſual paſſions of gaming. Mr *Locke* retiring to a window, and writing, my lord *Angleſey* deſired to know what he was writing: "Why, my lords (anſwered he) I could not "ſleep laſt night for the pleaſure and improvement I ex"pected from the converſation of the greateſt men of the "age.' This ſo ſenſibly ſtung them, that they gladly compounded to throw their cards into the fire, if he would "his paper, and ſo a converſation enſued fit for ſuch per"ſons. This ſtory preſt ſo hard upon the young captains,

to-

'together with the concurrence of their ſuperior officers, 'that the young fellows left the company in confuſion. Sir, 'I know you hate long things; but if you like it, you 'may contract it, or how you will; but I think it has a 'moral in it.

'But, Sir, I am told you are a famous mechanic, as 'well as a looker-on, and therefore I humbly propoſe you 'would invent ſome padlock, with full power under your 'hand and ſeal, for all modeſt perſons, either men or wo- 'men, to clap upon the mouths of all ſuch impertinent im- 'pudent fellows: and I wiſh you would publiſh a procla- 'mation, that no modeſt perſon that has a value for her 'countenance, and conſequently would not be put out of 'it, preſume to travel after ſuch a day without one of 'them in their pockets. I fancy a ſmart *Spectator* upon 'this ſubject would ſerve for ſuch a padlock; and that 'public notice may be given in your paper where they 'may be had with directions, price 2 *d*; and that part of 'the directions may be, when any perſon preſumes to be 'guilty of the above-mentioned crime, the party aggrie- 'ved may produce it to his face, with a requeſt to read it 'to the company. He muſt be very much hardened that 'could out-face that rebuke; and his further puniſhment 'I leave you to preſcribe.

Your humble ſervant,

T PENANCE CRUEL.

No. 534. *Wedneſday, November* 12.

Rarus enim ferme ſenſus communis in illa
Fortuna ——— Juv. Sat. 8. v. 73.

——— *We ſeldom find*
Much ſenſe with an exalted fortune join'd.

Stepney.

Mr SPECTATOR.

'I Am a young woman of nineteen, the only daughter 'of very wealthy parents; and have my whole life 'been uſed with a tenderneſs which did me no great ſer- 'vice

vice in my education. I have perhaps an uncommon deſire for knowledge of what is ſuitable to my ſex and quality; but as far as I can remember, the whole diſpute about me has been, whether ſuch a thing was proper for the child to do, or not? or whether ſuch or ſuch a food was the more wholſome for the young lady to eat? This was ill for my ſhape, that for my complexion, and t'other for my eyes. I am not extravagant when I tell you, I do not know that I have trod upon the very earth ever ſince I was ten years old; a coach or chair I am obliged to for all my motions from one place to another, ever ſince I can remember. All who had to do to inſtruct me, have ever been bringing ſtories of notable things I have ſaid, and the womanly manner of my behaving myſelf upon ſuch and ſuch an occaſion. This has been my ſtate 'till I came towards years of womanhood; and ever ſince I grew towards the age of fifteen, I have been abuſed after another manner. Now, forſooth, I am ſo killing, no one can ſafely ſpeak to me. Our houſe is frequented by men of ſenſe, and I love to aſk queſtions when I fall into ſuch converſation; but I am cut ſhort with ſomething or other about my bright eyes. There is, Sir, a language particular for talking to women in; and none but thoſe of the very firſt good breeding (who are very few, and who ſeldom come into my way) can ſpeak to us without regard to our ſex. Among the generality of thoſe they call gentlemen, it is impoſſible for me to ſpeak upon any ſubject whatſoever without provoking ſomebody to ſay, "Oh! to be ſure fine "Mrs Such-a-one muſt be very particularly acquainted "with all that; all the world will contribute to her en"tertainment and information." Thus, I am ſo handſome, that I murder all who approach me: ſo wiſe, that I want no new notice; and ſo well-bred, that I am treated by all that know me like a fool, for no one will anſwer as if I were their friend and companion. Pray, Sir, be pleaſed to take the part of us beauties and fortunes into your conſideration, and do not let us be thus flattered out of our ſenſes. I have got an huſſy of a maid, who is moſt craftily given to this ill quality. I was at firſt diverted with a certain abſurdity the creature was guilty of in every thing ſhe ſaid; ſhe is a country girl, and in the

'the dialect of the ſhire ſhe was born in, would tell me
'that every body reckoned her lady had the pureſt ro
'and white in the world: then ſhe would tell me, I w
'the moſt like on *Siſly Dobſon* in their town, who m
'the miller make away with himſelf, and walk afterwa
'in the corn-field where they uſed to meet. With t
'this, this cunning huſſy can lay letters in my way, a
'put a billet in my gloves, and then ſtand to it ſhe know
'nothing of it. I do not know from my birth to thi
'day, that I have been ever treated by any one as I ought
'and if it were not for a few books which I delight in,
'ſhould be at this hour a novice to all common ſenſe.
'Would it not be worth your while to lay down rules for
'behaviour in this caſe, and tell people, that we fair-ones
'expect honeſt plain anſwers as well as other people?
'Why muſt I, good Sir, becauſe I have a good air, a fine
'complexion, and am in the bloom of my years, be miſled
'in all my actions; and have the notions of good and ill
'confounded in my mind, for no other offence, but be-
'cauſe I have the advantage of beauty and fortune? Indeed,
'Sir, what with the ſilly homage which is paid to us by
'the ſort of people I have above ſpoken of, and the utter
'negligence which others have for us, the converſation of
'us young women of condition is no other than what
'muſt expoſe us to ignorance and vanity, if not vice. All
'this is humbly ſubmitted to your Spectatorial wiſdom,
'by,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

SHARLOT WEALTHY.

Mr SPECTATOR, Will's *Coffee-houſe.*

'PRAY, Sir, it will ſerve to fill up a paper, if you put
'in this: which is only to aſk, Whether that copy
'of verſes, which is a paraphraſe of *Iſaiah*, in one of your
'ſpeculations, is not written by Mr *Pope?* Then you get
'on another line, by putting in, with proper diſtances, as
'at the end of a letter,

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

ABRAHAM DAPPERWIT.

Mr

Mr DAPPERWIT,

I AM glad to get another line forward, by ſaying that excellent piece is Mr *Pope*'s; and ſo with proper diſtances,

I am, SIR,
Your humble ſervant,
The SPECTATOR.

Mr SPECTATOR,

I WAS a wealthy grocer in the city, and as fortunate as diligent; but I was a ſingle man, and you know there are women. One in particular came to my ſhop, who I wiſhed might, but was afraid never would, make a grocer's wife. I thought, however, to take an effectual way of courting, and ſold her at leſs price than I bought, that I might buy at leſs price than I ſold. She, you may be ſure, often came, and helped me to many cuſtomers at the ſame rate, fancying I was obliged to her. You muſt needs think this was a good living trade, and riches muſt be vaſtly improved. In fine, I was nigh being declared bankrupt, when I declared myſelf her lover, and ſhe herſelf married. I was juſt in a condition to ſupport myſelf, and am now in hopes of growing rich by loſing my cuſtomers.

Yours,
JEREMY COMFIT.

Mr SPECTATOR,

I AM in the condition of the idol you was once pleaſed to mention, and bar-keeper of a coffee-houſe. I believe it is needleſs to tell you the opportunities I meet give, and the importunities I ſuffer. But there is one gentleman who beſieges me as cloſe as the *French* did *Bouchain*. His gravity makes him work cautious, and his regular approaches denote a good engineer. You need not doubt of his oratory, as he is a lawyer; and eſpecially ſince he has had ſo little uſe of it at *Weſtminſter*, he may ſpare the more for me.

'WHAT then can weak woman do? I am willing to ſurrender, but he would have it at diſcretion, and I with diſcretion. In the mean time whilſt we parly, our ſeveral intereſts are neglected. As his ſiege grows ſtronger, my tea grows weaker; and while he pleads at my bar,

'none come to him for counſel but *in forma pauperis*.
'Dear Mr SPECTATOR, adviſe him not to inſiſt upon
'hard articles, nor by his irregular deſires contradict the
'well-meaning lines of his countenance. If we were a-
'greed, we might ſettle to ſomething, as ſoon as we could
'determine where we ſhould get moſt, by the law, at the
'coffee-houſe, or at *Weſtminſter*.

Your humble ſervant,
LUCINDA PARLEY.

A minute from Mr John Sly.

'THE world is pretty regular for about forty rood eaſt,
'and ten weſt of the obſervatory of the ſaid Mr
'*Sly*; but he is credibly informed, that when they are got
'beyond the paſs in the *Strand*, or thoſe who move
'city-ward are got within *Temple-bar*, they are juſt as
'they were before. It is therefore humbly propoſed, that
'moving-centries may be appointed all the buſy hours of
'the day between the *Exchange* and *Weſtminſter*, and re-
'port what paſſes to your honour, or your ſubordinate of-
'ficers, from time to time.

Ordered,

THAT Mr *Sly* name the ſaid officers, provided he will
anſwer for their principles and morals.

T

No 535. *Thurſday, November* 13.

Spem longam reſeces——

Hor. Od. 11. l. 1. v. 7.

Cut ſhort vain hope.

MY four hundred and ſeventy firſt ſpeculation turned
upon the ſubject of hope in general. I deſign this
paper a ſpeculation upon that vain and fooliſh hope, which
is miſemployed on temporal objects, and produces many
ſorrows and calamities in human life.

IT is a precept ſeveral times inculcated by *Horace*, that
we ſhould not entertain an hope of any thing in life which
lies at a great diſtance from us. The ſhortneſs and uncer-
tainty of our time here, makes ſuch a kind of hope unrea-
ſonable

nable and abſurd. The grave lies unſeen between us nd the object which we reach after: where one man lives o enjoy the good he has in view, ten thouſand are cut off n the purſuit of it.

It happens likeways unluckily, that one hope no ſooner ies in us, but another riſes up in its ſtead. We are apt o fancy that we ſhall be happy and ſatisfied if we poſſeſs urſelves of ſuch and ſuch particular enjoyment; but ei-her by reaſon of their emptineſs, or the natural inquietude of the mind, we have no ſooner gained one point, but we xtend our hopes to another. We ſhall find new inviting cenes and landſkips lying behind thoſe which at a diſtance erminated our view.

The natural conſequences of ſuch reflections are theſe; that we ſhould take care not to let our hopes run out into too great a length; that we ſhould ſufficiently weigh the objects of our hope, whether they be ſuch as we may reaſonably expect from them, what they propoſe in their fruition, and whether they are ſuch as we are pretty ſure of attaining, in caſe our life extend itſelf ſo far. If we hope for things which are at too great a diſtance from us, it is poſſible that we may be intercepted by death in our progreſs towards them. If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly conſidered the value, our diſappointment will be greater than our pleaſure in the fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to poſſeſs, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and ſhadow than it really is.

Many of the miſeries and misfortunes of life proceed from our want of conſideration, in one or all of theſe particulars. They are the rocks on which the ſanguine tribe of lovers daily ſplit, and on which the bankrupt, the politician, the alchymiſt and projector are caſt away in every age. Men of warm imaginations and towering thoughts are apt to overlook the goods of fortune which are near them, for ſomething that glitters in the ſight at a diſtance; to neglect ſolid and ſubſtantial happineſs, for what is ſhowy and ſuperficial; and to contemn that good that lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its ſchemes for a long and durable life: preſſes forward to imaginary points of bliſs, and graſps at impoſſibilities; and conſequently

very often enſnares men into beggary, ruin, and diſhonour.

WHAT I have here ſaid, may ſerve as a moral to an *Arabian* fable, which I find tranſlated into *French* by Monſieur *Galland*. The fable has in it ſuch a wild but natural ſimplicity, that I queſtion not but my reader will be as much pleaſed with it as I have been, and that he will conſider himſelf, if he reflects on the ſeveral amuſements of hope, which have ſometimes paſſed in his mind, as a near relation to the *Perſian* glaſs-man.

ALNASCHAR, ſays the fable, was a very idle fellow, that never would ſet his hand to any buſineſs during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of an hundred drachmas in *Perſian* money. *Alnaſchar*, in order to make the beſt of it, laid it out in glaſſes, bottles, and the fineſt earthen ware. Theſe he piled up in a large open baſket, and having made choice of a very little ſhop, placed the baſket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of cuſtomers. As he ſat in this poſture, with his eyes upon the baſket, he fell into a moſt amuſing train of thought, and was overheard by one of his neighbours, as he talked to himſelf in the following manner: "This baſket, *ſays he*, "coſt me at the wholeſale merchant's an hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the world. I ſhall quickly "make two hundred of it, by ſelling it in retail. Theſe "two hundred drachmas will in a very little while riſe "to four hundred which of courſe will amount in time to "four thouſand. Four thouſand drachmas cannot fail of "making eight thouſand. As ſoon as by this means I am "maſter of ten thouſand, I will lay aſide my trade of a "glaſs-man, and turn jeweller. I ſhall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all ſorts of rich ſtones. When I "have got together as much wealth as I can well deſire, "I will make a purchaſe of the fineſt houſe I can find, with "lands, ſlaves, eunuchs, and horſes. I ſhall then begin to "enjoy myſelf, and make a noiſe in the world. I will not, "however, ſtop there, but ſtill continue my traffic, till I "have got together an hundred thouſand drachmas. When "I have thus made myſelf maſter of an hundred thouſand "drachmas, I ſhall naturally ſet myſelf on the foot of a "prince, and will demand the Grand Viſier's daughter in "marriage, after having repreſented to that miniſter the

"information

" information which I have received of the beauty, wit, " diſcretion, and other high qualities which his daugh- " ter poſſeſſes. I will let him know at the ſame time, that " it is my intention to make him a preſent of a thouſand " pieces of gold on our marriage-night. As ſoon as I have " married the Grand Viſier's daughter, I'll buy her ten " black eunuchs, the youngeſt and beſt that can be got for " money. I muſt afterwards make my father-in-law a viſit " with a great train of equipage. And when I am placed " at his right-hand, which he will do of courſe, if it be " only to honour his daughter, I will give him the thou- " ſand pieces of gold which I promiſed him, and after- " wards to his great ſurpriſe, will preſent him another " purſe of the ſame value, with ſome ſhort ſpeech: as, Sir, " you ſee I am a man of my word; I always give more " than I promiſe.

" WHEN I have brought the princeſs to my houſe, I " ſhall take particular care to breed her in a due reſpect " to me, before I give the reins to love and dalliance. To " this end I ſhall confine her to her own apartment, make " her a ſhort viſit, and talk but little to her Her wo- " men will repreſent to me, that ſhe is inconſolable by reaſon " of my unkindneſs, and beg me with tears to careſs her, " and let her ſit down by me; but I ſhall ſtill remain in- " exorable, and will turn my back upon her all the firſt " night. Her mother will then come and bring her daugh- " ter to me, as I am ſeated upon my Sofa. The daugh- " ter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herſelf at my feet, " and beg of me to receive her into my favour: then " will I, to imprint in her a thorough veneration for my " perſon, draw up my legs and ſpurn her from me with " my foot, in ſuch a manner that ſhe ſhall fall down ſe- " veral paces from the Sofa."

ALNASCHAR was entirely ſwallowed up in this chi- merical viſion, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: ſo that unluckily ſtricking his baſket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glaſſes to a great diſtance from him into the ſtreet, and broke them into ten thouſand pieces.

Nº. 536. *Friday, November* 14.

O! veræ Phrygiæ, neque enim Phryges!
Virg. Æn. 9. v. 617.

O! leſs than women, in the ſhapes of men?
Dryden.

AS I was the other day ſtanding in my bookſeller's ſhop, a pretty young thing about eighteen years of age ſtept out of her coach, and bruſhing by me, beck'ned the man of the ſhop to the further end of his counter, where ſhe whiſpered ſomething to him with an attentive look, and at the ſame time preſented him with a letter: after which, preſſing the end of her fan upon his hand, ſhe delivered the remaining part of her meſſage, and withdrew. I obſerved in the midſt of her diſcourſe, that ſhe bluſhed, and caſt an eye upon me over her ſhoulder, having been informed by my bookſeller, that I was the man of the ſhort face whom ſhe had ſo often read of. Upon her paſſing by me, the pretty blooming creature ſmiled in my face, and dropt me a curtſy. She ſcarce gave me time to return her ſalute, before ſhe quitted the ſhop with an eaſy ſkuttle, and ſtepped again into her coach giving the footmen directions to drive where they were bid. Upon her departure, my bookſeller gave me a letter ſuperſcribed, *To the ingenious Spectator*, which the young lady had deſired him to deliver into my own hands, and to tell me that the ſpeedy publication of it would not only oblige herſelf, but a whole tea-table of my friends. I opened it therefore, with a reſolution to publiſh it, whatever it ſhould contain, and am ſure, if any of my male-readers will be ſo ſeverely critical as not to like it, they would have been as well pleaſed with it as myſelf, had they ſeen the face of the pretty ſcribe.

Mr SPECTATOR, *London, Nov.* 1712.

'YOU are always ready to receive any uſeful hint or propoſal, and ſuch, I believe, you will think one that may put you on a way to employ the moſt idle

'part

part of the kingdom; I mean that part of mankind who are known by the name of the womens-men or beaus, *&c.* *Mr* SPECTATOR, you are ſenſible theſe pretty gentlemen are not made for any manly employments, and for want of buſineſs are often as much in the vapours as the ladies. Now what I propoſe is this, that ſince knotting is again in faſhion, which has been found a very pretty amuſement, that you would recommend it to theſe gentlemen as ſomething that may make them uſeful to the ladies they admire. And, ſince 'tis not inconſiſtent with any game, or other diverſion, for it may be done in the play-houſe, in their coaches, at the tea-table, and in ſhort, in all places where they come for the ſake of the ladies (except at church, be pleaſed to forbid it there to prevent miſtakes) it will be eaſily complied with. 'Tis beſides an employment that allows, as we ſee by the fair ſex, of many graces, which will make the beaus more readily come into it; it ſhews a white hand and a diamond ring to a great advantage; it leaves the eyes at full liberty to be employed as before, as alſo the thoughts, and the tongue. In ſhort, it ſeems in every reſpect ſo proper, that 'tis needleſs to urge it farther, by ſpeaking of the ſatisfaction theſe male-knotters will find, when they ſee their work mixed up in a fringe, and worn by the fair lady for whom and with whom it was done. Truly, *Mr* SPECTATOR, I cannot but be pleaſed I have hit upon ſomething that theſe gentlemen are capable of; for 'tis ſad ſo conſiderable a part of the kingdom (I mean for numbers) ſhould be of no manner of uſe. I ſhall not trouble you farther at this time, but only to ſay, that I am always your reader, and generally your admirer,

C. B.

P. S. 'THE ſooner theſe fine gentlemen are ſet to work the better; there being at this time ſeveral fine fringes that only ſtay for more hands.

I SHALL, in the next place, preſent my reader with the deſcription of a ſet of men who are common enough in the world, though I do not remember that I have yet taken notice of them, as they are drawn in the following letter.

Mr

Mr SPECTATOR,

'SINCE you have lately, to ſo good purpoſe, e
'larged upon conjugal love, it is to be hoped you
'diſcourage every practice, that rather proceeds from a
'gard to intereſt, than to happineſs. Now you cann
'but obſerve, that moſt of our fine young ladies read
'fall in with the direction of the graver ſort, to retain
'their ſervice, by ſome ſmall encouragement, as great
'number as they can of ſupernumerary and inſignifica
'fellows, which they uſe like whifflers, and commonl
'call *Shoeing-horns*. Theſe are never deſigned to know
'the length of the foot, but only, when a good offer come
'to whet and ſpur him up to the point. Nay, 'tis the opi
'nion of that grave lady, Madam *Matchwell*, that 'ti
'abſolutely convenient for every prudent family to hav
'ſeveral of theſe implements about the houſe, to clap o
'as occaſion ſerves, and that every ſpark ought to produc
'a certificate of his being a ſhoeing-horn before he b
'admitted as a ſhoe. A certain lady, whom I could nam
'if it was neceſſary, has at preſent more ſhoeing-horns o
'all ſizes, countries, and colours, in her ſervice, than e
'ver ſhe had new ſhoes in her life. I have known a wo
'man make uſe of a ſhoeing-horn for ſeveral years, and
'finding him unſucceſsful in that function, convert him at
'length into a ſhoe. I am miſtaken, if your friend *Mr*
'WILLIAM HONEYCOMB was not a caſt ſhoeing-horn
'before his late marriage. As for myſelf, I muſt frankly
'declare to you, that I have been an arrant ſhoeing-horn
'for above theſe twenty years. I ſerved my firſt miſtreſs
'in that capacity above five of the number, before ſhe was
'ſhod. I confeſs, though ſhe had many who made their
'applications to her, I always thought myſelf the beſt ſhoe
'in her ſhop, and it was not till a month before her mar
'riage that I diſcovered what I was. This had like to
'have broke my heart, and raiſed ſuch ſuſpicions in me,
'that I told the next I made love to, upon receiving ſome
'unkind uſage from her, that I began to look upon my
'ſelf as no more than her ſhoeing-horn. Upon which,
'my dear, who was a coquette in her nature, told me I
'was hypochondriacal, and that I might as well look up
'on myſelf to be an egg or a pipkin. But in a very ſhort
'time

time after ſhe gave me to know that I was not miſtaken in myſelf. It would be tedious to recount to you the life of an unfortunate ſhoeing-horn, or I might entertain you with a very long and melancholy relation of my ſufferings. Upon the whole, I think, Sir, it would very well become a man in your poſt, to determine in what caſes a woman may be allowed, with honour, to make uſe of a ſhoeing-horn, as alſo to declare whether a maid on this ſide five and twenty, or a widow who has not been three years in that ſtates may be granted ſuch a privilege, with other difficulties which will naturally occur to you upon that ſubject.

I am SIR,

With the moſt profound veneration, Yours, &c.

No 537. *Saturday, November* 15.

Τοῦ μὲν γὰρ γένος ἐσμέν. —— Arat.

For we are his offſpring. Acts. 17. 28.

To the SPECTATOR.

SIR,

'IT has been uſual to remind perſons of rank, on great occaſions in life, of their race and quality, and to what expectations they were born; that by conſidering what is worthy of them, they may be withdrawn from mean purſuits, and encouraged to laudable undertakings. This is turning nobility into a principle of virtue, and making it productive of merit, as it is underſtood to have been originally a reward of it.

'IT is for the like reaſon, I imagine that you have in ſome of your ſpeculations aſſerted to your readers the *dignity of human nature*. But you cannot be inſenſible that this is a controverted doctrine; there are authors who conſider human nature in a very different view, and books of maxims have been written to ſhew the *falſity of all human virtues*. The reflections which are made on this ſubject uſually take ſome tincture from

'the

'the tempers and characters of those that make them. Politicians can resolve the most shining actions among men into artifice and design; others, who are soured by discontent, repulses, or ill usage, are apt to mistake their spleen for philosophy; men of profligate lives, and such as find themselves incapable of rising to any distinction among their fellow-creatures, are for pulling down all appearances of merit, which seem to upbraid them; and satirists describe nothing but deformity. From all these hands we have such draughts of mankind as are represented in those burlesque pictures, which the *Italians* call *Caricaturas*; where the art consists in preserving amidst distorted proportions and aggravated features some distinguishing likeness of the person, but in such a manner as to transform the most agreeable beauty into the most odious monster.

'It is very disingenuous to level the best of mankind with the worst, and for the faults of particulars to degrade the whole species. Such methods tend not only to remove a man's good opinion of others, but to destroy that reverence for himself, which is a great guard of innocence, and a spring of virtue.

'It is true indeed that there are surprising mixtures of beauty and deformity, of wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, in the human make; such a disparity is found among numbers of the same kind, and every individual, in some instances, or at some times, is so unequal to himself, that *man* seems to be the most wavering and inconsistent being in the whole creation. So that the question in morality, concerning the dignity of our nature, may at first sight appear like some difficult questions in natural philosophy, in which the arguments on both sides seem to be of equal strength. But as I began with considering this point as it relates to action, I shall here borrow an admirable reflection from Monsieur *Pascal* which I think sets it in its proper light.

"It is of dangerous consequence (says he) to represent "to man how near he is to the level of beasts, without "shewing him at the same time his *greatness*. It is likewise dangerous to let him see his *greatness*, without his "*meaness*. It is more dangerous yet to leave him ignorant of either; but very beneficial that he should be

"made

made ſenſible of both." Whatever imperfections we may have in our nature, it is the buſineſs of religion and virtue to rectify them, as far as is conſiſtent with our preſent ſtate. In the mean time, it is no ſmall encouragement to generous minds to conſider that we ſhall put them all off with our mortality. That ſublime manner of ſalutation with which the *Jews* approached their kings,

O KING LIVE FOR EVER!

may be addreſſed to the loweſt and moſt deſpiſed mortal among us, under all the infirmities and diſtreſſes with which we ſee him ſurrounded. And whoever believes the *immortality of the ſoul*, will not need a better argument for the dignity of his nature, nor a ſtronger incitement to actions ſuitable to it.

'I AM naturally led by this reflection to a ſubject I 'have already touched upon in a former letter, and can'not without pleaſure call to mind the thoughts of '*Cicero* to this purpoſe, in the cloſe of his book con'cerning *old age*. Every one who is acquainted with 'his writings, will remember that the elder *Cato* is in'troduced in that diſcourſe as the ſpeaker, and *Scipio* 'and *Lelius* as his auditors. This venerable perſon 'is repreſented looking forward, as it were, from the 'verge of extreme old age into a future ſtate, and riſing 'into a contemplation on the unperiſhable part of his 'nature and its exiſtence after death. I ſhall collect 'part of his diſcourſe. And as you have formerly of'fered ſome arguments for the ſoul's immortality, agree'able both to reaſon and the Chriſtian doctrine, I be'lieve your readers will not be diſpleaſed to ſee how the 'ſame great truth ſhines in the pomp of the *Roman* elo'quence.

'THIS, ſays *Cato*, is my firm perſuaſion, that ſince "the human ſoul exerts itſelf with ſo great activity; "ſince it has ſuch a remembrance of the paſt, ſuch a "concern for the future; ſince it is enriched with ſo "many arts, ſciences and diſcoveries, it is impoſſible "but the being which contains all theſe muſt be im"mortal."

'THE elder *Cyrus*, juſt before his death, is repreſen-

'ted

ted by XENOPHON ſpeaking after this manner. "Think
"not, my deareſt children, that when I depart from you
"I ſhall be no more; but remember, that my ſoul, even
"while I lived among you was inviſible to you; yet by
"my actions you were ſenſible it exiſted in this body. Be-
"lieve it therefore exiſting ſtill, though it be ſtill unſeen.
"How quickly would the honours of illuſtrious men periſh
"after death, if their ſouls performed nothing to preſerve
"their fame? For my own part, I never could think that
"the ſoul while in a mortal body, lives, but when depar-
"ted out of it, dies; or that its conſciouſneſs is loſt when it
"is diſcharged out of an unconſcious habitation. But
"when it is freed from all corporeal alliance, then it
"truly exiſts. Further, ſince the human frame is broken
"by death, tell us what becomes of its parts? It is viſible
"whether the materials of other beings are tranſlated,
"namely, to the ſource from whence they had their birth.
"The ſoul alone, neither preſent nor departed, is the ob-
"ject of our eyes.

"THUS *Cyrus*. But to proceed. No one ſhall per-
"ſuade me, *Scipio*, that your worthy father, or your
"grandfathers *Paulus* and *Africanus*, or *Africanus* his
"father or uncle, or many other excellent men whom I
"need not name, performed ſo many actions to be re-
"membered by poſterity, without being ſenſible that fu-
"turity was their right. And, if I may be allowed an
"old man's privilege, to ſpeak of myſelf, do you think I
"would have endured the fatigue of ſo many weariſome
"days and nights, both at home and abroad, if I imagin-
"ed that the ſame boundary which is ſet to my life muſt
"terminate my glory? Were it not more deſireable to
"have worn out my days in eaſe and tranquillity, free
"from labour and without emulation? But I know not
"how, my ſoul has always raiſed itſelf, and looked for-
"ward on futurity, in this view and expectation, that
"when it ſhall depart out of life, it ſhall then live for e-
"ver; and if this were not true that the mind is immor-
"tal, the ſouls of the moſt worthy would not, above all
"others, have the ſtrongeſt impulſe to glory.

"WHAT beſides this is the cauſe that the wiſeſt men
"die with the greateſt equanimity, the ignorant with the
"greateſt concern? Does it not ſeem that thoſe minds

"which

which have the moſt extenſive views, foreſee they are removing to a happier condition, which thoſe of a narrower ſight do not perceive? I, for my part, am tranſported with the hope of ſeeing your anceſtors, whom I have honoured and loved, and am earneſtly deſirous of meeting, not only thoſe excellent perſons whom I have known, but thoſe too of whom I have heard and read, and of whom I myſelf have written; nor would I be detained from ſo pleaſing a journey. O happy day, when I ſhall eſcape from this crowd, this heap of pollution, and be admitted to that divine aſſembly of exalted ſpirits! When I ſhall go not only to theſe great perſons I have named, but to my *Cato*, my ſon, than whom a better man was never born, and whoſe funeral rites I myſelf performed, whereas he ought rather to have attended mine. Yet has not his ſoul deſerted me, but ſeeming to caſt back a look on me, is gone before to thoſe habitations to which it was ſenſible I ſhould follow him. And tho' I might appear to have borne my loſs with courage, I was not unaffected with it; but I comforted myſelf in the aſſurance that it would not be long before we ſhould meet again, and be divorced no more.

I am, Sir, &c.

I queſtion not but my reader will be very much pleaſed to hear that the gentleman who has obliged the world with the foregoing letter, and who was the author of the 210th ſpeculation on the immortality of the ſoul, the 375th on virtue in diſtreſs, 525th on conjugal love, and two or three other very fine ones among thoſe which are not lettered at the end, will ſoon publiſh a noble poem, intitled *An ode to the Creator of the world*, occaſioned by the fragments of *Orpheus*.

No 538. *Monday, November* 17.

——*Ultra*
Finem tendere opus. Hor. ſat. 1. l. 2 v. 1.
To launch beyond all bounds.

SURPRISE is ſo much the life of ſtories, that every one aims at it, who endeavours to pleaſe by telling them.

them. Smooth delivery, an elegant choice of words, and a ſweet arrangement, are all beautiful *graces*, but not the particulars in this point of converſation, which either long command the attention, or ſtrike with the violence of a ſudden paſſion, or occaſion the burſt of laughter which accompanies humour. I have fancied that the mind is in this caſe like a traveller who ſees a fine ſeat in haſte; he acknowledges the delightfulneſs of a walk ſet with regularity, but would be uneaſy if he were obliged to paſs it over, when the firſt view had let him into all its beauties from one end to the other.

HOWEVER, a knowledge of the ſucceſs which ſtories will have when they are attended with a turn of ſurpriſe, as it has happily made the characters of ſome, ſo has it alſo been the ruin of the characters of others. There is a ſet of men who outrage truth, inſtead of affecting us with a manner in telling it; who overleap the line of probability, that they may ſeem to move out of the common road; and endeavour only to make their hearers ſtare, by impoſing upon them with a kind of nonſenſe againſt the philoſophy of nature, or ſuch a heap of wonders told upon their own knowledge, as it is not likely one man ſhould have ever met with.

I HAVE been led to this obſervation by a company into which I fell accidentally. The ſubject of *antipathies* was a proper field wherein ſuch falſe ſurpriſes might expatiate, and there were theſe preſent who appeared very fond to ſhew it in its full extent of traditional hiſtory. Some of them, in a learned manner, offered to our conſideration the miraculous powers which the effluviums of cheeſe have over bodies whoſe pores are diſpoſed to receive them in a noxious manner; others gave an account of ſuch who could indeed bear the ſight of cheeſe, but not the taſte; for which they brought a reaſon from the milk of their nurſes. Others again diſcourſed, without endeavouring at reaſons, concerning the unconquerable averſion which ſome ſtomachs have againſt a joint of meat when it is whole, and the eager inclination they have for it, when, by its being cut up, the ſhape which had affected them is altered. From thence they paſſed to eels, then to parſnips, and ſo from one averſion to another, 'till we had worked up ourſelves to ſuch a pitch of complaiſance, that when

when the dinner was to come in, we inquired the name of every diſh, and hoped it would be no offence to any of the company before it was admitted. When we had ſat down, this civility among us turned the diſcourſe from eatables to other ſorts of averſions; and the eternal cat, which plagues every converſation of this nature, began then to engroſs the ſubject. One had ſweated at the ſight of it, another had ſmelled it out as it lay concealed in a very diſtant cupboard; and he who crowned the whole ſet of theſe ſtories, reckoned up the number of times in which it had occaſioned him to ſwoon away. At laſt, ſays he, that you may all be ſatisfied of my invincible averſion to a cat, I ſhall give an unanſwerable inſtance: As I was going through a ſtreet of *London*, where I never had been till then, I felt a general damp and faintneſs over me, which I could not tell how to account for, 'till I chanced to caſt my eyes upwards, and found that I was paſſing under a ſign-poſt on which the picture of a cat was hung.

THE extravagance of this turn in the way of ſuprize, gave a ſtop to the talk we had been carrying on; ſome were ſilent becauſe they doubted, and others becauſe they were conquered in their own way; ſo that the gentleman had opportunity to preſs the belief of it upon us, and let us ſee that he was rather expoſing himſelf than ridiculing others.

I MUST freely own, that I did not all this while diſbelieve every thing that was ſaid; but yet I thought ſome in the company had been endeavouring who ſhould pitch the bar fartheſt; that it had for ſome time been a meaſuring caſt, and at laſt my friend of the cat and ſign-poſt had thrown beyond them all.

I THEN conſidered the manner in which this ſtory had been received, and the poſſibility that it might have paſſed for a jeſt upon others, if he had not laboured againſt himſelf. From hence, thought I, there are two ways which the well bred world generally takes to correct ſuch a practice, when they do not think fit to contradict it flatly.

THE firſt of theſe is a general ſilence, which I would not adviſe any one to interpret in his own behalf. It is often the effect of prudence in avoiding a quarrel, when they ſee another drive ſo faſt that there is no ſtopping him without being run againſt; and but very ſeldom the

effect of weakneſs in believing ſuddenly. The generality of mankind are not ſo groſsly ignorant, as ſome overbearing ſpirits would perſuade themſelves; and if the authority of a character, or a caution againſt danger make us ſuppreſs our opinions, yet neither of theſe are of force enough to ſuppreſs our thoughts of them. If a man, who has endeavoured to amuſe his companywith improbabilities, could but look into their minds, he would find that they imagine he lightly eſteems of their ſenſe when he thinks to impoſe upon them, and that he is leſs eſteemed by them for his attempt in doing ſo. His endeavour to glory at their expence becomes a ground of quarrel, and the ſcorn and indifference with which they entertain it begins the immediate puniſhment: and indeed (if we ſhould even go no further) ſilence, or a negligent indifference, has a deeper way of wounding than oppoſition, becauſe oppoſition proceeds from an anger that has a ſort of generous ſentiment for the adverſary mingling along with it, while it ſhews that there is ſome eſteem in your mind for him; in ſhort, that you think him worth while to conteſt with; but ſilence, or a negligent indifference, proceeds from anger mixed with a ſcorn, that ſhews another he is thought by you too contemptible to be regarded.

THE other method which the world has taken for correcting this practice of falſe ſurpriſe, is to over-ſhoot ſuch talkers in their own bow, or to raiſe the ſtory with further degrees of impoſſibility, and ſet up for a voucher to them in ſuch a manner as muſt let them ſee they ſtand detected. Thus I have heard a diſcourſe was once managed upon the effects of fear. One of the company had given an account how it had turned his friend's hair grey in a night when the terrors of ſhipwreck encompaſſed him. Another taking the hint from hence, began, upon his own knowledge, to enlarge his inſtances of the like nature to ſuch a number, that it was not probable he could ever have met with them; and as he ſtill grounded thoſe upon different cauſes, for the ſake of the variety, it might ſeem at laſt, from his ſhare of the converſation, almoſt impoſſible that any one who can feel the paſſion of fear ſhould all his life eſcape ſo common an effect of it. By this time ſome of the company grew negligent, or deſirous to contradict him; but one rebuked the reſt with

an

an appearance of ſeverity, and with the known old ſtory in his head, aſſured them they need not ſcruple to believe that the fear of any thing can make a man's hair grey, ſince he knew one whoſe periwig had ſuffered ſo by it. Thus he ſtopped the talk, and made them eaſy. Thus is the ſame method taken to bring us to ſhame, which we fondly take to increaſe our character. It is indeed a kind of mimicry, by which another puts on our air of converſation to ſhow us to ourſelves; he ſeems to look ridiculous before you, that you may remember how near a reſemblance you bear to him, or that you may know that he will not lie under the imputation of believing you. Then it is that you are ſtruck dumb immediately with a conſcientious ſhame for what you have been ſaying. Then it is that you are inwardly grieved at the ſentiments which you cannot but perceive others entertain concerning you. In ſhort, you are againſt yourſelf: the laugh of the company runs againſt you: the cenſuring world is obliged to you for that triumph which you have allowed them at your own expence; and truth, which you have injured has a near way of being revenged on you, when by the bare repetition of your ſtory you become a frequent diverſion for the public.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'THE other day, walking in *Pancras* church-yard, 'I thought of your paper wherein you mention e-'pitaphs, and am of opinion this has a thought in it 'worth being communicated to your readers.

Here innocence and beauty lies, whoſe breath
Was ſnatch'd by early, not untimely death.
Hence did ſhe go, juſt as ſhe did begin
Sorrow to know, before ſhe knew to ſin.
Death that does ſin and ſorrow thus prevent,
Is the next bleſſing to a life well ſpent.

I am, Sir,

Your ſervant.

N° 539. *Tueſday, November* 18.

Heteroclyta ſunto. Quæ genus.

Be they Heteroclytes.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young widow of a good fortune and family, 'and juſt come to town; where I find I have cluſters 'of pretty fellows come already to viſit me, ſome dying 'with hopes, others with fears, though they never ſaw 'me. Now what I would beg of you, would be to know 'whether I may venture to uſe theſe pert fellows with the 'ſame freedom as I did my country acquaintance. I de'ſire your leave to uſe them as to me ſhall ſeem meet, 'without imputation of a jilt; for ſince I make declara'tion that not one of them ſhall have me, I think I ought 'to be allowed the liberty of inſulting thoſe who have the 'vanity to believe it is in their power to make me break 'that reſolution. There are ſchools for learning to uſe 'foils, frequented by thoſe who never deſign to fight; 'and this uſeleſs way of aiming at the heart, without de'ſign to wound it on either ſide, is the play with which 'I am reſolved to divert myſelf: the man who pretends 'to win, I ſhall uſe like him who comes into a fencing'ſchool to pick a quarrel. I hope upon this foundation, 'you will give me the free uſe of the natural and arti'ficial force of my eyes, looks, and geſtures. As for ver'bal promiſes, I will make none, but ſhall have no mer'cy on the conceited interpreters of glances and motions. 'I am particularly ſkilled in the downcaſt eye, and the 'recovery into a ſudden full aſpect, and away again, as 'you may have ſeen ſometimes practiſed by us country 'beauties beyond all that you have obſerved in courts and 'cities. Add to this Sir, that I have a ruddy heedleſs 'look which covers artifice the beſt of any thing. Tho' 'I can dance very well, I affect a tottering, untaught way 'of walking, by which I appear an eaſy prey; and never 'exert my inſtructed charms 'till I find I have engaged a 'purſuer. Be pleaſed, Sir, to print this letter: which

'will

will certainly begin the chace of a rich widow: the many foldings, eſcapes, returns and doublings which I make, I ſhall from time to time communicate to you, for the better inſtruction of all females who ſet up, like me, for reducing the preſent exorbitant power and inſolence of man.

I am, SIR,

Your faithful correſpondent,

RELICTA LOVELY.

Dear Mr SPECTATOR,

I DEPEND upon your profeſſed reſpect for virtuous love, for your immediate anſwering the deſign of this letter; which is no other than to lay before the world the ſeverity of certain parents who deſire to ſuſpend the marriage of a diſcreet young woman of eighteen, three years longer, for no other reaſon but that of her being too young to enter into that ſtate. As to the conſideration of riches, my circumſtances are ſuch, that I cannot be ſuſpected to make my addreſſes to her on ſuch low motives as avarice and ambition. If ever innocence, wit, and beauty, united their utmoſt charms, they have in her. I wiſh you would expatiate a little on this ſubject, and admoniſh her parents that it may be from the very imperfection of human nature itſelf, and not any perſonal frailty of her or me, that our inclinations baffled at preſent may alter; and while we are arguing with ourſelves to put off the enjoyment of our preſent paſſions, our affections may change their objects in the operation. It is a very delicate ſubject to talk upon; but if it were but hinted, I am in hopes it would give the parties concerned ſome reflection that might expedite our happineſs. There is a poſſibility, and I hope I may ſay it without imputation of immodeſty to her I love with the higheſt honour; I ſay, there is a poſſibility this delay may be as painful to her as it is to me. If it be as much, it muſt be more, by reaſon of the ſevere rules the ſex are under in being denied even the relief of complaint. If you oblige me in this, and I ſucceeded,

'I promiſe you a place at my wedding, and a treatment 'ſuitable to your ſpectatorial dignity.

Your moſt humble ſervant,

EUSTACE.

SIR,

'I Yeſterday heard a young gentleman, that looked 'as if he was juſt come to town, and a ſcarf upon 'evil-ſpeaking; which ſubject you know, Archbiſhop *Til-lotſon* has ſo nobly handled in a ſermon in his *Folio*. As 'ſoon as ever he had named his text, and had opened a 'little the drift of his diſcourſe, I was in great hopes he 'had been one of Sir ROGER's chaplains. I have con-'ceived ſo great an idea of the charming diſcourſe above, 'that I ſhould have thought one part of my ſabbath very 'well ſpent in hearing a repetition of it. But alas! Mr. 'SPECTATOR, this reverend divine gave us his Grace's 'ſermon, and yet I don't know how, even I, that I am 'ſure have read it at leaſt twenty times, could not tell 'what to make of it, and was at a loſs ſometimes to gueſs 'what the man aimed at. He was ſo juſt indeed, as to 'give us all the heads and the ſub-diviſions of the ſermon; 'and farther I think there was not one beautiful thought 'in it but what we had. But then, Sir, this gentleman 'made ſo many pretty additions; and he could never give 'us a paragraph of the ſermon, but he introduced it with 'ſomething which, methought, looked more like a deſign 'to ſhew his own ingenuity, than to inſtruct the people. 'In ſhort, he added and curtailed in ſuch a manner, that 'he vexed me, inſomuch that I could not forbear think-'ing (what I confeſs I ought not to have thought of in 'ſo holy a place) that this young ſpark was as juſtly 'blameable as *Buttock* or *Penkethman* when they mend 'a noble play of *Shakeſpear* or *Johnſon*. Pray, Sir, take 'this into your conſideration: and if we muſt be enter-'tained with the works of any of theſe great men, deſire 'theſe gentlemen to give them as they find them, that 'ſo when we read them to our families at home, they 'may the better remember they have heard them at church.

SIR,

Your humble ſervant.

No

No. 540. *Wedneſday, November* 19.

——Non deficit alter. Virg. Æn. 6. v. 143.

A ſecond is not wanting.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'THERE is no part of your writings which I have in more eſteem than your criticiſm upon *Milton*. It 'is an honourable and candid endeavour to ſet the works 'of our noble writers in the graceful light which they de- 'ſerve. You will loſe much of my kind inclination to- 'wards you, if you do not attempt the encomium of *Spen- 'cer* alſo, or at leaſt indulge my paſſion for that charming 'author ſo far as to print the looſe hints I now give you 'on that ſubject.

'*SPENCER*'s general plan is the repreſentation of 'ſix virtues, holineſs, temperance, chaſtity, friendſhip, ju- 'ſtice, and courteſy, in ſix legends by ſix perſons. The ſix 'perſonages are ſuppoſed under proper allegories ſuitable 'to their reſpective characters, to do all that is neceſſary 'for the full manifeſtation of the reſpective virtues which 'they are to exert.

'THESE one might undertake to ſhew under the ſeve- 'ral heads, are admirably drawn: no images improper, 'and moſt ſurpriſingly beautiful. The red croſs knight 'runs thro' the whole ſteps of the Chriſtian life; *Guyon* 'does all that temperance poſſibly can require: *Brito- 'martis* (a woman) obſerves the true rules of unaffected 'chaſtity; *Arthegal* is in every reſpect of life ſtrictly and 'wiſely juſt; *Calidore* is rightly courteous.

'IN ſhort, in *Fairy-land*, where knights-errant have a 'full ſcope to range, and to do even what *Arioſtos* or *Or- 'landos* could not do in the world without breaking into 'credibility, *Spencer*'s knights have, under theſe ſix heads, 'given a full and truly poetical ſyſtem of Chriſtian, public, 'and low life.

'HIS legend of friendſhip is more diffuſe, and yet 'even there the allegory is finely drawn, only the heads

'various;

'various; one knight could not there ſupport all the 'parts.

'To do honour to his country, Prince *Arthur* is an u-'niverſal hero; in holineſs, temperance, chaſtity, and ju-'ſtice ſuper-excellent. For the ſame reaſon, and to com-'pliment Queen *Eliſabeth*, *Gloriana*, queen of the fairies, 'whoſe court was the aſylum of the oppreſſed, repreſents 'that glorious queen. At her commands all theſe knights 'ſet forth, and only at hers the red-croſs knight deſtroys 'the dragon; *Guyon* overturns the bower of bliſs; *Ar-'thegal* (i. e. *Juſtice*) beats down *Geryonea* (i. e. *Philip* II. 'king of Spain) to reſcue *Belge* (i. e. *Holland*) and he 'beats the *Grantorto* (the ſame *Philip* in another light) 'to reſtore *Irena* (i. e. *peace to* Europe.)

'*CHASTITY* being the firſt female virtue, *Brito-'martis* is a *Briton*; her part is fine, though it requires 'explication.

'His ſtile is very poetical; no puns, affectations of wit, 'forced antitheſes, or any of that low tribe.

'His old words are all true *Engliſh*, and numbers ex-'quiſite; and ſince of words there is the *multa renaſcen-'tur*, ſince they are all proper, ſuch a poem ſhould not (a-'ny more than *Milton*'s) ſubſiſt all of it of common ordi-'nary words. See inſtances of deſcriptions.

Cauſeleſs jealouſy *in* Britomartis, Book V. Canto 6. Stanzo 14. *in its reſtleſneſs.*

Like as a wayward child, whoſe ſounder ſleep
Is broken with ſome fearful dream's affright,
With froward will doth ſet himſelf to weep,
Ne can be ſtill'd for all his nurſe's night.
But kicks, and ſquals and ſhrieks for fell deſpite;
Now ſcratching her, and her looſe locks miſuſing,
Now ſeeking darkneſs, and now ſeeking light;
Then craving ſuck, and then the ſuck refuſing;
Such was this lady's loves in her love's fond accuſing.

Curioſity *occaſioned by jealouſy, upon occaſion of her lo-ver's abſence.* Ibid. Stanza 8. 9.

Then as ſhe looked long, at laſt ſhe ſpy'd
One coming towards her with haſty ſpeed,

Well

Well ween'd ſhe then, ere him ſhe plain deſcry'd,
That it was one ſent from her love indeed;
Whereat her heart was fill'd with hope and dread,
Ne would ſhe ſtay till he in place could come,
But ran to meet him forth, to know his tidings ſome;
Even in the door him meeting, ſhe begun,
And where is he, thy lord, and how far hence
Declare at once; and hath he loſt or won?

Care *and his* houſe *are deſcribed thus*, IV. 6. 33, 34, 35.

Not far away, not meet for any gueſt,
They ſpy'd a little cottage, like ſome poor man's neſt

34.

There entering in, they found the good man's ſelf,
Full buſily unto his work ybent,
Who was ſo weel a wretched weariſh elf,
With hollow eyes and raw-bone cheeks forſpent,
As if he had in priſon long been pent.
Full black and griſly did his face appear,
Beſmear'd with ſmoak that nigh his eye-ſight blent,
With rugged beard and hoary ſhaggy hair,
The which he never wont to comb, nor comely ſhear.

35.

Rude was his garment and to rags all rent,
No better had he, ne for better cared;
His bliſtered hands amongſt the cinders brent,
And fingers filthy, with long nails prepared,
Right fit to rend the food on which he fared.
His name was *Care*; a blackſmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night from working ſpar'd,
But to ſmall purpoſe iron wedges made;
Theſe be unquiet thoughts that careful minds invade.

'*HOMER*'s epithets were much admired by antiquity: ſee what great juſtneſs and variety there is in theſe epithets of the trees in the foreſt where the red-croſs knight loſt *Truth*, B. 1. Cant. 1. Stan. 8, 9.

The ſailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
The builder oak, ſole king of foreſts all,
The aſpine good for ſtaves, the cypreſs funeral.

The

9.

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,
And poets ſage: the fir that weepeth ſtill.
The willow worn of forlorn paramours,
The yew obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for ſhafts, the ſallow for the mill;
The myrrhe ſweet, bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the aſh for nothing ill,
The fruitful olive, and the plantane round,
The carver holm, the mapple ſeldom inward ſound.

'I SHALL trouble you no more, but deſire you to let 'me conclude with theſe verſes, though I think they have 'already been quoted by you: they are directions to 'young ladies oppreſt with calumny. VI. 6. 14.

The beſt, ſaid he, that I can you adviſe,
Is to avoid th' occaſion of the ill;
For when the cauſe whence evil doth ariſe
Removed is, the effect ſurceaſeth ſtill.
Abſtain from pleaſure, and reſtrain your will,
Subdue deſire, and bridle looſe delight,
Uſe ſcanted diet, and forbear your fill,
Shun ſecrecy, and talk in open ſight;
So ſhall you ſoon repair your preſent evil plight. T

No. 541. *Thurſday, November* 20.

Format enim, natura prius nos intus ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum; juvat aut impellit ad iram,
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit et angit,
Poſt effert animi motus interprete lingua.
Hor. Ars. Poet. v. 108.

For nature forms and ſoftens us within,
And writes our fortune's changes in our face:
Pleaſure enchants, impetuous rage tranſports,
And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd ſoul;
And theſe are all interpreted by ſpeech. Roſcommon.

MY friend the TEMPLAR, whom I have ſo often mentioned in theſe writings, having determined to

to lay aſide his poetical ſtudies, in order to a cloſer purſuit of the law, has put together, as a farewel eſſay, ſome thoughts concerning *pronunciation* and *action*, which he has given me leave to communicate to the public. They are chiefly collected from his favourite author, *Cicero*, who is known to have been an intimate friend of *Roſcius* the actor, and a good judge of dramatic performances, as well as the moſt eloquent pleader of the time in which he lived.

CICERO concludes his celebrated books *de Oratore*, with ſome precepts for pronunciation and action, without which part he affirms that the beſt orator in the world can never ſucceed; and an indifferent one, who is maſter of this, ſhall gain much greater applauſe. What could make a ſtronger impreſſion, ſays he, than thoſe exclamations of *Gracchus* — "Whither ſhall I turn? Wretch "that I am! to what place betake myſelf? Shall I go to "the *Capitol?* ——Alas! it is overflowed with my bro- "ther's blood. Or ſhall I retire to my houſe? Yet there "I behold my mother plunged in miſery, weeping and "deſpairing!" Theſe breaks and turns of paſſion, it ſeems, were ſo enforced by the eyes, voice and geſture of the ſpeaker, that his very enemies could not refrain from tears. I inſiſt, ſays *Tully*, upon this the rather, becauſe our orators, who are as it were actors of the truth itſelf, have quitted this manner of ſpeaking; and the players, who are but imitators of truth, have taken it up.

I SHALL therefore purſue the hint he has here given me, and for the ſervice of the *Britiſh* ſtage, I ſhall copy ſome of the rules which this great *Roman* maſter has laid down; yet, without confining myſelf wholly to his thoughts or words, and to adapt this eſſay the more to the purpoſe for which I intend it, inſtead of the examples he has inſerted in this diſcourſe, out of the antient tragedies, I ſhall make uſe of parallel paſages out of the moſt celebrated of our own.

THE deſign of art is to aſſiſt action as much as poſſible in the repreſentation of nature; for the appearance of reality is that which moves us in all repreſentations, and theſe have always the greater force, the nearer they approach to nature, and the leſs they ſhew of imitation.

NATURE herſelf has aſſigned to every motion of the ſoul its peculiar caſt of the countenance, tone of voice, and manner of geſture: and the whole perſon, all the features of the face and tones of the voice, anſwer, like ſtrings upon muſical inſtuments, to the impreſſions made on them by the mind. Thus the ſounds of the voice, according to the various touches which raiſe them, form themſelves into an acute or grave, quick or ſlow, loud or ſoft tone. Theſe too may be ſubdivided into various kinds of tones, as the gentle, the rough, the contracted, the diffuſe, the continued, the intermitted, the broken, abrupt, winding, ſoftned, or elevated. Every one of theſe may be employed with art and judgment; and all ſupply the actor, as colours do the painter, with an expreſſive variety.

ANGER exerts its peculiar voice in an acute, raiſed, and hurrying ſound. The paſſionate character of king *Lear*, as it is admirably drawn by *Shakeſpear*, abounds with the ſtrongeſt inſtances of this kind.

——— Death! Confuſion!
Fiery! ——what quality? ——why *Gloſter! Gloſter!*
I'd ſpeak with the duke of *Cornwal* and his wife.
Are they inform'd of this? my breath and blood!
Fiery! the fiery duke? ——*&c.*

SORROW and complaint demand a voice quite different, flexible, ſlow, interrupted, and modulated in a mourniful, tone; as in that pathetical ſoliloquy of Cardinal *Wolſey* on his fall.

Farewel!-----a long farewel to all my greatneſs!
This is the ſtate of man!----- to day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt,
And when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls as I do.

WE have likeways a fine example of this in the whole part of *Adromache* in the *Diſtreſt Mother*, particularly in theſe lines. I'll

I'll go, and in the anguiſh of my heart
Weep o'er my child ——— if he muſt die, my life
Is wrapt in his, I ſhall not long ſurvive.
'Tis for his ſake that I have ſuffered life,
Groan'd in captivity, and outlived *Hector*.
Yes, my *Aſtyanax*, we'll go together!
Together to the realms of night we'll go;
There to thy ravithed eyes thy ſire I'll ſhow,
And point him out among the ſhades below.

FEAR expreſſes itſelf in a low, heſitating and abject ſound. If the reader conſiders the following ſpeech of lady *Macbeth*, while her huſband is about the murder of *Duncan* and his grooms, he will imagine her even affrighted with the ſound of her own voice while ſhe is ſpeaking it.

Alas! I am affraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us—hark! — I laid the daggers ready,
He could not miſs them. Had he not reſembled
My father as he ſlept, I had done it.

COURAGE aſſumes a louder tone, as in that ſpeech of Don *Sebaſtian*.

Here ſatiate all your fury;
Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
I have a ſoul that like an ample ſhield
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.

PLEASURE diſſolves into a luxurious, mild, tender, nd joyous modulation; as in the following lines in a*aius Marius*.

Lavinia! O there's muſic in the name,
That ſoftning me to infant tenderneſs,
Makes my heart ſpring, like the firſt leaps of life.

AND perplexity is different from all theſe; grave, but not bemoaning, with an earneſt uniform ſound of voice; as in that celebrated ſpeech of *Hamlet*.

To be, or not to be?——that is the queſtion:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer.

The ſtings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them. To die, to ſleep;
No more; and by a ſleep to ſay we end
The heart-ach, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſhed. To die, to ſleep——
To ſleep; perchance to dream! ay, there's the rub.
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe—— There's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life;
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
Th'oppreſſors wrongs, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of deſpis'd love, the laws delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardles bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather chuſe thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

As all theſe varieties of voice are to be directed by the ſenſe, ſo the action is to be directed by the voice, and, with a beautiful propriety, as it were to enforce it. The arm, which by a ſtrong figure *Tully* calls the *orator's weapon*, is to be ſometimes raiſed and extended; and the hand, by its motion, ſometimes to lead, and ſometimes to follow the words as they are uttered. The ſtamping of the foot too has its proper expreſſion in contention, anger, or abſolute command. But the face is the epitome of the whole man, and the eyes are as it were the epitome of the face; for which reaſon, he ſays, the beſt judges among the *Romans* were not extremely pleaſed, even with *Roſcius* himſelf in his maſk. No part of the body, beſides the face, is capable of as many changes as there are different emotions in the mind, and of expreſſing them all by thoſe changes. Nor is this

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to be done without the freedom of the eyes; therefore *Theophraſtus* called one, who barely rehearſed his ſpeech with his eye fixed, an *abſent actor*.

As the countenance admits of ſo great variety, it requires alſo great judgment to govern it. Not that the form of the face is to be ſhifted on every occaſion, leſt it turn to farce and buffoonry: but it is certain, that the eyes have a wonderful power of marking the emotions of the mind, ſometimes by a ſtedfaſt look, ſometimes by a careleſs one, now by a ſudden regard, then by a joyful ſparkling, as the ſenſe of the words is diverſified: for action is, as it were the ſpeech of the features and limbs, and muſt therefore conform itſelf always to the ſentiments of the ſoul. And it may be obſerved, that in all which relates to the geſture, there is a wonderful force implanted by nature, ſince the vulgar, the unſkilful, and even the moſt barbarous are chiefly affected by this. None are moved by the ſound of words, but thoſe who underſtand the language, and the ſenſe of many things is loſt upon men of a dull apprehenſion: but action is a kind of univerſal tongue; all men are ſubject to the ſame paſſions, and conſequently know the ſame marks of them in others, by which they themſelves expreſs them.

PERHAPS ſome of my readers may be of opinion, that the hints I have here made uſe of, out of *Cicero*, are ſomewhat too refined for the players on our theatre: in anſwer to which, I venture to lay it down as a maxim, that without good ſenſe no one can be a good player, and that he is very unfit to perſonate the dignity of a *Roman* hero, who cannot enter into the rules for pronunciation and geſture delivered by a *Roman* orator.

THERE is another thing which my author does not think too minute to inſiſt on, though it is purely mechanical; and that is the right *pitching* of the voice. On this occaſion he tells the ſtory of *Gracchus*, who employed a ſervant with a little ivory pipe to ſtand behind him, and give him the right pitch, as often as he wandered too far from the proper modulation. Every voice, ſays *Tully*, has its particular medium and compaſs, and the ſweetneſs of ſpeech conſiſts in leading it through all the variety of tones naturally, and without touching any extreme. There-

fore, says he, *Leave the pipe at home, but carry the sense of this custom with you.*

N° 542. *Friday, November 21.*

Et sibi præferri se gaudet——

Ovid. Met. l. 2 v. 430.

——— He heard,
Well-pleased, himself before himself preferr'd.

Addison.

WHEN I have been present in assemblies where my paper has been talked of, I have been very well pleased to hear those who would detract from the author of it observe, that the letters which are sent to the *Spectator* are as good, if not better than any of his works. Upon this occasion many letters of mirth are usually mentioned, which some think the *Spectator* writ to himself, and which others commend because they fancy he received them from his correspondents: Such are these from the *Valetudinarian*; the inspector of the sign-posts; the master of the fan-exercise; with that of the hooped petticoat; that of *Nicholas Hart* the annual sleeper; that from Sir *John Enwill*; that upon the *London* cries; with multitudes of the same nature. As I love nothing more than to mortify the ill-natured, that I may do it effectually, I must acquaint them, they have very often praised me when they did not design it, and that they have approved my writings when they thought they had derogated from them. I have heard several of these unhappy gentlemen proving, by undeniable arguments, that I was not able to pen a letter which I had written the day before. Nay, I have heard some of them throwing out ambiguous expressions, and giving the company reason to suspect that they themselves did me the honour to send me such and such a particular epistle, which happened to be talked of with the esteem or approbation of these who were present. Those rigid critics are so afraid of allowing me any thing which does not belong to me, that they will not be positive whether the lion, the wild boar and the

the flower pots in the play-houſe, did not actually write thoſe letters which came to me in their names. I muſt therefore inform theſe gentlemen, that I often chooſe this way of caſting my thoughts into a letter for the following reaſons: firſt, out of the policy of thoſe who try their jeſt upon another, before they own it themſelves. Secondly, becauſe I would extort a little praiſe from ſuch who will never applaud any thing whoſe author is known and certain. Thirdly, becauſe it gave me an opportunity of introducing a great variety of characters into my work, which could not have been done, had I always written in the perſon of the *Spectator*. Fourthly, becauſe the dignity Spectatorial would have ſuffered, had I publiſhed as from myſelf thoſe ſeveral ludicrous compoſitions which I have aſcribed to fictitious names and characters. And laſtly, becauſe they often ſerve to bring in more naturally, ſuch additional reflections as have been placed at the end of them.

THERE are others who have likewiſe done me a very particular honour, though undeſignedly. Theſe are ſuch who will needs have it, that I have tranſlated or borrowed many of my thoughts out of books which are written in other languages. I have heard of a perſon who is more famous for his library than his learning, that has aſſerted this more than once in his private converſation. Were it true, I am ſure he could not ſpeak from his own knowledge; but had he read the books which he has collected, he would find this accuſation to be wholly groundleſs. Thoſe who are truly learned will acquit me in this point, in which I have been ſo far from offending, that I have been ſcrupulous perhaps to a fault in quoting the authors of ſeveral paſſages which I might have made my own. But as this aſſertion is in reality an encomium on what I have publiſhed, I ought rather to glory in it, than endeavour to confute it.

SOME are ſo very willing to alienate from me that ſmall reputation which might accrue to me from any of theſe my ſpeculations, that they attribute ſome of the beſt of them to thoſe imaginary manuſcripts with which I have introduced them. There are others, I muſt confeſs, whoſe objections have given me a greater concern, as they ſeem to reflect, under this head, rather on my morality than on my invention. Theſe are they who ſay an author is guilty

of

of falſhood, when he talks to the public of manuſcripts which he never ſaw, or deſcribes ſcenes of action or diſcourſe in which he was never engaged. But theſe gentlemen would do well to conſider, there is not a fable or parable which ever was made uſe of, that is not liable to this exception; ſince nothing, according to this notion, can be related innocently, which was not once matter of fact. Beſides, I think the moſt ordinary reader may be able to diſcover by my way of writing, what I deliver in theſe occurrences as truth, and what as fiction.

SINCE I am unawares engaged in anſwering the ſeveral objections which have been made againſt theſe my works, I muſt take notice that there are ſome who affirm a paper of this nature ſhould always turn upon diverting ſubjects, and others who find fault with every one of them that hath not an immediate tendency to the advancement of religion or learning. I ſhall leave thoſe gentlemen to diſpute it out among themſelves; ſince I ſee one half of my conduct patronized by each ſide. Were I ſerious on an improper ſubject, or trifling in a ſerious one, I ſhould deſervedly draw upon me the cenſure of my readers; or were I conſcious of any thing in my writings that is not innocent at leaſt, or that the greateſt part of them were not ſincerely deſigned to diſcountenance vice and ignorance, and ſupport the intereſt of true wiſdom and virtue, I ſhould be more ſevere upon myſelf than the public is diſpoſed to be.

In the mean while I deſire my reader to conſider every particular paper or diſcourſe as a diſtinct tract by itſelf, and independent of every thing that goes before or after it.

I SHALL end this paper with the following letter, which was really ſent me, as ſome others have been which I have publiſhed, and for which I muſt own myſelf indebted to their reſpective writers.

SIR,

'I WAS this morning in a company of your well-wiſhers, 'when we read over, with great ſatisfaction, *Tully*'s 'obſervations on action adapted to the *Britiſh* theatre: 'though, by the way, we were very ſorry to find that you 'have diſpoſed of another member of your club. Poor Sir

'*Roger*

'*Roger* is dead, and the worthy clergyman dying. Capt. '*Sentry* has taken poſſeſſion of a fair eſtate; *Will. Honey-*'*comb* has married a farmer's daughter; and the *Templar* 'withdraws himſelf into the buſineſs of his own profeſſi-'on. What will all this end in? We are afraid it por-'tends no good to the public. Unleſs you very ſpeedily 'fix a day for the election of new members, we are under 'apprehenſions of loſing the *Britiſh Spectator*. I hear 'of a party of ladies who intend to addreſs you on this 'ſubject, and queſtion not, if you do not give us the ſlip 'very ſuddenly, that you will receive addreſſes from all 'parts of the kingdom to continue ſo uſeful a work. Pray 'deliver us out of this perplexity, and among the multi-'tude of your readers you will particularly oblige,

O *Your moſt ſincere friend and ſervant,*

PHILO-SPEC.

N° 543. *Saturday, November* 22.

——— *Facies non omnibus una,*
Nec diverſa tamen —— Ovid. Met. l. 2. v. 13.

Tho' not alike conſenting parts agree,
Faſhion'd with ſimilar variety.

THOSE who were ſkilful in anatomy among the ancients, concluded from the outward and inward make of an human body, that it was the work of a being tranſcendently wiſe and powerful. As the world grew more enlightened in this art, their diſcoveries gave them freſh opportunities of admiring the conduct of providence in the formation of an human body. *Galen* was converted by his diſſections, and could not but own a Supreme Being upon a ſurvey of this his handy-work. There were, indeed, many parts of which the old anatomiſts did not

not know the certain uſe, but as they ſaw that moſt of thoſe which they examined were adapted with admirable art to their ſeveral functions, they did not queſtion but thoſe, whoſe uſes they could not determine, were contrived with the ſame wiſdom for reſpective ends and purpoſes. Since the circulation of the blood has been found out, and many other great diſcoveries have been made by our modern anatomiſts, we ſee new wonders in the human frame, and diſcern ſeveral important uſes for thoſe parts, which uſes the ancients knew nothing of. In ſhort, the body of man is ſuch a ſubject as ſtands the utmoſt teſt of examination. Though it appears formed with the niceſt wiſdom, upon the moſt ſuperficial ſurvey of it, it ſtill mends upon the ſearch, and produces our ſurpriſe and amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here ſaid of an human body, may be applied to the body of every animal which has been the ſubject of anatomical obſervations.

THE body of an animal is an object adequate to our ſenſes. It is a particular ſyſtem of providence, that lies in a narrow compaſs. The eye is able to command it, and by ſucceſſive inquiries can ſearch into all its parts. Could the body of the whole earth, or indeed the whole univerſe be thus ſubmitted to the examination of our ſenſes, were it not too big and diſproportioned for our inquiries, too unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand, there is no queſtion but it would appear to us as curious and well-contrived a frame as that of an human body. We could ſee the ſame concatenation and ſubſerviency, the ſame neceſſity and uſefulneſs, the ſame beauty and harmony, in all and every of its parts, as what we diſcover in the body of every ſingle animal.

THE more extended our reaſon is, and the more able to grapple with immenſe objects, the greater ſtill are thoſe diſcoveries which it makes of wiſdom and providence in the works of the creation. As Sir *Iſaac Newton*, who ſtands up as the miracle of the preſent age, can look thro' a whole planetary ſyſtem; conſider it in its weight, number, and meaſure; and draw from it as many demonſtrations of infinite power and wiſdom, as a more confined underſtanding is able to deduce from the ſyſtem of an human body.

BUT to return to our ſpeculations on anatomy, I ſhall here conſider the fabric and texture of the bodies of animals

mals in one particular view; which, in my opinion, ſhews the hand of a thinking and all-wiſe Being in their formation, with the evidence of a thouſand demonſtrations. I think we may lay this down as an inconteſted principle, that chance never acts in a perpetual uniformity and conſiſtence with itſelf. If one ſhould always fling the ſame number with ten thouſand dice, or ſee every throw juſt five times leſs, or five times more in number than the throw which immediately preceded it, who would not imagine there is ſome inviſible power which directs the caſt? This is the proceeding which we find in the operations of nature. Every kind of animal is diverſified by different magnitudes, each of which gives riſe to a different ſpecies. Let a man trace the dog or lion kind, and he will obſerve how many of the works of nature are publiſhed, if I may uſe the expreſſion, in a variety of editions. If we look into the reptile world, or into thoſe different kinds of animals that fill the element of water, we meet with the ſame repetitions among ſeveral ſpecies, that differ very little from one another, but in ſize and bulk You find the ſame creature that is drawn at large, copied out in ſeveral proportions, and ending in miniature. It would be tedious to produce inſtances of this regular conduct in Providence, as it would be ſuperfluous to thoſe who are verſed in the natural hiſtory of animals. The magnificent harmony of the univerſe is ſuch, that we may obſerve innumerable *diviſions* running upon the ſame *ground*. I might alſo extend this ſpeculation to the dead parts of nature, in which we may find matter diſpoſed into many *ſimilar* ſyſtems, as well in our ſurvey of ſtars and planets, as of ſtones, vegetables and other ſublunary parts of the creation. In a word, Providence has ſhewn the richneſs of its goodneſs and wiſdom, not only in the production of many original ſpecies, but in the multiplicity of deſcants which it has made on every original ſpecies in particular.

But to purſue this thought ſtill farther: every living creature conſidered in itſelf, has many very complicated parts that are exact copies of ſome other parts which it poſſeſſes, and which are complicated in the ſame manner. One *eye* would have been ſufficient for the ſubſiſtence and preſervation of an animal; but in order to better his condition, we ſee another placed with a mathematical

thematical exactneſs in the ſame moſt advantageous ſituation, and in every particular of the ſame ſize and texture. Is it poſſible for chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her operations? Should a million of dice turn up twice together the ſame number, the wonder would be nothing in compariſon with this. But when we ſee this ſimilitude and reſemblance in the arm, the hand, the fingers; when we ſee one half of the body entirely correſpond with the other in all thoſe minute ſtrokes, without which a man might have very well ſubſiſted; nay when we often ſee a ſingle part repeated an hundred times in the ſame body notwithſtanding it conſiſts of the moſt intricate weaving of numberleſs fibres, and theſe parts differing ſtill in magnitude, as the convenience of their particular ſituation requires; ſure a man muſt have a ſtrange caſt of underſtanding, who does not diſcover the finger of God in ſo wonderful a work These duplicates in thoſe parts of the body, without which a man might have very well ſubſiſted, though not ſo well as with them, are a plain demonſtration of an all-wiſe contriver; as thoſe more numerous copyings, which are found among the veſſels of the ſame body are evident demonſtrations that they could not be the work of chance. This argument receives additional ſtrength, if we apply it to every animal, and inſect within our knowledge, as well as to thoſe numberleſs living creatures that are objects too minute for a human eye: and if we conſider how the ſeveral ſpecies in this whole world of life reſemble one another in very many particulars, ſo far as is convenient for their reſpective ſtates of exiſtence; it is much more probable that an hundred million of dice ſhould be caſually thrown a hundred million of times in the ſame number, than that the body of any ſingle animal ſhould be produced by the fortuitous concourſe of matter. And that the like chance ſhould ariſe in innumerable inſtances, requires a degree of credulity that is not under the direction of common ſenſe. We may carry this conſideration yet further, if we reflect on the two ſexes in every living ſpecies, with their reſemblances to each other, and thoſe particular diſtinctions that were neceſſary for the keeping up of this great world of life.

THERE are many more demonſtrations of a Supreme Being

Being, and of his tranſcendent wiſdom, power and goodneſs in the formation of the body of a living creature, for which I refer my reader to other writings particularly to the ſixth book of the poem, intitled *Creation*, where the anatomy of the human body is deſcribed with great perſpicuity and elegance. I have been particular on the thought which runs through this ſpeculation, becauſe I have not ſeen it enlarged upon by others.

N° 544. *Monday, November 24.*

Nunquam ita quiſquam tam bene ſubducta ratione ad vitam fuit,
Quia res, ætas, uſus ſemper aliquid opportet novi,
Aliquid moneat; ut illa, quæ te ſcire credas, neſcias,
Et quæ tibi putaris prima, in experiundo ut repudies.
Ter. Adelph. act. 5. ſc. 2.

No man was ever ſo completely ſkill'd in the conduct of life, as not to recieve new information from age and experience; inſomuch that we find ourſelves really ignorant of what we thought we underſtood, and ſee cauſe to reject what we fancied our trueſt intereſt.

THERE are, I think, ſentiments in the following letter from my friend Captain SENTRY, which diſcover a rational and equal frame of mind, as well prepared for an advantageous as an unfortunate change of condition.

SIR, Coverley-hall, Nov. 15. Worceſterſhire.

'I AM come to the ſucceſſion of the eſtate of my honoured kinſman Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY; and I aſſure you I find it no eaſy taſk to keep up the figure of maſter of the fortune which was ſo handſomely enjoyed by that honeſt plain man. I cannot (with reſpect to the great obligations I have, be it ſpoken) reflect upon his character, but I am confirmed in the truth which I have, I think, heard ſpoken at the club, to wit, that a man of a warm and well-diſpoſed heart with a very ſmall capa-

'city, is highly ſuperior in human ſociety to him, who with 'the greateſt talents, is cold and languid in his affections. 'But, alas! why do I make a difficulty in ſpeaking of 'my worthy anceſtor's failings? His little abſurdities and 'incapacity for the converſation of the politeſt men are 'dead with him, and his greater qualities are even now 'uſeful to him. I know not whether by naming thoſe dis'abilities I do not enhance his merit, ſince he has left be'hind him a reputation in his country, which would be 'worth the pains of the wiſeſt man's whole life to ar'rive at. By the way I muſt obſerve to you, that many 'of your readers have miſtook that paſſage in your writ'ings, wherein Sir ROGER is reported to have inquired 'into the private character of the young woman at the 'tavern. I know you mentioned that circumſtance as an 'inſtance of the ſimplicity and innocence of his mind, 'which made him imagine it a very eaſy thing to reclaim 'one of thoſe criminals, and not as an inclination in him 'to be guilty with her. The leſs diſcerning of your rea'ders cannot enter into that delicacy of deſcription in the 'character: but indeed my chief buſineſs at this time is 'to repreſent to you my preſent ſtate of mind, and the 'ſatisfaction I promiſe to myſelf in the poſſeſſion of my 'new fortune. I have continued all Sir ROGER's ſervants, 'except ſuch as it was a relief to diſmiſs into little be'ings within my manor; thoſe who are in a liſt of the 'good knight's own hand to be taken care of by me, I 'have quartered upon ſuch as have taken new leaſes of 'me, and added ſo many advantages, during the lives of 'the perſons ſo quartered, that it is the intereſt of thoſe 'whom they are joined with, to cheriſh and befriend 'them upon all occaſions. I find a conſiderable ſum of 'ready money, which I am laying out among my depen'dents at the common intereſt, but with a deſign to lend 'it according to their merit, rather than according to 'their ability. I ſhall lay a tax upon ſuch as I have high'ly obliged, to become ſecurity to me for ſuch of their 'own poor youth, whether male or female, as want help 'towards getting into ſome being in the world. I hope 'I ſhall be able to manage my affairs ſo, as to improve 'my fortune every year, by doing acts of kindneſs. I 'will lend my money to the uſe of none but indigent men,

'ſecured

'ſecured by ſuch as have ceaſed to be indigent by the fa-
'vour of my family or myſelf. What makes this the
'more practicable is, that if they will do any one good
'with my money, they are welcome to it upon their own
'ſecurity: and I make no exception againſt it, becauſe
'the perſons who enter into the obligations, do it for
'their own family. I have laid out four thouſand pounds
'this way, and it is not to be imagined what a crowd of
'people are obliged by it. In caſes where Sir ROGER
'has recommended, I have lent money to put out chil-
'dren, with a clauſe which makes void the obligation, in
'caſe the infant dies before he is out of his apprentice-
'ſhip; by which means the kindred and maſters are ex-
'tremely careful of breeding him to induſtry, that he may
'repay it himſelf by his labour, in three years journey-
'work after his time is out, for the uſe of his ſecurities.
'Opportunities of this kind are all that have occurred ſince
'I came to my eſtate; but I aſſure you I will preſerve a
'conſtant diſpoſition to catch at all the occaſions I can to
'promote the good and happineſs of my neighbourhood.

'But give me leave to lay before you a little eſtabliſh-
'ment which has grown out of my paſt life, that, I doubt
'not, will adminiſter great ſatisfaction to me in that part
'of it, whatever that is, which is to come.

'THERE is a prejudice in favour of the way of life to
'which a man has been educated, which I know not wh-
'ther it would not be faulty to overcome: it is like a
'partiality to the intereſt of one's own country before that
'of any other nation. It is from an habit of thinking,
'grown upon me from my youth ſpent in arms, that I
'have ever held gentlemen who have preſerved modeſty,
'good-nature, juſtice and humanity in a ſoldier's life, to be
'the moſt valuable and worthy perſons of the human race.
'To paſs through imminent dangers, ſuffer painful watch-
'ings, frightful alarms, and laborious marches for the
'greater part of a man's time, and paſs the reſt in ſobrie-
'ty, conformable to the rules of the moſt virtuous civil
'life, is a merit too great to deſerve the treatment it u-
'ſually meets with among the other part of the world. But
'I aſſure you, Sir, were there not very many who have
'this worth, we could never have ſeen the glorious events
'which we have in our days. I need not ſay more to il-

'illuſtrate the character of a ſoldier, than to tell you he is 'the very contrary to him you obſerve loud, ſaucy, and 'over-bearing in a red coat about town. But I was go- 'ing to tell you, that in honour of the profeſſion of arms, 'I have ſet apart a certain ſum of money for a table for 'ſuch gentlemen as have ſerved their country in the army, 'and will pleaſe from time to time to ſojourn all, or any 'part of the year, at *Coverley*. Such of them as will do 'me that honour, ſhall find horſes, ſervants, and all things 'neceſſary for their accomodation, and enjoyment of all 'the conveniences of life in a pleaſant various country. If 'Colonel *Camperfelt* be in town, and his abilities are not 'employed another way in the ſervice, there is no man 'would be more welcome here. That gentleman's thorough 'knowledge in his profeſſion, together with the ſimplicity 'of his manners, and goodneſs of his heart, would induce 'others like him to honour my abode; and I ſhould be 'glad my acquaintance would take themſelves to be invi- 'ted or not, as their characters have an affinity to his.

'I WOULD have all my friends know, that they need 'not fear (though I am become a country gentleman) I 'will trepaſs againſt their temperance and ſobriety. No, 'Sir, I ſhall retain ſo much of the good ſentiments for 'the conduct of life, which we cultivated in each other at 'our club, as to contemn all inordinate pleaſures; but 'particularly remember, with our beloved *Tully*, that the 'delight in food conſiſts in deſire, not ſatiety. They who 'moſt paſſionately purſue pleaſure, ſeldomeſt arrive at it. 'Now I am writing to a philoſopher, I cannot forbear 'mentioning the ſatisfaction I took in the paſſage I read 'yeſterday in the ſame *Tully*. A nobleman of *Athens* 'made a compliment to *Plato* the morning after he had 'ſupped at his houſe, *Your entertainments do not only 'pleaſe when you give them, but alſo the day after.*

I am, my worthy friend,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

T

WILLIAM SENTRY.

N° 545. *Tueſday, November* 25.

Quin potius pacem æternam pactoſque hymenæos
Exercemus —— Virg. Æn. 4. v. 99.

Let us in bonds of laſting peace unite,
And celebrate the hymeneal rite.

I CANNOT but think the following letter from the Emperor of *China* to the Pope of *Rome*, propoſing a coalition of the *Chineſe* and *Roman* churches, will be acceptable to the curious. I muſt confeſs I myſelf being of opinion that the Emperor has as much authority to be interpreter to him he pretends to expound, as the Pope has to be vicar to the ſacred perſon he takes upon him to repreſent, I was not a little pleaſed with their treaty of alliance. What progreſs the negotiation between his majeſty of *Rome* and his holineſs of *China* makes (as we daily writers ſay upon ſubjects where we are at a loſs) time will let us know. In the mean time, ſince they agree in the fundamentals of power and authority, and differ only in matters of faith, we may expect the matter will go on without difficulty.

Copia di litera del re della China al Papa, interpretata dal padre ſegretario dell India della compagna di Gieſu.

A voi benedetto ſopra i benedetti PP, ed imperatore grande de pontefice e paſtore Xmo, diſpenſatore dell'oglio de i re d'Europe, Clemente XI.

'IL favourito amico di Dio Gionata 7°, potentiſſimo ſopra tutti i potentiſſimi della terra, altiſſimo ſopra tuti gl' altiſſimi ſotto il ſole e la luna, che ſede nella ſede di ſmeraldo della *China*, ſopra cento ſcalini d'oro, ad interpretare la lingua di Dio a tutti i deſcendenti fedeli d'Abramo, che da la vita e la morte a cento quindici regni, ed a cento ſettante iſole; ſcrive con la penna dello ſtruzzo vergine, e manda ſalute ed accreſimento di vechiezza.

' Essendo arrivato il tempo in cui il fiore della re-
' ale nostra gioventu deve maturare i frutti della nostra
' vechezza, e confortare con quell' i desiderii de i po-
' puli nostri divoti, e propogare il seme di quella pianta
' che deve proteggerli; habbiamo stabilito d'accompa-
' gnarci con una virgine eccelsa ed amorosa, allattata alla
' mammella della leonessa forte e dell' agnella mansueta.
' Percio essendo ci stato figurato sempre il vostro populo
' Europeo Romano per paese di donne invitte, i forte, e
' caste, allongiamo la nostra mano potente, a stringe-
' re una di lora, e questa sara una vostra nipote, o nipo-
' te di qualche al tro grande sacerdote Latino, che sia guar-
' data dall' occhio dritto di Dio, sara seminata in lei
' l'autorita di Sara, la fedelta d'Esther, e la sapienza
' di Abba; la vogliamo con l'occhio che guarda il cielo,
' e la terra, e con la bocca della conchiglia che si pasce
' della ruggiada del matino. La sua eta non passi ducen-
' to corsi della luna, la sua statura sia alta quanto la spic-
' ca dritta del grano verde, e la sua grossezza quanto un
' manipolo di grano secco. Noi la mandaremmo a ves-
' tire per i nostri mandatici ambasciadori, e chi la con-
' duranno a noi, e noi incontraremmo alla riva del fiume
' grande, facendolo salire sul' nostro cocchio. Ella potra
' adorare apresso di noi il suo Dio, con venti quatro altre
' a sua elezione, e potra cantare con loro come tortora
' alla primavera.

Sodisfando noi padre e amico nostro questa nostra
' brama, sarete cagione di unire in perpetua amicitia co-
' testi vostri regni d'Europa al nostra dominante imperio,
' e si abbracciranno le nostri leggi come l'edera abbraccia
' la pianta, e noi medesemi sparageremo del nostro seme
' reale in coteste provincei, riscaldando i letti di vostri
' principi con il fuoco amoroso delli nostri Amazoni,
' d'alcune della quali i nostri mandatici ambasciadori vi
' porteranno le somiglianza depinte. V. confirmiamo di
' tenere in pace le due buone religiose famiglie delli mis-
' sionarii, gli' figlioli d'Ignazio, e li bianchi e neri figli-
' oli di Dominico, il cui consiglio degl'uni e degl' altri-
' ci serve di scorta del nostro regimento, e di lume ad in-
' terpretare le divine legge, come appunto sa lume l'o-
' glio che si getta in mare. In tanto alzandozi dal no-
' stro trono per abbracciarvi, vi dichariamo nostro con-

' guinto-

' guinto e confederato, ed ordiniamo che questa foglia ſia ' ſegnata col noſtro ſegno imperiale dalla noſtra citta, ca- ' po del mondo, il quinto giorno della terza lunatione l' ' anno quarto del noſtro imperio.

SIGILLO e uno ſole, nelle cui faccia e anche quella della luna, ed intorno tra i raggi vi ſono trapoſte alcune ſpade.

DICHO il traduttore, che ſecondo il ceremonial di queſta lettera e recentiſſima ſpecialmente eſſere ſcritta con la penna dello ſtruzzo vergine, con la que le non ſoglioſi ſcrivere qu"a i re che le pregiere a Dio eſcrivendo a qualche altro principe del mondo, la maggior ſinezza che uſino e ſcriveregli con la penna del pavone.

A letter from the Emperor of *China* to the Pope, interpreted by a father Jeſuit, ſecretary to the *Indies*.

To you bleſſed above the bleſſed, great emperor of biſhops, and paſtor of Chriſtians, diſpenſer of the oil of the kings of Europe, Clement XI.

' THE favourite friend of God *Gionatta* the VII. ' moſt powerful above the moſt powerful of the ' earth, higheſt above the higheſt under the ſun and ' moon who ſits on a throne of *Emerald* of *China* a- ' bove 100 ſteps of gold, to interpret the language of ' God to the faithful, and who gives life and death to ' 115 kingdoms, and 170 iſlands; he writes with the ' quill of a virgin *Oſtrich*, and ſends health and increaſe ' of old age.

' BEING arrived at the time of our age, in which the ' flower of our royal youth ought to ripen into fruit to- ' ward old age, to comfort therewith the deſire of our ' devoted people, and to propagate the ſeed of that plant ' which muſt protect them; we have determined to ac- ' company ourſelves with an high amorous virgin, ſuck- ' led at the breaſt of a wild lioneſs, and a meek lamb; ' and imagining with ourſelves that your *European Ro- ' man* people is the father of many unconquerable and ' chaſte ladies, we ſtretch out our powerful arm to em- ' brace one of them, and ſhe ſhall be one of your nieces, ' or the niece of ſome other great *Latin* prieſt, the dar-

' ling

'ling of God's right eye. Let the authority of *Sarah* be 'ſown in her, the fidelity of *Eſther*, and the wiſdom of '*Abba*. We would have her eye like that of a *dove*, 'which may look upon heaven and earth, with the mouth 'of a ſhell-fiſh to feed upon the dew of the morning; her 'age muſt not exceed 200 courſes of the moon; let her 'ſtature be equal to that of an ear of green corn, and 'her girth a handful.

'WE will ſend our *Mandarines* ambaſſadors to clothe 'her, and to conduct her to us, and we will meet her on 'the bank of the great river, making her to leap up into 'our chariot. She may with us worſhip her own God, 'together with twenty four virgins of her own chuſing; 'and ſhe may ſing with them as the *turtle* in the ſpring. 'You, O father and friend, complying with this our de'ſire, may be an occaſion of uniting in perpetual friendſhip, 'our high empire with your *European* kingdoms, and we 'may embrace your laws, as the *ivy* embraces the tree; 'and we ourſelves may ſcatter our royal blood into your 'provinces, warming the chief of your princes with the 'amorous fire of our *Amazons*, the reſembling pictures of 'ſome of which our ſaid *Mandarines* ambaſſadors ſhall 'convey to you.

'WE exhort you to keep in peace two good religious 'families of *Miſſionaries*, the black ſons of *Ignatius*, and 'the white and black ſons of *Dominicus*; that the coun'ſel, both of the one and the other, may ſerve as a guide 'to us in our government, and a light to interpret the 'divine law, as the oil caſt into the ſea produces light.

'To conclude, we riſing up in our throne to embrace 'you, we declare you our ally and confederate; and have 'ordered this leaf to be ſealed with our imperial ſignet, 'in our royal city the head of the world, the 8th day of 'the third lunation, and the 4th year of our reign.

LETTERS from *Rome* ſay, the whole converſation both among gentlemen and ladies has turned upon the ſubject of this epiſtle, ever ſince it arrived. The Jeſuit who tranſlated it ſays, it loſes much of the majeſty of the original in the *Italian*. It ſeems there was an offer of the ſame nature made by a predeceſſor of the preſent Emperor to *Lewis* the XIII. of *France*, but no lady of that court

court would take the voyage, that ſex not being at that time ſo much uſed in politic negotiations. The manner of treating the Pope is, according to the *Chineſe* ceremonial, very reſpectful: for the Emperor writes to him with the quill of a virgin *Oſtrich*, which was never uſed before but in writing prayers. Inſtructions are preparing for the lady who ſhall have ſo much zeal as to undertake this pilgrimage, and be an empreſs for the ſake of her religion. The principal of the *Indian* miſſionaries has given in a liſt of the reigning ſins in *China*, in order to prepare indulgences neceſſary to this lady and her retinue, in advancing the intereſts of the *Roman-catholic religion* in thoſe kingdoms.

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL.

May it pleaſe your Honour.

I HAVE of late ſeen *French* hats of a prodigious magnitude paſs by my obſervatory.

T JOHN SLY.

No. 546. *Wedneſday, November* 26.

Omnia patefacienda, ut ne quid omnino quod venditor norit, emptor ignoret. Tull.

Every thing ſhould be fairly told, that the buyer may not be ignorant of any thing which the ſeller knows.

IT gives me very great ſcandal to obſerve, wherever I go, how much ſkill, in buying all manner of goods, there is neceſſary to defend yourſelf from being cheated in whatever you ſee expoſed to ſale. My reading makes ſuch a ſtrong impreſſion upon me, that I ſhould think myſelf a cheat in my way, if I ſhould tranſlate any thing from another tongue, and not acknowledge it to my readers. I underſtood from common report, that Mr *Cibber* was introducing a *French* play upon our ſtage, and thought myſelf concerned to let the town know what was his, and what was foreign. When I came to the rehearſal, I found the houſe ſo partial to one of their own fraternity, that

that they gave every thing which was ſaid ſuch grace, emphaſis, and force in their action, that it was no eaſy matter to make any judgment of the performance. Mrs *Oldfield*, who, it ſeems, is the heroic daughter, had ſo juſt a conception of her part, that her action made what ſhe ſpoke appear decent, juſt, and noble. The paſſions of terror and compaſſion, they made me believe, were very artfully raiſed, and the whole conduct of the play artful and ſurpriſing. We authors do not much reliſh the endeavours of players in this kind; but have the ſame diſdain as phyſicians and lawyers have when attorneys and apothecaries give advice. *Cibber* himſelf took the liberty to tell me, that he expected I would do him juſtice, and allow the play well prepared for his ſpectators, whatever it was for his readers. He added very many particulars, not uncurious, concerning the manner of taking an audience, and laying wait not only for their ſuperficial applauſe, but alſo for inſinuating into their affections and paſſions, by the artful management of the look, voice and geſture of the ſpeaker. I could not but conſent that the heroic daughter appeared in the rehearſal a moving entertainment, wrought out of a great and exemplary virtue.

THE advantages of action, ſhow and dreſs on theſe occaſions are allowable, becauſe the merit conſiſts in being capable of impoſing upon us to our advantage and entertainment. All that I was going to ſay about the honeſty of an author in the ſale of his ware, was, that he ought to own all that he had borrowed from others, and lay in a clear light all that he gives his ſpectators for their money, with an account of the firſt manufacturers. But I intended to give the lecture of this day upon the common and proſtituted behaviour of traders in ordinary commerce. The philoſopher made it a rule of trade, that your profit ought to be the common profit; and it is unjuſt to make any ſtep towards gain, wherein the gain of even thoſe to whom you ſell is not alſo conſulted. A man may deceive himſelf if he thinks fit; but he is no better than a cheat who ſells any thing without telling the exceptions againſt it, as well as what is to be ſaid to its advantage. The ſcandalous abuſe of language and hardening of conſcience, which may be obſerved every day in going from one

one place to another, in what makes a whole city to an unprejudiced eye a den of thieves. It was no ſmall pleaſure to me for this reaſon to remark, as I paſſed by *Cornhill*, that the ſhop of that worthy, honeſt, tho' lately unfortunate citizen, Mr *John Morſe*, ſo well known in the linen trade, is fitting up a-new. Since a man has been in a diſtreſſed condition, it ought to be a great ſatisfaction to have paſſed thro' it in ſuch a manner as not to have loſt the friendſhip of thoſe who ſuffered with him, but to receive an honourable acknowledgment of his honeſty from thoſe very perſons to whom the law had conſigned his eſtate.

THE misfortune of this citizen is like to prove of a very general advantage to thoſe who ſhall deal with him hereafter: for the ſtock with which he now ſets up being the loan of his friends, he cannot expoſe that to the hazard of giving credit, but enters into a ready-money trade, by which means he will both buy and ſell the beſt and cheapeſt. He impoſes upon himſelf a rule of aſſiſing the value of each piece he ſells to the piece itſelf; ſo that the moſt ignorant ſervant or child will be as good a buyer at his ſhop as the moſt ſkilful in the trade. For all which, you have all his hopes and fortune for your ſecurity. To encourage dealing after this way, there is not only the avoiding the moſt infamous guilt in ordinary bartering; but this obſervation, that he who buys with ready money, ſaves as much to his family, as the ſtate exacts out of his land for the ſecurity and ſervice of his country; that is to ſay, in plain *Engliſh*, ſixteen will do as much as twenty ſhillings.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'MY heart is ſo ſwelled with grateful ſentiments on 'account of ſome favours which I have lately re'ceived, that I muſt beg leave to give them utterance 'amongſt the croud of other anonymous correſpondents; 'and writing, I hope, will be as great a relief to my 'forced ſilence, as it is to your natural taciturnity.——'My generous benefactor will not ſuffer me to ſpeak to 'him in any terms of acknowledgment, but ever treats 'me as if he had the greateſt obligations, and uſes me 'with a diſtinction that is not to be expected from one ſo 'much my ſuperior in fortune, years, and underſtand-

'ing.

'ing. He inſinuates, as if I had a certain right to his fa-
'vours from ſome merit, which his particular indulgence
'to me has diſcovered; but that is only a beautiful arti-
'fice to leſſen the pain an honeſt mind feels in receiving
'obligations, when there is no probability of returning
'them.

'A GIFT is doubled when accompanied with ſuch a
'delicacy of addreſs; but what to me gives it an ineſ-
'preſſible value, is its coming from the man I moſt eſteem
'in the world. It pleaſes me indeed, as it is an advan-
'tage and addition to my fortune; but when I conſider it
'as an inſtance of that good man's friendſhip, it overjoys,
'it tranſports me; I look on it with a lover's eye, and no
'longer regard the gift, but the hand that gave it. For
'my friendſhip is ſo entirely void of any gainful views,
'that it often gives me pain to think it ſhould have been
'chargeable to him; and I cannot at ſome melancholy
'hours help doing his generoſity the injury of fearing it
'ſhould cool on this account, and that the laſt favour might
'be a ſort of legacy of a departing friendſhip.

'I CONFESS theſe fears ſeem very groundleſs and un-
'juſt, but you muſt forgive them to the apprehenſion of
'one poſſeſſed of a great treaſure, who is frighted at the
'moſt diſtant ſhadow of danger.

'SINCE I have thus far opened my heart to you, I will
'not conceal the ſecret ſatisfaction I feel there of know-
'ing, the goodneſs of my friend will not be unrewarded.
'I am pleaſed with thinking the providence of the Almigh-
'ty hath ſufficient bleſſings in ſtore for him, and will cer-
'tainly diſcharge the debt, tho' I am not made the happy
'inſtrument of doing it.

'HOWEVER, nothing in my power ſhall be wanting to
'ſhew my gratitude; I will make it the buſineſs of my
'life to thank him; and ſhall eſteem (next to him) thoſe
'my beſt friends who give me the greateſt aſſiſtance in this
'good work. Printing this letter would be ſome little
'inſtance of my gratitude; and your favour herein will
'very much oblige

Your moſt humble ſervant, &c.

Nov. 24.

T W. C.

N°

N° 547. *Thurſday, November* 27.

Si vulnus tibi, monſtrata radice vel herba
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
Proficiente nihil curarier — Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 149.

Suppoſe you had a wound, and one had ſhow'd
An herb, which you applied, but found no good;
Won'd you be fond of this, increaſe your pain,
And uſe the fruitleſs remedy again. Creech.

IT is very difficult to praiſe a man without putting him out of countenance. My following correſpondent has found out this uncommon art, and, together with his friends, has celebrated ſome of my ſpeculations after ſuch a concealed but diverting manner, that if any of my readers think I am to blame in publiſhing my own commendations, they will allow I ſhould have deſerved their cenſure as much, had I ſuppreſſed the humour in which they are conveyed to me.

SIR,

'I AM often in a private aſſembly of wits of both ſexes, 'where we generally deſcant upon your ſpeculations, 'or upon the ſubjects on which you have treated. We 'were laſt *Tueſday* talking of thoſe two volumes which 'you have lately publiſhed. Some were commending one 'of your papers, and ſome another; and there was ſcarce 'a ſingle perſon in the company that had not a favourite 'ſpeculation. Upon this a man of wit and learning told 'us, he thought it would not be amiſs, if we paid the '*Spectator* the ſame compliment that is often made in our 'public prints to Sir *William Read*, Dr *Grant*, Mr *Moor* 'the apothecary, and other eminent phyſicians, where it 'is uſual for the patients to publiſh the cures which have 'been made upon them, and the ſeveral diſtempers under 'which they laboured. The propoſal took, and the lady 'where we viſited having the two laſt volumes in large 'paper interleaved for her own private uſe, ordered them 'to be brought down, and laid in the window, whither

'every one in the company retired, and writ down a par-
'ticular advertiſement in the ſtile and phraſe of the moſt
'ingenious compoſitions which we frequently meet with
'at the end of our news-papers. When we had finiſhed
'our work, we read them with a great deal of mirth at
'the fire-ſide, and agreed, *nemine contradicente*, to get
'them tranſcribed, and ſent to the *Spectator*. The gen-
'tleman who made the propoſal entered the following ad-
'vertiſement before the title-page, after which the reſt
'ſucceeded in order.

'*REMEDIUM efficax et univerſum*; or, an effec-
'tual remedy adapted to all capacities; ſhewing how a-
'ny perſon may cure himſelf of ill-nature, pride, party-
'ſpleen, or any other diſtemper incident to the human ſy-
'ſtem, with an eaſy way to know when the infection is up-
'on him. This panacea is as innocent as bread, agreeable
'to the taſte, and requires no confinement. It has not its
'equal in the univerſe, as abundance of the nobility and
'gentry throughout the kingdom have experienced.

N. B. 'No family ought to be without it.

Over the two Spectators *on jealouſy, being the two firſt in the third volume.*

'I *WILLIAM CRAZY*, aged threeſcore and ſeven, hav-
'ing been for ſeveral years afflicted with uneaſy doubts,
'fears and vapours, occaſioned by the youth and beauty
'of *Mary* my wife, aged twenty five, do, hereby for the
'benefit of the public give notice, that I have found great
'relief from the two following doſes, having taken them
'two mornings together with a diſh of chocolate. Wit-
'neſs my hand, *&c.*

For the benefit of the poor.

'In charity to ſuch as are troubled with the diſeaſe of
'levee-hunting, and are forced to ſeek their bread every
'morning at the chamber-doors of great men, I *A. B.*
'do teſtify that for many years paſt I laboured under this
'faſhionable diſtemper, but was cured of it by a remedy

'which

'which I bought of Mrs *Baldwin*, contained in a half-'sheet of paper, marked No. 193, where any one may 'be provided with the ſame remedy at the price of a 'ſingle penny.

'AN infallible cure for *Hypochondriac Melancholy*, No. '175, 188, 191, 198, 209, 221, 233, 235, 239, 245, '247, 251.

Probatum eſt. CHARLES EASY.

'I *CHRISTOPHER QUERY*, having been troubled 'with a certain diſtemper in my tongue, which ſhewed 'itſelf in impertinent and ſuperfluous interrogatories, have 'not aſked one unneceſſary queſtion ſince my peruſal of the 'preſcription marked No. 228.

'THE *Britannic Beautifier*, being an eſſay on mo-'deſty, No 231, which gives ſuch a delightful bluſhing 'colour to the cheeks of thoſe that are white or pale, that it 'is not to be diſtinguiſhed from a natural fine complexion, 'nor perceived to be artificial by the neareſt friend; is 'nothing of paint, or in the leaſt hurtful. It renders 'the face delightfully handſome; is not ſubject to be rub-'bed off, and cannot be parallelled by either waſh, pow-'der, coſmetic, *&c.* It is certainly the beſt beautifier in 'the world.

MARTHA GROWORM.

'I *SAMUEL SELF*, of the pariſh of St *James's*, ha-'ving a conſtitution which naturally abounds with acids, 'made uſe of a paper of directions, marked No 177, re-'commending a healthful exerciſe called *good-nature*, and 'have found it a moſt excellent ſweetner of the blood.

'WHEREAS I, *Eliſabeth Rainbow*, was troubled with 'that diſtemper in my head, which about a year ago was 'pretty epidemical among the Ladies, and diſcovered itſelf 'in the colour of their hoods, having made uſe of the 'doctor's cephalic tincture, which he exhibited to the pu-'blic in one of his laſt year's papers, I recovered in a ve-'ry few days.

'I *GEORGE GLOOM*, having for a long time been 'troubled with the ſpleen, and being adviſed by my friends 'to put myſelf into a courſe of *Steele*, did for that end 'make uſe of remedies conveyed to me ſeveral mornings, 'in ſhort letters, from the hands of the inviſible doctor. 'They were marked at the bottom *Nathaniel Heirroſt*, '*Alice Threadneedle*, *Rebecca Nettletop*, *Tom Lovelefs*, *Mary Meanwell*, *Thomas Smoaky*, *Anthony Freeman*, *Tom Meggot*, *Ruſtick Sprightly*, &c. which have 'had ſo good an effect upon me, that I now find myſelf chearful, lightſome and eaſy; and therefore do recommend them to all ſuch as labour under the ſame diſtemper.

NOT having room to inſert all the advertiſements which were ſent me, I have only picked out ſome few from the third volume, reſerving the fourth for another opportunity. O

N° 548. *Friday, November* 28.

——*Vitiis nemo ſine naſcitur, optimus ille*
Qui minimis urgetur—— Hor. ſat. 3. l. 1. v. 68.

There's none but has ſome fault, and he's the beſt,
Moſt virtuous he, that's ſpotted with the leaſt.

Creech.

Mr SPECTATOR, *Nov.* 27. 1712.

I HAVE read this day's paper with a great deal of pleaſure, and could ſend you an account of ſeveral elixers and antidotes in your third volume, which your correſpondents have not taken notice of in their advertiſements; and at the ſame time muſt own to you, that I have ſeldom ſeen a ſhop furniſhed with ſuch a variety of medicaments, and in which there are fewer ſoporifics. The ſeveral vehicles you have invented for conveying your unacceptable truths to us, are what I moſt particularly admire, as I am afraid they are ſecrets which will die with you. I do not find that any of your critical eſſays are taken notice of in this paper, notwithſtanding I look upon them

them to be excellent cleanſers of the brain, and could venture to ſuperſcribe them with an advertiſement which I have lately ſeen in one of our news-papers, wherein there is an account given of a ſovereign remedy for reſtoring the taſte of all ſuch perſons whoſe palates have been vitiated by diſtempers, unwholſome food, or any the like occaſions. But to let fall the alluſion, notwithſtanding your criticiſms, and particularly the candour which you have diſcovered in them, are not the leaſt taking part of your works; I find your opinion concerning *poetical juſtice*, as it is expreſſed in the firſt part of your fortieth *Spectator*, is controverted by ſome eminent critics; and as you now ſeem, to our great grief of heart, to be winding up your bottoms, I hoped you would have enlarged a little upon that ſubject. It is indeed but a ſingle paragraph in your works, and I believe thoſe who have read it with the ſame attention I have done, will think there is nothing to be objected againſt it. I have however drawn up ſome additional arguments to ſtrengthen the opinion which you have there delivered, having endeavoured to go to the bottom of that matter, which you may either publiſh or ſuppreſs as you think fit.

'*HORACE* in my motto ſays, that all men are vicious, and that they differ from one another, only as they are more or leſs ſo. *Boileau* has given the ſame account of our wiſdom as *Horace* has of our virtue.

Tous les hommes ſont fous, et malgre tous leurs ſoins,
Ne different entre eux, que du plus et du moins.

All men, ſays he, are fools, and in ſpite of their endeavours to the contrary, differ from one another only as they are more or leſs ſo.

'Two or three of the old *Greek* poets have given the ſame turn to a ſentence which deſcribes the happineſs of man in this life;

Τὸ ζῆν ἄλυπως ἀνδρὸς ἐστιν ἐυτυχοῦς.

That man is moſt happy who is the leaſt miſerable. 'It will not perhaps be unentertaining to the polite reader to obſerve how theſe three beautiful ſentences are formed

'upon different ſubjects by the ſame way of thinking; but 'I ſhall return to the firſt of them.

'OUR goodneſs being of a comparative, and not an 'abſolute nature, there is none who in ſtrictneſs can be 'called a virtuous man. Every one has in him a natural 'alloy, though one may be fuller of droſs than another: 'for this reaſon I cannot think it right to introduce a per'fect or a faultleſs man upon the ſtage: not only becauſe 'ſuch a character is improper to move compaſſion, but be'cauſe there is no ſuch thing in nature. This might pro'bably be one reaſon why the *Spectator* in one of his pa'pers took notice of that late invented term called *poeti'cal juſtice*, and the wrong notions into which it has 'led ſome tragic writers. The moſt perfect man has vices 'enough to draw down puniſhments upon his head, and 'to juſtify Providence in regard to any miſeries that may 'befal him. For this reaſon I cannot think but that the 'inſtruction and moral are much finer, where a man who 'is virtuous in the main of his character falls into diſtreſs, 'and ſinks under the blows of fortune at the end of a tra'gedy, than when he is repreſented as happy and tri'umphant. Such an example corrects the inſolence of 'human nature, ſoftens the mind of the beholder with 'ſentiments of pity and compaſſion, comforts him under 'his own private affliction, and teaches him not to judge 'of mens virtues by their ſucceſſes. I cannot think of 'one real hero in all antiquity ſo far raiſed above human 'infirmities, that he might not be very naturally repre'ſented in a tragedy as plunged in misfortunes and cala'mities. The poet may ſtill find out ſome prevailing 'paſſion or indiſcretion in his character, and ſhew it in 'ſuch a manner, as will ſufficiently acquit the gods of 'any injuſtice in his ſufferings. For, as *Horace* obſerves 'in my text, the beſt man is faulty, though not in ſo 'great a degree as thoſe whom we generally call vicious 'men.

'IF ſuch a ſtrict poetical juſtice, as ſome gentlemen 'inſiſt upon, was to be obſerved in this art, there is no 'manner of reaſon why it ſhould not extend to heroic 'poetry, as well as tragedy. But we find it ſo little ob'ſerved in *Homer*, that his *Achilles* is placed in the great'eſt point of glory and ſucceſs, tho' his character is mo-

'rally

'rally vicious, and only poetically good, if I may uſe the 'phraſe of our modern critics. The *Æneid* is filled with 'innocent, unhappy perſons. *Niſus* and *Euryalus*, *Lauſus* and *Pallas* come all to unfortunate ends. The poet 'takes notice in particular, that in the ſacking of *Troy*, '*Ripheus* fell, who was the moſt juſt man among the *Tro*'*jans*,

——*Cadit et Ripheus, juſtiſſimus unus*
Qui fuit in Teucris, et ſervantiſſimus æquæ
Diis aliter viſum eſt. Æneid. ii. v. 427.

'And that *Pantheus* could neither be obſerved by his 'tranſcendent piety, nor by the holy fillets of *Apollo*, 'whoſe prieſt he was.

——*nec te tua plurima, Panthu,*
Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis infula texit.
Ibid. v. 429.

'I MIGHT here mention the practice of the ancient tragic 'poets, both *Greek* and *Latin*; but as this particular is 'touched upon in the paper above-mentioned, I ſhall paſs 'it over in ſilence. I could produce paſſages out of *Ari*'*ſtotle* in favour of my opinion, and if in one place he ſays 'that an abſolutely virtuous man ſhould not be repreſented 'as unhappy, this does not juſtify any one who ſhould 'think fit to bring in an abſolutely virtuous man upon the 'ſtage. Thoſe who are acquainted with that author's way 'of writing, know very well, that to take the whole ex'tent of his ſubject into his diviſions of it, he often makes 'uſe of ſuch caſes as are imaginary, and not reduceable to 'practice: he himſelf declares that ſuch tragedies as end'ed unhappily bore away the prize in theatrical conten'tions from thoſe which ended happily; and for the for'tieth ſpeculation, which I am now conſidering, as it has 'given reaſons why theſe are more apt to pleaſe an audi'ence, ſo it only proves that theſe are generally preferable 'to the other, though at the ſame time it affirms that 'many excellent tragedies have and may be written in 'both kinds.

'I SHALL

'I shall conclude with obſerving, that though the *Spectator* above mentioned is ſo far againſt the rule of poetical juſtice, as to affirm that good men may meet with an unhappy cataſtrophe in tragedy, it does not ſay that ill men may go off unpuniſhed. The reaſon for this diſtinction is very plain, namely, becauſe the beſt of men are vicious enough to juſtify Providence for any misfortunes and afflictions which may befal them; but there are many men ſo criminal, that they can have no claim or pretence to happineſs. The beſt of men may deſerve puniſhment, but the worſt of men cannot deſerve happineſs.

No 549. *Saturday, November* 29.

Quamvis digreſſu veteris confuſus amici,
Laudo tamen——

Tho' griev'd at the departure of my friend,
His purpoſe of retiring I commend.

I BELIEVE moſt people begin the world with a reſolution to withdraw from it into a ſerious kind of ſolitude or retirement, when they have made themſelves eaſy in it. Our unhappineſs is, that we find out ſome excuſe or other for deferring ſuch our good reſolutions till our intended retreat is cut off by death. But among all kinds of people there are none who are ſo hard to part with the world as theſe who are grown old in the heaping up of riches. Their minds are ſo warped with their conſtant attention to gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their ſouls another bent, and convert them towards theſe objects, which, though they are proper for every ſtage of life, are ſo more eſpecially for the laſt. *Horace* deſcribes an old uſerer as ſo charmed with the pleaſures of a country life, that, in order to make a purchaſe, he called in all his money; but what was the event of it? why, in a very few days after he put it out again. I am engaged in this ſeries of thought by a diſcourſe which I had laſt week with my worthy friend Sir *Andrew Freeport*, a man of ſo much natural eloquence, good ſenſe, and probity of mind, that I always

always hear him with a particular pleaſure. As we were ſitting together, being the ſole remaining members of our club, Sir ANDREW gave me an account of the many buſy ſcenes of life in which he had been engaged, and at the ſame time reckoned up to me abundance of thoſe lucky hits which at another time he would have called pieces of good fortune; but in the temper of mind he was then, he termed them mercies, favours of Providence, and bleſſings upon an honeſt induſtry. Now, ſays he, you muſt know, my good friend, I am ſo uſed to conſider myſelf as creditor and debitor, that I often ſtate my accounts after the ſame manner with regard to heaven and my own ſoul. In this caſe, when I look upon the debitor-ſide, I find ſuch innumerable articles, that I want arithmetic to caſt them up; but when I look upon the creditor-ſide, I find little more than blank-paper. Now, though I am very well ſatisfied that it is not in my power to balance accounts with my Maker, I am reſolved however to turn all my future endeavours that way. You muſt not therefore be ſurpriſed, my friend, if you hear that I am betaking myſelf to a more thoughtful kind of life, and if I meet you no more in this place.

I COULD not but approve ſo good a reſolution, notwithſtanding the loſs I ſhall ſuffer by it. Sir ANDREW has ſince explained himſelf to me more at large in the following letter, which is juſt come to my hands.

Good Mr SPECTATOR,

'NOtwithſtanding my friends at the club have always rallied me, when I have talked of retiring from buſineſs, and repeated to me one of my own ſayings: '*That a merchant has never enough till he has got a little more*;' I can now inform you, that there is one in the world who thinks he has enough, and is determined to paſs the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of what he has. You know me ſo well, that I need not tell you, I mean, by the enjoyments of my poſſeſſions, the making of them uſeful to the public. As the greateſt part of my eſtate has been hitherto of an unſteady and volatile nature, either toſt upon ſeas, or fluctuating in funds; it is now fixed and ſettled in ſubſtantial acres

and

'and tenements. I have removed it from the uncertainty
'of ſtocks, winds and waves, and diſpoſed of it in a con-
'ſiderable purchaſe. This will give me great opportuni-
'ty of being charitable in my way, that is, in ſetting my
'poor neighbours to work, and giving them a comfortable
'ſubſiſtence out of their own induſtry. My gardens, my
'fiſh-ponds, my arable and paſture grounds, ſhall be my
'ſeveral hoſpitals, or rather work-houſes, in which I pro-
'poſe to maintain a great many indigent perſons, who are
'now ſtarving in my neighbourhood. I have got a fine
'ſpread of unproveable lands, and in my own thoughts am
'already plowing up ſome of them, fencing others, plan-
'ting woods, and draining marſhes. In fine, as I have my
'ſhare in the ſurface of this iſland, I am reſolved to make
'it as beautiful a ſpot as any in her Majeſty's dominions;
'at leaſt there is not an inch of it which ſhall not be cul-
'tivated to the beſt advantage, and do its utmoſt for its
'owner. As in my mercantile employment I ſo diſpoſed
'of my affairs, that from whatever corner of the compaſs
'the wind blew, it was bringing home one or other of my
'ſhips; I hope, as a huſbandman, to contrive it ſo, that
'not a ſhower of rain, or a glimpſe of ſun-ſhine, ſhall fall
'upon my eſtate without bettering ſome part of it, and con-
'tributing to the products of the ſeaſon. You know it has
'been hitherto my opinion of life, that it is thrown away
'when it is not ſome way uſeful to others. But when I am
'riding out by myſelf, in the freſh air on the open heath
'that lyes by my houſe, I find ſeveral other thoughts grow-
'ing up in me. I am now of opinion, that a man of my age
'may find buſineſs enough on himſelf, by ſetting his mind
'in order, preparing it for another world, and reconciling
'it to the thoughts of death. I muſt therefore acquaint
'you, that beſides thoſe uſual methods of charity, of
'which I have before ſpoken, I am at this very inſtant
'finding out a convenient place where I may build an
'alms-houſe, which I intend to endow very handſomly, for
'a dozen ſuperannuated huſbandmen. It will be a great
'pleaſure to me to ſay my prayers twice a-day with men
'of my own years, who all of them, as well as myſelf,
'may have their thoughts taken up how they ſhall die,
'rather than how they ſhall live. I remember an excel-

'lent

lent saying that I learnt at school, *Finis coronat opus*: you know best whether it be in *Virgil* or in *Horace*, it is my business to apply it. If your affairs will permit you to take the country air with me sometimes, you shall find an apartment fitted up for you, and shall be every day entertained with beef or mutton of my own feeding, fish out of my own ponds, and fruit out of my own gardens. You shall have free egress and regress about my house, without having any questions asked you, and in a word such an hearty welcome as you may expect from

Your most sincere friend,

and humble servant,

ANDREW FREEPORT.

THE club of which I am a member, being entirely dispersed, I shall consult my reader next week upon a project relating to the institution of a new one. O

N° 550. *Monday, December* 1.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?

HOR. Ars poet. v. 138.

In what will all this ostentation end?

ROSCOMMON.

SINCE the late dissolution of the club, whereof I have often declared myself a member, there are very many persons, who by letters, petitions, and recommendations, put up for the next election. At the same time I must complain, that several indirect and underhand practices have been made use of upon this occasion. A certain country gentleman began to *tap* upon the first information he received of Sir ROGER's death; when he sent me up word, that if I would get him chosen in the place of the deceased, he would present me with a barrel of the best October I had ever drank in my life. The ladies are in a great pain to know whom I intend to elect in the room of WILL HONEYCOMB. Some of them indeed

indeed are of opinion that Mr HONEYCOMB did not take ſufficient care of their intereſts in the club, and are therefore deſirous of having in it hereafter a repreſentative of their own ſex. A citizen who ſubſcribes himſelf *T. Z.* tells me, that he has one and twenty ſhares in the *African* company, and offers to bribe me with the odd one in caſe he may ſucceed Sir ANDREW FREEPORT, which he thinks would raiſe the credit of that fund. I have ſeveral letters, dated from *Jenny Man's*, by gentlemen who are candidates for Captain SENTRY's place, and as many from a coffee-houſe in *Paul's* church-yard of ſuch who would fill up the vacancy occaſioned by the death of my worthy friend the clergyman, whom I can never mention but with a particular reſpect.

HAVING maturely weighed theſe ſeveral particulars, with the many remonſtrances that have been made to me on this ſubject, and conſidering how invidious an office I ſhall take upon me, if I make the whole election depend upon my ſingle voice, and being unwilling to expoſe myſelf to thoſe clamours which, on ſuch an occaſion, will not fail to be raiſed againſt me for partiality, injuſtice, corruption, and other qualities which my nature abhors, I have formed to myſelf the project of a club as follows.

I HAVE thoughts of iſſuing out writs to all and every of the clubs that are eſtabliſhed in the cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, requiring them to chuſe out of their reſpective bodies a perſon of the greateſt merit, and to return his name to me before *Lady-day*, at which time I intend to ſit upon buſineſs.

BY this means I may have reaſon to hope, that the club over which I ſhall preſide, will be the very flower and quinteſſence of all other clubs. I have communicated this my project to none but a particular friend of mine, whom I have celebrated twice or thrice for his happineſs in that kind of wit which is commonly known by the name of a pun. The only objection he makes to it is, that I ſhall raiſe up enemies to myſelf if I act with ſo regal an air, and that my detractors, inſtead of giving me the uſual title of SPECTATOR, will be apt to call me the *King of Clubs*.

BUT to proceed on my intended project: it is very well known that I at firſt ſet forth in this work with the character

character of a ſilent man; and I think I have ſo well preſerved my taciturnity, that I do not remember to have violated it with three ſentences in the ſpace of almoſt two years. As a monoſyllable is my delight, I have made very few excurſions in the converſations which I have related, beyond a yes or a no. By this means my readers have loſt many good things which I have had in my heart, though I did not care for uttering them.

Now, in order to diverſify my character, and to ſhew the world how well I can talk if I have a mind, I have thoughts of being very loquacious in the club which I have now under conſideration. But that I may proceed the more regularly in this affair, I deſign, upon the firſt meeting of the ſaid club, to have *my mouth opened* in form; intending to regulate myſelf in this particular by a certain ritual which I have by me, that contains all the ceremonies which are practiſed at the opening of the mouth of a Cardinal. I have likeways examined the forms which were uſed of old by *Pythagoras*, when any of his ſcholars, after an apprenticeſhip of ſilence, was made free of his ſpeech. It the mean time, as I have of late found my name in foreign gazettes upon leſs occaſions, I queſtion not but in their next articles from *Great Britain*, they will inform the world that *the* SPECTATOR's *mouth is to be opened on the twenty-fifth of* March *next*. I may perhaps publiſh a very uſeful paper at that time of the proceedings in that ſolemnity, and of the perſons who ſhall aſſiſt at it. But of this more hereafter. O

N° 551. *Tueſday, December* 2.

Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit. —— Hor. Ars poet. v. 400.

So antient is the pedigree of verſe,
And ſo divine a poet's function.

ROSCOMMON.

Mr SPECTATOR,

WHEN men of worthy and excelling geniuſes have obliged the world with beautiful and inſtructive

writings, it is in the nature of gratitude that praiſe ſhould be returned them, as one proper conſequent reward of their performances. Nor has mankind ever been ſo degenerately ſunk, but they have made this return, and even when they have not been wrought up by the generous endeavour ſo as to receive the advantages deſigned by it. This praiſe, which ariſes firſt in the mouth of particular perſons, ſpreads and laſts according to the merit of authors; and when it thus meets with a full ſucceſs, changes its denomination, and is called *Fame*. They who have happily arrived at this, are even, while they live, inflamed by the acknowledgments of others, and ſpurred on to new undertakings for the benefit of mankind, notwithſtanding the detraction which ſome abject tempers would caſt upon them: but when they deceaſe, their characters being freed from the ſhadow which *Envy* laid them under, begin to ſhine out with greater ſplendor; their ſpirits ſurvive in their works; they are admitted into the higheſt companies, and they continue pleaſing and inſtructing poſterity from age to age. Some of the beſt gain a character, by being able to ſhew that they are no ſtrangers to them; and others obtain a new warmth to labour for the happineſs and eaſe of mankind, from a reflection upon thoſe honours which are paid to their memories.

THE thought of this took me up as I turned over thoſe epigrams which are the remains of ſeveral of the *wits* of *Greece*, and perceived many dedicated to the fame of thoſe who had excelled in beautiful poetic performances. Wherefore, in purſuance to my thought, I concluded to do ſomething along with them to bring their praiſes into a new light and language, for the encouragement of thoſe whoſe modeſt tempers may be deterred by the fear of envy or detraction from fair attempts, to which their parts might render them equal. You will perceive them as they follow to be conceived in the form of epitaphs, a ſort of writing which is wholly ſet apart for a ſhort pointed method of praiſe.

On Orpheus, *written by* Antipater.

No longer, *Orpheus*, ſhall thy ſacred ſtrains
Lead ſtones and trees, and beaſts along the plains;

No

No longer ſoothe the boiſterous winds to ſleep,
Or ſtill the billows of the raging deep:
For thou art gone, the muſes mourn'd thy fall
In ſolemn ſtrains, thy mother moſt of all.
Ye mortals, idly for your ſons ye moan,
If thus a goddeſs could not ſave her own.

OBSERVE here, that if we take the fable for granted, as it was believed to be in that age when the epigram was written, the turn appears to have piety to the gods, and a reſigning ſpirit in its application. But if we conſider the point with reſpect to our preſent knowledge, it will be leſs eſteemed; though the author himſelf, becauſe he believed it, may ſtill be more valued than any one who ſhould now write with a point of the ſame nature.

On Homer, *by* Alpheus *of* Mytilene.

Still in our ears *Andromache* complains,
And ſtill in ſight the fate of *Troy* remains;
Still *Ajax* fights, ſtill *Hector*'s dragg'd along,
Such ſtrange enchantment dwells in *Homer*'s ſong;
Whoſe birth could more than one poor realm adorn,
For all the world is proud that he was born.

THE thought in the firſt part of this is natural, and depending upon the force of poeſy: in the latter part it looks as if it would aim at the hiſtory of ſeven towns contending for the honour of *Homer*'s birth-place; but when you expect to meet with that common ſtory, the poet ſlides by, and raiſes the whole world for a kind of arbiter, which is to end the contention amongſt its ſeveral parts.

On Anacreon, *by* Antipater.

This tomb be thine, *Anacreon;* all around
Let ivy wreathe, let flourets deck the ground,
And from its earth, enrich'd with ſuch a prize,
Let wells of milk and ſtreams of wine ariſe:
So will thine aſhes yet a pleaſure know,
If any pleaſure reach the ſhades below.

THE

THE poet here written upon, is an eaſy gay author, and he who writes upon him has filled his own head with the character of his ſubject. He ſeems to love his theme ſo much, that he thinks of nothing but pleaſing him as if he were ſtill alive, by entering into his libertine ſpirit; ſo that the humour is eaſy and gay, reſembling *Anacreon* in its air, raiſed by ſuch images, and pointed with ſuch a turn as he might have uſed. I give it a place here, becauſe the author may have deſigned it for his honour; and I take an opportunity from it to adviſe others, that when they would praiſe, they cautiouſly avoid every looſer qualification, and fix only where there is a real foundation in merit.

On Euripides, *by* Ion.

Divine *Euripides*, this tomb we ſee
So fair, is not a monument for thee,
So much as thou for it, ſince all will own
Thy name and laſting praiſe adorns the ſtone.

THE thought here is fine; but its fault is, that it is general, that it may belong to any great man, becauſe it points out no particular character. It would be better, if when we light upon ſuch a turn, we join it with ſomething that circumſcribes and bounds it to the qualities of our ſubject. He who gives his praiſe in groſs, will often appear either to have been a ſtranger to thoſe he writes upon, or not to have found any thing in them which is praiſe-worthy.

On Sophocles, *by* Simonides.

Winde, gentle ever-green, to form a ſhade
Around the tomb where *Sophocles* is laid;
Sweet ivy winde thy boughs, and intertwine
With bluſhing roſes and the cluſt'ring vine;
Thus will thy laſting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he ſung:
Whoſe ſoul exalted like a god of wit,
Among the *Muſes* and the *Graces* writ.

THIS

THIS epigram I have opened more than any of the former: the thoughts towards the latter end ſeemed cloſer couched, ſo as to require explication. I fancied the poet aimed at the picture which is generally made of *Apollo* and the *Muſes*, he ſitting with his harp in the middle, and they around him. This looked beautiful to my thought, and becauſe the image aroſe before me out of the words of the original as I was reading it, I ventured to explain them ſo.

On Menander, *the author unnamed.*

The very bees, O ſweet *Menander*, hung
To taſte the *Muſes* ſpring upon thy tongue;
The very *Graces* made the ſcenes you writ
Their happy point of fine expreſſion hit.
Thus ſtill you live, you make your *Athens* ſhine,
And raiſe its glory to the ſkies in thine.

THIS epigram has a reſpect to the character of its ſubject; for *Menander* writ remarkably with a juſtneſs and purity of language. It has alſo told the country he was born in, without either a ſet, or a hidden manner, while it twiſts together with the glory of the poet and his nation, ſo as to make the nation depend upon his for an increaſe of its own.

I WILL offer no more inſtances at preſent, to ſhew that they who deſerve praiſe have it returned them from different ages. Let theſe which have been laid down, ſhew men that envy will not always prevail. And to the end that writers may more ſucceſsfully enliven the endeavours of one another, let them conſider, in ſome ſuch manner as I have attempted, what may be the juſteſt ſpirit and art of praiſe. It is indeed very hard to come up to it. Our praiſe is trifling when it depends upon fable; it is falſe when it depends upon wrong qualifications; it means nothing when it is general; it is extremely difficult to hit when we propoſe to raiſe characters high, while we keep to them juſtly. I ſhall end this with tranſcribing that excellent epitaph of Mr *Cowley*, wherein, with a kind of grave and philoſophic humour, he very beautifully ſpeaks of himſelf (withdrawn from the world, and dead to all

the intereſts of it) as of a man really deceas'd. At the ſame time it is an inſtruction how to leave the public with a good grace.

Epitaphium vivi authoris.

Hic, O viator, ſub Lare parvulo
Couleius hic eſt conditus, hic jacet
  Defunctus humani laboris
  Sorte, ſupervacuaque vita;
Non indecora pauperie nitens,
Et non inerti nobilis otio,
  Vanoque dilectis popello
  Divitiis animoſus hoſtis.
Poſſis ut illum dicere mortuum,
En terra jam nunc quantula ſufficit!
  Exempta ſit curis, viator,
  Terra ſit illa levis, precare.
Hic ſparge flores, ſparge breves roſas,
Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus,
  Herbiſque odoratis corona
  Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem.

The living Author's Epitaph.

From life's ſuperfluous cares enlarg'd,
His debt of human toil diſcharg'd,
Here *Cowley* lies, beneath this ſhade,
To ev'ry worldly intereſt *dead*:
With decent poverty content;
His hours of eaſe not idly ſpent;
To fortune's goods a foe profeſs'd,
And hating wealth, by all careſs'd.
'Tis ſure he's *dead*; for, lo! how ſmall
A ſpot of earth is now his all!
O! wiſh that earth may lightly lay,
And every care be far away!
Bring flow'rs, the ſhort-liv'd roſes bring,
To *life deceas'd* fit offering!
And ſweets around the poet ſtrow,
Whilſt yet with life his aſhes glow.

THE

THE publication of theſe criticiſms having procured me the following letter from a very ingenious gentleman, I cannot forbear inſerting it in the volume, though it did not come ſoon enough to have a place in any of my ſingle papers.

Mr SPECTATOR,

'HAving read over in your paper. No 551, ſome of 'the epigrams made by the *Grecian* wits, in com-'mendation of their celebrated poets, I could not forbear 'ſending you another, out of the ſame collection; which 'I take to be as great a compliment to *Homer*, as any 'that has yet been paid him,

Τίς πρῶτ' ὁ τον Τροϊης πόλεμον, &c.

Who firſt tranſcrib'd the famous *Trojan* war,
And wiſe *Ulyſſes'* acts, O *Jove*, make known:
For ſince 'tis certain, thine thoſe poems are,
No more let *Homer* boaſt they are his own.

'IF you think it worthy of a place in your ſpeculati-'ons, for aught I know (by that means) it may in time 'be printed as often in *Engliſh*, as it has already been in '*Greek*. I am (like the reſt of the world)

SIR,

4th *Dec.* *Your great admirer*,

G. R.

THE reader may obſerve that the beauty of this epigram is different from that of any in the foregoing. An irony is looked upon as the fineſt palliative of praiſe; and very often conveys the nobleſt panegyric under the appearance of ſatire. *Homer* is here ſeemingly accuſed and treated as a plagiary; but what is drawn up in the form of an accuſation is certainly, as my correſpondent obſerves, the greateſt compliment that could have been paid to that divine poet.

Dear

Dear Mr SPECTATOR,

'I AM a gentleman of a pretty good fortune, and of a 'temper impatient of any thing which I think an in-'jury; however, I always quarrelled according to law, 'and inſtead of attacking my adverſary by the dangerous 'method of ſword and piſtol, I made my aſſaults by that 'more ſecure one of writ or warrant. I cannot help tell-'ing you, that either by the juſtice of my cauſes, or the 'ſuperiority of my counſel, I have been generally ſuc-'ceſsful; and to my great ſatisfaction I can ſay it, that 'by three actions of ſlander, and half a dozen treſpaſſes, 'I have for ſeveral years enjoyed a perfect tranquillity in 'my reputation and eſtate. By theſe means alſo I have 'been made known to the judges, the ſerjeants of our 'circuit are my intimate friends, and the ornamental 'counſel pay a very profound reſpect to one who has 'made ſo great a figure in the law. Affairs of conſequence 'having brought me to town, I had the curioſity t'other 'day to viſit *Weſtminſter-hall*; and having placed my-'ſelf in one of the courts, expected to be moſt agree-'ably entertained. After the court and counſel were, 'with due ceremony, ſeated, up ſtands a learned gentle-'man and began, when this matter was laſt ſtirred before 'your lordſhip; the next humbly moved to quaſh an in-'dictment; another complained that his adverſary had 'ſnapped a judgment; the next informed the court that 'his client was ſtripped of his poſſeſſion; another begged 'leave to acquaint his lordſhip they had been ſaddled with 'coſts. At laſt up got a grave ſerjeant, and told us his 'client had been hung up a whole term by a writ of er-'ror. At this I could bear it no longer, but came hi-'ther, and reſolved to apply myſelf to your honour to 'interpoſe with theſe gentlemen, that they would leave 'off ſuch low and unnatural expreſſions: for ſurely tho' 'the lawyers ſubſcribe to hideous *French* and falſe *Latin*, 'yet they ſhould let their clients have a little decent 'and proper *Engliſh* for their money. What man that 'has a value for a good name would like to have it ſaid 'in a public court, that Mr Such-a-one was ſtripped, 'ſaddled or hung up? This being what has eſcaped your 'Spectatorial obſervation, be pleaſed to correct ſuch an

'illiberal

'illiberal cant among profeſſed ſpeakers, and you'll infi-
'nitely oblige

Your humble ſervant,

Joe's *Coffee-houſe*,
Nov. 28. PHILONICUS.

No. 552. *Wedneſday, December 3.*

——*Quæ prægravat artes*
Infra ſe poſitas, extinctus amabitur idem,
Hor. Ep. 1. l. 2. v. 13.

For thoſe are hated that excel the reſt,
Altho', when dead, they are belov'd and bleſt.
Creech.

AS I was tumbling about the town the other day in a hackney-coach, and delighting myſelf with buſy ſcenes in the ſhops on each ſide of me, it came into my head with no ſmall remorſe, that I had not been frequent enough in the mention and recommendation of the induſtrious part of mankind. It very naturally, upon this occaſion, touched my conſcience in particular, that I had not acquitted myſelf to my friend Mr *Peter Motteux*. That induſtrious man of trade, and formerly brother of the quill, has dedicated to me a poem upon tea. It would injure him, as a man of buſineſs, if I did not let the world know that the author of ſo good verſes writ them before he was concerned in traffic. In order to expiate my negligence towards him, I immediately reſolved to make him a viſit. I found his ſpacious warehouſes filled and adorned with tea, *China* and *Indian* ware. I could obſerve a beautiful ordonnance of the whole; and ſuch different and conſiderable branches of trade carried on, in the ſame houſe, I exulted in ſeeing diſpoſed by a poetical head. In one place were expoſed to view ſilks of various ſhades and colours, rich brocades, and the wealthieſt products of foreign looms. Here you might ſee the fineſt laces held up by the faireſt hands; and there examined by the beauteous eyes of the buyers, the moſt delicate

licate cambricks, muſlins, and linens. I could not but congratulate my friend on the humble, but, I hoped, beneficial uſe he had made of his talents, and wiſhed I could be a patron to his trade, as he had been pleaſed to make me of his poetry. The honeſt man has, I know, that modeſt deſire of gain which is peculiar to thoſe who underſtand better things than riches; and I dare ſay he would be contented with much leſs than what is called wealth in that quarter of the town which he inhabits, and will oblige all his cuſtomers with demands agreeable to the moderation of his deſires.

Among other omiſſions, of which I have been alſo guilty, with relation to men of induſtry of a ſuperior order, I muſt acknowledge my ſilence towards a propoſal frequently incloſed to me by Mr *Renatus Harris, Organ-builder*. The ambition of this artificer is to erect an organ in St *Paul*'s cathedral, over the weſt-door, at the entrance into the body of the church, which in art and magnificence ſhall tranſcend any work of that kind ever before invented. The propoſal in perſpicuous language ſets forth the honour and advantage ſuch a performance would be to the *Britiſh* name, as well as that it would apply the power of ſounds, in a manner more amazingly forcible than, perhaps, has yet been known, and I am ſure to an end much more worthy. Had the vaſt ſums which have been laid out upon operas without ſkill or conduct, and to no other purpoſe, but to ſuſpend or vitiate our underſtandings, been diſpoſed this way, we ſhould now perhaps have an engine ſo formed as to ſtrike the minds of half a people at once, in a place of worſhip, with a forgetfulneſs of preſent care and calamity, and a hope of endleſs rapture, joy and hallelujah hereafter.

When I am doing this juſtice, I am not to forget the beſt mechanic of my acquaintance, that uſeful ſervant to ſcience and knowledge, Mr *John Rowley*; but I think I lay a great obligation on the public, by acquainting them with his propoſals for a pair of new globes. After his preamble, he promiſes in the ſaid propoſals, that,

In

In the *Celeſtial Globe*,

'CARE ſhall be taken that the fixed ſtars be placed 'according to their true longitude and latitude, from the 'many and correct obſervations of *Hevilius*, *Caſſini*, Mr 'Flamſtead, reg. aſtronomer, Dr *Hally Savilian*, pro-'feſſor of geometry in *Oxon*; and from whatever elſe can 'be procured to render the globe more exact, inſtructive 'and uſeful.

'THAT all the conſtellations be drawn in a curious, 'new, and particular manner; each ſtar in ſo juſt, diſtinct, 'and conſpicuous a proportion, that its true magnitude 'may be readily known by bare inſpection, according to 'the different *light* and *ſizes* of the ſtars. That the 'tract or way of ſuch comets as have been well obſerved, 'but not hitherto expreſſed in any globe, be carefully de-'lineated in this.

In the *Terreſtrial Globe*,

'That by reaſon the deſcriptions formerly made, 'both in the *Engliſh* and *Dutch* great globe, are erro-'neous, *Aſia*, *Africa*, and *America*, be drawn in a 'manner wholly new; by which means it is to be noted 'that the undertakers will be obliged to alter the latitude 'of ſome places in ten degrees, the longitude of others 'in twenty degrees; beſides which great and neceſſary 'alterations, there be many remarkable countries, ci-'ties, towns, rivers, and lakes, omitted in other globes, 'inſerted here according to the beſt diſcoveries made by 'our late navigators. Laſtly, that the courſe of the trade-'winds, the *Monſoons*, and other winds periodically ſhift-'ing between the tropics, be viſibly expreſſed.

'Now, in regard that this undertaking is of ſo univerſal 'uſe, as the advancement of the moſt neceſſary parts of 'the mathematics, as well as tending to the honour of the '*Britiſh* nation, and that the charge of carrying it on is 'very expenſive; it is deſired that all gentlemen who are 'willing to promote ſo great a work, will be pleaſed to 'ſubſcribe on the following conditions.

'I. THE undertakers engage to furniſh each ſubſcriber 'with

'with a celeſtial and terreſtrial globe, each of thirty inches 'diameter, in all reſpects curiouſly adorned, the ſtars gild-'ed, the capital cities plainly diſtinguiſhed, the frames, 'meridians, horizons, hour circles and indexes ſo exact-'ly finiſhed up, and accurately divided, that a pair of theſe 'globes will really appear, in the judgment of any diſin-'tereſted and intelligent perſon, worth fifteen pounds more 'than will be demanded for them by the undertakers.

'II. WHOSOEVER will be pleaſed to ſubſcribe, and pay 'twenty-five pounds in the manner following for a pair of 'theſe globes, either for their own uſe, or to preſent them 'to any college in the univerſities, or any public library 'or ſchool, ſhall have his coat of arms, name, title, ſeat, 'or place of reſidence, *&c.* inſerted in ſome convenient 'place of the globe.

'III. THAT every ſubſcriber do at firſt pay down the 'ſum of ten pounds, and fifteen pounds more upon the 'delivery of each pair of globes perfectly fitted up. And 'that the ſaid globes be delivered within twelve months 'after the number of thirty ſubſcribers be compleated; 'and that the ſubſcribers be ſerved with globes in the or-'der in which they ſubſcribed.

'IV. THAT a pair of theſe globes ſhall not hereafter be 'ſold to any perſon but the ſubſcribers under thirty pounds.

'V. THAT if there be not thirty ſubſcribers within four 'months, after the firſt of *December* 1712, the money 'paid ſhall be returned on demand by Mr *John Warner*, 'goldſmith near *Temple-bar*, who ſhall receive and pay 'the ſame according to the above mentioned articles. T

No. 553. *Thurſday, December* 4.

Nec luſiſſe pudet, ſed non incidere ludum.
Hor. Ep. 14. l. 1. v. 36.

Once to be wild, is no ſuch foul diſgrace;
But 'tis ſo, ſtill to run the frantic race. Creech.

THE project which I publiſhed on *Monday* laſt has brought me in ſeveral packets of letters. Among the

the reſt I have received one from a certain projector, wherein, after having repreſented, that in all probability the ſolemnity of *opening my mouth* will draw together a great confluence of beholders, he propoſes to me the hiring of *Stationers-hall* for the more convenient exhibiting of that public ceremony. He undertakes to be at the charge of it himſelf, provided he may have the erecting of galleries on every ſide, and the letting of them out upon that occaſion. I have a letter alſo from a bookſeller, petitioning me in a very humble manner, that he may have the printing of the ſpeech which I ſhall make to the aſſembly upon the firſt opening of my mouth. I am informed from all parts, that there are great canvaſſings in the ſeveral clubs about town, upon the chuſing of a proper perſon to ſit with me on thoſe arduous affairs, to which I have ſummoned them. Three clubs have already proceeded to election, whereof one has made a double return. If I find that my enemies ſhall take advantage of my ſilence to begin hoſtilities upon me, or if any other exigency of affairs may ſo require, ſince I ſee elections in ſo great a forwardneſs, we may poſſibly meet before the day appointed; or if matters go on to my ſatisfaction, I may perhaps put off the meeting to a further day: but of this public notice ſhall be given.

In the mean time, I muſt confeſs that I am not a little gratified and obliged by that concern which appears in this great city upon my preſent deſign of laying down this paper. It is likeways with much ſatisfaction, that I find ſome of the moſt outlying parts of the kingdom alarmed upon this occaſion, having received letters to expoſtulate with me about it from ſeveral of my readers of the remoteſt boroughs of *Great Britain*. Among theſe I am very well pleaſed with a letter dated from *Berwick upon Tweed*, wherein my correſpondent compares the office, which I have for ſome time executed in theſe realms, to the weeding of a great garden; which, ſays he, it is not ſufficient to weed once for all, and afterwards to give over, but that the work muſt be continued daily, or the ſame ſpots of ground which are cleared for a while, will in a little time be over-run as much as ever. Another gentleman lays before me ſeveral enormities that are already ſprouting, and which he believes will diſcover themſelves in their full

growth immediately after my diſappearance. There is no doubt, ſays he, but the ladies heads will ſhoot up as ſoon as they know they are no longer under the *Spectator*'s eye: and I have already ſeen ſuch monſtrous broad brimmed hats under the arms of foreigners, that I queſtion not but they will over ſhadow the iſland within a month or two after the dropping of your paper. But among all the letters which are come to my hands, there is none ſo handſomely written as the following one, which I am the more pleaſed with, as it is ſent me from gentlemen who belong to a body which I ſhall always honour, and where (I cannot ſpeak it without a ſecret pride) my ſpeculations have met with a very kind reception. It is uſual for poets, upon the publiſhing of their works, to print before them ſuch copies of verſes as have been made in their praiſe. Not that you muſt imagine they are pleaſed with their own commendations, but becauſe the elegant compoſitions of their friends ſhould not be loſt. I muſt make the ſame apology for the publication of the enſuing letter, in which I have ſuppreſſed no part of thoſe praiſes that are given my ſpeculations with too laviſh and good-natured a hand; tho' my correſpondents can witneſs for me, that at other times I have generally blotted out thoſe parts in the letters which I have received from them. O

Mr SPECTATOR, *Oxford, Nov.* 15.

'IN ſpite of your invincible ſilence, you have found out 'a method of being the moſt agreeable companion in 'the world: that kind of converſation which you hold 'with the town, has the good fortune of being always 'pleaſing to the men of taſte and leiſure, and never offenſive to thoſe of hurry and buſineſs. You are never heard, 'but at what *Horace* calls *dextro tempore*, and have the 'happineſs to obſerve the politic rule which the ſame diſcerning author gave his friend, when he enjoined him to 'deliver his book to *Auguſtus*;

Si validus, ſi lætus erit, ſi denique poſcet.
Ep. 13. l. 1. v. 3.

——When vexing cares are fled,
When well, when merry, when he aſks to read.
Creech.

'You

'You never begin to talk, but when people are deſirous 'to hear you; and I defy any one to be out of humour 'till you leave off. But I am led unawares into reflecti- 'ons, foreign to the original deſign of this epiſtle; which 'was to let you know, that ſome unfeigned admirers of 'your inimitable papers, who could, without any flattery, 'greet you with the ſalutation uſed to the eaſtern mo- 'narchs, viz. *O Spec live for ever*, have lately been un- 'der the ſame apprehenſions with Mr *Philo Spec*, that 'the haſte you have made to diſpatch your beſt friends 'portends no long duration to your own ſhort viſage. We 'could not, indeed, find any juſt grounds for complaint 'in the method you took to diſſolve that venerable body: 'no, the world was not worthy of your divine. *Will Ho- 'neycomb* could not, with any reputation, live ſingle any 'longer. It was high time for the *Templar* to turn him- 'ſelf to *Coke*, and Sir *Roger*'s dying was the wiſeſt thing 'he ever did in his life. It was however, matter of great 'grief to us, to think that we were in danger of loſing ſo 'elegant and valuable an entertainment. And we could 'not, without ſorrow, reflect that we were likely to have 'nothing to interrupt our ſips in a morning, and to ſuſ- 'pend our coffee in mid-air, between our lips and our 'right-ear, but the ordinary traſh of news-papers. We 'reſolved therefore, not to part with you ſo. But ſince, 'to make uſe of your own alluſion, the cherries began now 'to crowd the market, and their ſeaſon was almoſt over, 'we conſulted our future enjoyments, and endeavoured 'to make the exquiſite pleaſure that delicious fruit gave 'our taſte as laſting as we could, and by drying them pro- 'tract their ſtay beyond its natural date. We own that 'thus they have not a flavour equal to that of their juicy 'bloom; but yet, under this diſadvantage, they pique the 'palate, and become a ſalvar better than any other fruit 'at its firſt appearance. To ſpeak plain, there are a num- 'ber of us who have begun your works afreſh, and meet 'two nights in the week in order to give you a rehearing. 'We never come together without drinking your health, 'and as ſeldom part without general expreſſions of thanks 'to you for our night's improvement. This we conceive 'to be a more uſeful inſtitution than any other club 'whatever, not excepting even that of *ugly faces*. We

'have

'have one manifeſt advantage over that renowned ſocie-
'ty, with reſpect to Mr *Spectator*'s company. For though
'they may brag, that you ſometimes make your perſon-
'nal appearance among them, it is impoſſible they ſhould
'ever get a word from you. Whereas you are with us
'the reverſe of what *Phædria* would have his miſtreſs be
'in his rival's company, *preſent in your abſence.* We
'make you talk as much and as long as we pleaſe: and
'let me tell you, you ſeldom hold your tongue for the
'whole evening. I promiſe myſelf you will look with an
'eye of favour upon a meeting which owes its original to a
'mutual emulation among its members, who ſhall ſhew the
'moſt profound reſpect for your paper; not but we have
'a very great value for your perſon: and I dare ſay you
'can no where find four more ſincere admirers, and hum-
'ble ſervants, than

T. F. G. S. J. T. E. T.

N° 554. *Friday, December 5.*

——Tentanda via eſt, qua me quoque poſſim
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.

Virg. Georg. 3. v. 9.

New ways I muſt attempt my grov'ling name
To raiſe aloft, and wing my flight to fame.

Dryden.

I AM obliged for the following eſſay, as well as for that which lays down rules out of *Tully* for pronunciation and action, to the ingenious author of a poem juſt publiſhed, intituled, *An ode to the Creator of the world, occaſioned by the fragments of* Orpheus.

IT is a remark made, as I remember, by a celebrated *French* author, *that no man ever puſhed his capacity as far as it was able to extend.* I ſhall not inquire whether this aſſertion be ſtrictly true. It may ſuffice to ſay, that men of the greateſt application and acquirements can look back upon many vacant ſpaces, and neglected parts of

of time, which have ſlipped away from them unemployed, and there is hardly any one conſidering perſon in the world, but is apt to fancy with himſelf, at ſome time or other, that if his life were to begin again, he could fill it up better.

THE mind is moſt provoked to caſt on itſelf this ingenuous reproach, when the examples of ſuch men are preſented to it, as have far outſhot the generality of their ſpecies, in learning arts, or any valuable improvements.

ONE of the moſt extenſive and improved geniuſes we have had any inſtance of in our own nation, or in any other, was that of *Sir Francis Bacon* Lord *Verulam*. This great man, by an extraordinary force of nature, compaſs of thought, and indefatigable ſtudy, had amaſſed to himſelf ſuch ſtores of knowledge as we cannot look upon without amazement. His capacity ſeems to have graſped all that was revealed in books before his time; and not ſatisfied with that, he began to ſtrike out new tracks of ſcience, too many to be travelled over by any one man in the compaſs of the longeſt life. Theſe, therefore, he could only mark down, like imperfect coaſtings in maps, or ſuppoſed points of land, to be farther diſcovered, and aſcertained by the induſtry of after-ages, who ſhould proceed upon his notices or conjectures.

THE excellent Mr *Boyle* was the perſon, who ſeems to have been deſigned by nature to ſucceed to the labours and inquiries of that extraordinary genius I have juſt mentioned. By innumerable experiments, he, in a great meaſure, filled up thoſe plans and out-lines of ſcience, which his predeceſſor had ſketched out. His life was ſpent in the purſuit of nature, through a great variety of forms and changes, and in the moſt rational, as well as devout adoration of its divine author

IT would be impoſſible to name many perſons who have extended their capacities ſo far as theſe two, in the ſtudies they purſued; but my learned readers, on this occaſion, will naturally turn their thoughts to a *third*, who is yet living, and is likewiſe the glory of our own nation. The improvements which others had made in natural and mathematical knowledge have ſo vaſtly increaſed in his hand, as to afford at once a wonderful inſtance how great the

capacity is of a human ſoul, and how inexhauſtible the ſubject of its inquiries; ſo true is that remark in holy writ, that *though a wiſe man ſeek to find out the works of God from the beginning to the end, yet ſhall he not be able to do it.*

I CANNOT help mentioning here one character more of a different kind indeed from theſe, yet ſuch a one as may ſerve to ſhew the wonderful force of nature and of application, and is the moſt ſingular inſtance of an univerſal genius I have ever met with. The perſon I mean is *Leonardo da vinci*, an *Italian* painter, deſcended from a noble family in *Tuſcany* about the beginning of the ſixteenth century. In his profeſſion of hiſtory-painting he was ſo great a maſter, that ſome have affirmed he excelled all who went before him. It is certain that he raiſed the envy of *Michael Angelo*, who was his contemporary, and that from the ſtudy of his works *Raphael* himſelf learned his beſt manner of deſigning. He was a maſter too in ſculpture and architecture, and ſkilled in anatomy, mathematics, and mechanics. The aquaduct from the river *Adda* to *Milan*, is mentioned as a work of his contrivance. He had learned ſeveral languages, and was acquainted with the ſtudies of hiſtory, philoſophy, poetry, and muſic. Though it is not neceſſary to my preſent purpoſe, I cannot but take notice, that all who have writ of him mention likewiſe his perfections of body. The inſtances of his ſtrength are almoſt incredible. He is deſcribed to have been of a well-formed perſon, and a maſter of all genteel exerciſes. And laſtly, we are told that his moral qualities were agreeable to his natural and intellectual endowments, and that he was of an honeſt and generous mind, adorned with great ſweetneſs of manners. I might break off the account of him here, but I imagine it will be an entertainment to the curioſity of my readers, to find ſo remarkable a character diſtinguiſhed by as remarkable a circumſtance at his death. The fame of his works having gained him an univerſal eſteem, he was invited to the court of *France*, where, after ſome time, he fell ſick; and *Francis* the *firſt* coming to ſee him, he raiſed himſelf in his bed to acknowledge the honour which was done him by that viſit. The king embraced him, and *Leonardo* fainting at the ſame inſtant, he expired in the arms of that great monarch.

It is impoſſible to attend to ſuch inſtances as theſe, without being raiſed into a contemplation on the wonderful nature of an human mind, which is capable of ſuch progreſſions in knowledge, and can contain ſuch a variety of ideas without perplexity or confuſion. How reaſonable is it from hence to infer its divine original? and whilſt we find unthinking matter endued with a natural power to laſt for ever, unleſs annihilated by omnipotence, how abſurd would it be to imagine, that a being ſo much ſuperior to it ſhould not have the ſame privilege?

At the ſame time, it is very ſurpriſing, when we remove our thoughts from ſuch inſtances as I have mentioned, to conſider thoſe we ſo frequently meet with in the accounts of barbarous nations among the *Indians*; where we find numbers of people who ſcarce ſhew the firſt glimmerings of reaſon, and ſeem to have few ideas above thoſe of ſenſe and appetite. Theſe, methinks, appear like large wilds, or vaſt uncultivated tracks of human nature; and when we compare them with men of the moſt exalted characters in arts and learning, we find it difficult to believe that they are creatures of the ſame ſpecies.

Some are of opinion that the ſouls of men are all naturally equal, and that the great diſparity, we ſo often obſerve, ariſes from the different organization or ſtructure of the bodies to which they are united. But whatever conſtitutes this firſt diſparity the next great difference which we find between men in their ſeveral acquirements is owing to accidental differences in their education, fortunes, or courſe of life. The ſoul is a kind of rough diamond, which requires art, labour, and time to poliſh it. For want of which, many a good natural genius is loſt, or lies unfaſhioned, like a jewel in the mine.

One of the ſtrongeſt incitements to excel in ſuch arts and accompliſhments as are in the higheſt eſteem among men, is the natural paſſion which the mind of man has for glory; which, though it may be faulty in the exceſs of it, ought by no means to be diſcouraged. Perhaps ſome moraliſts are too ſevere in beating down this principle, which ſeems to be a ſpring implanted by nature to give motion to all the latent powers of the ſoul, and is always obſerved to exert itſelf with the greateſt force in the moſt generous diſpoſitions. The men whoſe characters have

ſhone

ſhone the brighteſt among the antient *Romans*, appear to have been ſtrongly animated by this paſſion *Cicero*, whoſe learning and ſervices to his country are ſo well known, was inflamed by it to an extravagant degree, and warmly preſſed *Lucceius*, who was compoſing a hiſtory of thoſe times, to be very particular and zealous in relating the ſtory of his conſulſhip; and to execute it ſpeedily, that he might have the pleaſure of enjoying in his life-time ſome part of the honour which he foreſaw would be paid to his memory. This was the ambition of a great mind; but he is faulty in the degree of it, and cannot refrain from ſoliciting the hiſtorian upon this occaſion to neglect the ſtrict laws of hiſtory, and, in praiſing him, *even to exceed the bounds of truth*. The younger *Pliny* appears to have had the ſame paſſion for fame, but accompanied with greater chaſtneſs and modeſty. His ingenuous manner of owning it to a friend, who had prompted to undertake ſome great work, is exquiſitely beautiful, and raiſes him to a certain grandeur above the imputation of vanity. *I muſt confeſs*, ſays he, *that nothing employs my thoughts more than the deſire I have of perpetuating my name; which in my opinion is a deſign worthy of a man, at leaſt of ſuch a one, who being conſcious of no guilt, is not afraid to be remembred by poſterity.*

I think I ought not to conclude, without intereſting all my readers in the ſubject of this diſcourſe; I ſhall therefore lay it down, as a maxim, That tho all are not capable of ſhining in learning or the politer arts; yet *every one is capable of excelling in ſomething*. The ſoul has in this reſpect a certain vegetative power which cannot lie wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a regular and beautiful garden, it will of itſelf ſhoot up in weeds or flowers of a wilder growth.

N° 555. *Saturday, December* 6.

Reſpue quod non es—— Perſ. Sat. 4. v. 15.

Lay the fictitious character aſide.

ALL the members of the imaginary ſociety, which were deſcribed in my firſt papers, having diſappeared one after another, it is high time for the *Spectator* himſelf to go off the ſtage. But, now I am to take my leave, I am under much greater anxiety than I have known for the work of any day ſince I undertook this province. It is much more difficult to converſe with the world in a real than a perſonated character. That might paſs for humour in the *Spectator*, which would look like arrogance in a writer who ſets his name to his work. The fictitious perſon might contemn thoſe who diſapproved him, and extol his own performances, without giving offence He might aſſume a mock-authority, without being looked upon as vain and conceited. The praiſes or cenſures of himſelf fall only upon the creature of his imagination; and if any one finds fault with him, the author may reply with the philoſopher of old; *Thou doſt but beat the caſe of* Anaxarchus. When I ſpeak of my own private ſentiments, I cannot but addreſs myſelf to my readers in a more ſubmiſſive manner, and with a juſt gratitude, for the kind reception which they have given to theſe daily papers that have been publiſhed for almoſt the ſpace of two years laſt paſt.

I HOPE the apology I have made as to the licence allowable to a feigned character, may excuſe any thing which has been ſaid in theſe diſcourſes of the *Spectator* and his works; but the imputation of the groſſeſt vanity would ſtill dwell upon me, if I did not give ſome account by what means I have been enabled to keep up the ſpirit of ſo long and approved a performance. All the papers marked with a C, an L, an I, or an O, that is to ſay, all the papers which I have diſtinguiſhed by any letter in the name of the muſe *CLIO*, were given me by the gentleman of whoſe aſſiſtance I formerly boaſted in the preface and concluding leaf of my *Tatlers*. I am indeed much more proud of his long

long continued friendſhip, than I ſhould be of the fame of being thought the author of any writings which he himſelf is capable of producing. I remember when I finiſhed *The tender huſband*, I told him there was nothing I ſo ardently wiſhed, as that we might ſome time or other publiſh a work written by us both, which ſhould bear the name of *The Monument*, in memory of our friendſhip. I heartily wiſh what I have done here, was as honorary to that ſacred name, as learning, wit, and humanity render thoſe pieces which I have taught the reader how to diſtinguiſh for his. When the play above-mentioned was laſt acted, there were ſo many applauded ſtrokes in it which I had from the ſame hand, that I thought very meanly of myſelf that I had never publicly acknowledged them. After I have put other friends upon importuning him to publiſh dramatic, as well as other writings he has by him, I ſhall end what I think I am obliged to ſay upon this head, by giving reader this hint for the better judging of my productions, that the beſt comment upon them would be an account when the patron to *The Tender Huſband* was in *England*, or abroad.

THE reader will alſo find ſome papers which are marked with the letter X, for which he is obliged to the ingenious gentleman who diverted the town with the epilogue to *The Diſtreſt Mother*. I might have owned theſe ſeveral papers with the free conſent of theſe gentlemen, who who did not write them with a deſign of being known for the authors. But as a candid and ſincere behaviour ought to be preferred to all other conſiderations, I would not let my heart reproach me with a conſciouſneſs of having acquired a praiſe which is not my right.

THE other aſſiſtances which I have had, have been conveyed by letters, ſometimes by whole papers, and other times by ſhort hints from unknown hands. I have not been able to trace favours of this kind, with any certainty, but to the following names, which I place in the order wherein I received the obligation; though the firſt I am going to name can hardly be mentioned in a liſt wherein he would not deſerve the precedence. The perſons to whom I am to make theſe acknowledgements are Mr *Henry Martin*, Mr *Pope*, Mr *Hughes*, Mr *Carey of New-college* in *Oxford*, Mr *Tickell* of *Queen's* in the ſame univerſity, Mr *Parnelle*,

Parnelle and Mr *Euſden* of *Trinity* in *Cambridge*. Thus, to ſpeak in the language of my late friend Sir *Andrew Freeport*, I have balanced my accounts with all my creditors for wit and learning. But as theſe excellent performances would not have ſeen the light without the means of this paper, I may ſtill arrogate to myſelf the merit of their being comunicated to the public.

I HAVE nothing more to add, but having ſwelled this work to five hundred and fifty five papers, they will be diſpoſed into ſeven volumes, four of which are already publiſhed, and the three others in the preſs. It will not be demanded of me why I now leave off, though I muſt own myſelf obliged to give an account to the town of my time hereafter? ſince I retire when their partiality to me is ſo great, that an edition of the former volumes of *Spectator's*, of above nine thouſand each book, is already ſold off; and the tax on each half-ſheet has brought into the ſtamp-office one week with another above 20 *l.* a-week, ariſing from this ſingle paper, notwithſtanding it at firſt reduced it to leſs than half the number that was uſually printed before this tax was laid.

I HUMBLY beſeech the continuance of this inclination to favour what I may hereafter produce, and hope I gave in many occurrences of life taſted ſo deeply of pain and ſorrow, that I am proof againſt much more proſperous circumſtances than any advantages to which my own induſtry can poſſibly exalt me.

I am,
My good-natured Reader,
Your moſt obedient,
Moſt obliged humble Servant,
RICHARD STEELE.

Vos vallete et plaudite. Ter.

THE following letter regards an ingenious ſet of gentlemen, who have done me the honour to make me one of their ſociety.

Mr

Mr SPECTATOR, *Dec.* 4. 1712.

'THE academy of *Painting*, lately eſtabliſhed in '*London*, have done you and themſelves the ho-'nour to chuſe you one of their direction; that noble and 'lively art, which before was intitled to your regards as a '*Spectator*, has an additional claim to you, and you ſeem 'to be under a double obligation to take ſome care of her 'intereſts.

'THE honour of our country is alſo concerned in the 'matter I am going to lay before you: we (and perhaps 'other nations as well as we) have a national falſe huma-'nity as well as a national vain glory; and tho' we boaſt 'ourſelves to excel all the world in things wherein we are 'out-done abroad, in other things we attribute to others 'a ſuperiority which we ourſelves poſſeſs. This is what is 'done, particularly in the art of *Portrait* or *Face-paint-'ing*.

'*PAINTING* is an art of vaſt extent, too great 'by much for any mortal man to be in full poſſeſſion of, 'in all its parts; 'tis enough if any one ſucceed in paint-'ing faces, hiſtory, battles, landſkips, ſea-pieces, fruit, 'flowers, or drolls, *&c.* Nay, no man ever was excel-'lent in all the branches (tho' many in number) of theſe 'ſeveral arts; for a diſtinct art I take upon me to call eve-'ry one of theſe kinds of painting.

'AND as one man may be a good landſkip-painter, but 'unable to paint a face or a hiſtory tolerably well, and ſo 'of the reſt; one nation may excel in ſome kinds of paint-'ing, and other kinds may thrive better in other climates. '*ITALY* may have the preference of all other nati-'ons for hiſtory painting; *Holland* for drolls, and a neat 'finiſhed manner of working: *France* for gay, janty, flut-'tering pictures; and *England* for portraits: but to give 'the honour of every one of theſe kinds of painting to a-'ny one of thoſe nations, on account of their excellence in 'any of theſe parts of it, is like adjudging the prize of 'heroic, dramatic, lyric or burleſque poetry, to him who 'has done well in any one of them.

'WHERE there are the greateſt geniuſes, and moſt 'helps and encouragements, 'tis reaſonable to ſuppoſe an 'art will arrive to the greateſt perfection: by this rule let 'us

'us conſider our own country with reſpect to face-paint-
'ing. No nation in the world delights ſo much in having
'their own, or friends, or relations pictures; whether
'from their national good-nature, or having a love to
'painting, and not being encouraged in the great article
'of religious pictures, which the purity of our worſhip re-
'fuſes the free uſe of, or from whatever other cauſe. Our
'helps are not inferior to thoſe of any other people, but
'rather they are greater; for what the antique ſtatues and
'baſs-reliefs which *Italy* enjoys are to the hiſtory-painters,
'the beautiful and noble faces with which *England* is con-
'feſſed to abound, are to face-painters; and beſides we
'have the greateſt number of the works of the beſt ma-
'ſters in that kind of any people, not without a compe-
'tent number of thoſe of the moſt excellent in every o-
'ther part of painting. And for encouragement, the
'wealth and generoſity of the *Engliſh* nation affords that
'in ſuch a degree, as artiſts have no reaſon to complain.

'AND accordingly, in fact, face-painting is no where
'ſo well performed as in *England:* I know not whether
'it has lain in your way to obſerve it, but I have, and
'pretend to be a tolerable judge. I have ſeen what is
'done abroad, and can aſſure you that the honour of that
'branch of painting is juſtly due to us. I appeal to the
'judicious obſervers for the truth of what I aſſert. If fo-
'reigners have oftentimes, or even for the moſt part ex-
'celled our natives, it ought to be imputed to the ad-
'vantages they have met with *here*, joined to their own
'ingenuity and induſtry; nor has any one nation diſtin-
'guiſhed themſelves ſo as to raiſe an argument in favour
'of their country: but it is to be obſerved that neither
'*French* nor *Italians*, nor any one of either nation, not-
'withſtanding all our prejudices in their favour, have, or
'ever had, for any conſiderable time, any character among
'us as face-painters.

'THIS honour is due to our own country: and has
'been ſo for near an age; ſo that, inſtead of going to
'*Italy*, or elſewhere, one that deſigns for portrait-paint-
'ing ought to ſtudy in *England*. Hither ſuch ſhould come
'from *Holland*, *France*, *Italy*, *Germany*, &c. as he that
'intends to practiſe any other kinds of painting ſhould go
'to thoſe parts where 'tis in greateſt perfection. 'Tis ſaid

'the bleſſed virgin deſcended from heaven to ſit to St
'*Luke*; I dare venture to affirm, that if ſhe ſhould de-
'ſire another *Madonna* to be painted by the life, ſhe would
'come to *England*; and am of opinion that your preſent
'preſident, Sir *Godfrey Kneller*, from his improvement
'ſince he arrived in this kingdom, would perform that of-
'fice better than any foreigner living. I am, with all poſ-
'ſible reſpect,

SIR,

Your moſt humble and
Moſt obedient ſervant, &c.

THE ingenious letter ſigned the *Weather-glaſs*, with ſeveral others, were received, but came too late.

POSTSCRIPT.

IT had not come to my knowledge, when I left off the *Spectator*, that I owe ſeveral excellent ſentiments and agreeable pieces in this work to Mr *Ince* of *Gray's Inn*.

R. STEELE.

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The End of the Seventh Volume.

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